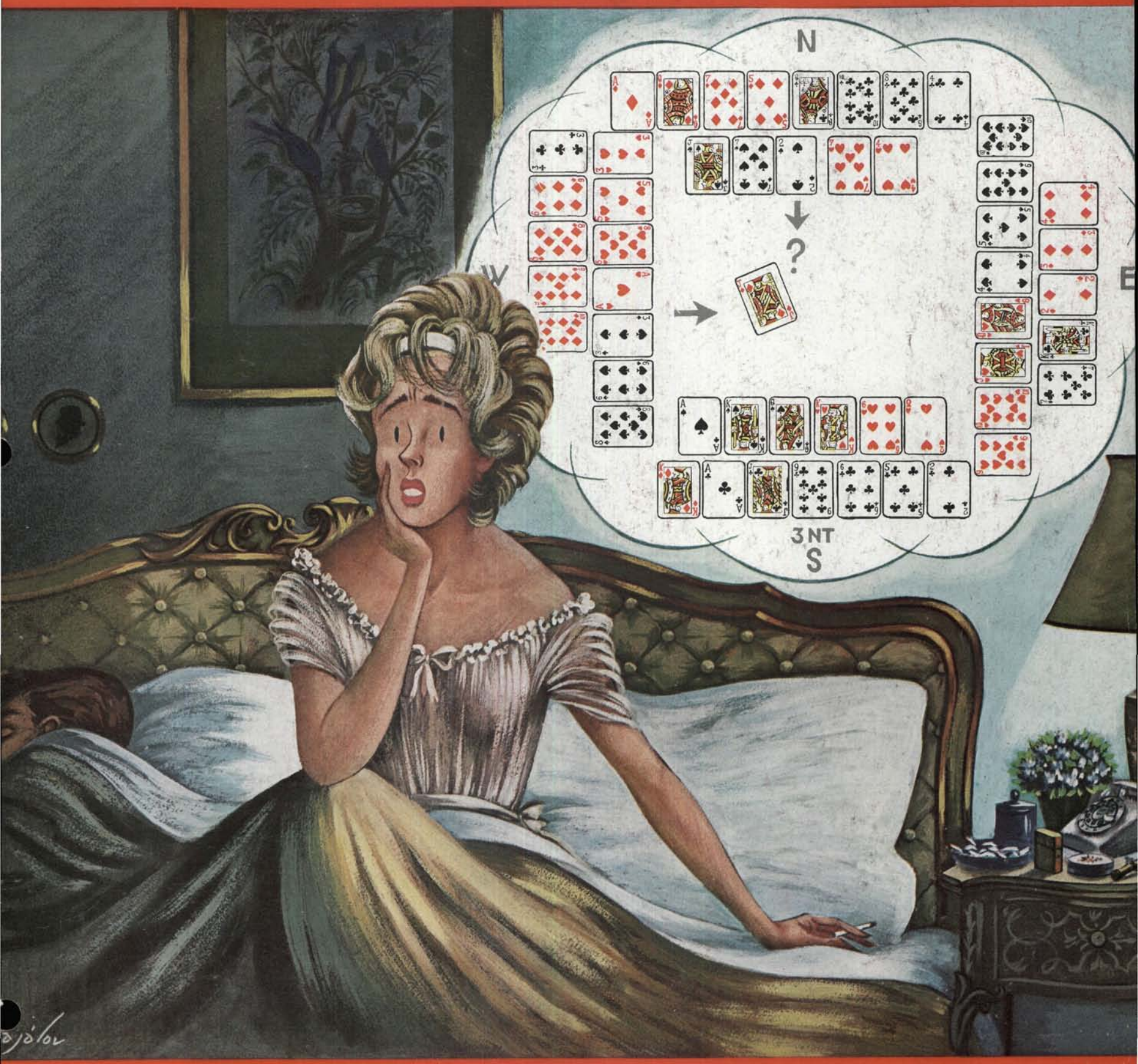
The Saturday Evening
POST
December 1, 1962 20¢

The Story Behind
BERLIN'S TUNNELS TO FREEDOM

HOLLYWOOD'S FRANTIC SEARCH FOR MALE STARS



McNamara's New Strategy
By Stewart Alsop

Why Husbands Die Young

Battle of Young Coaches
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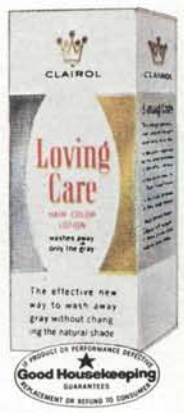

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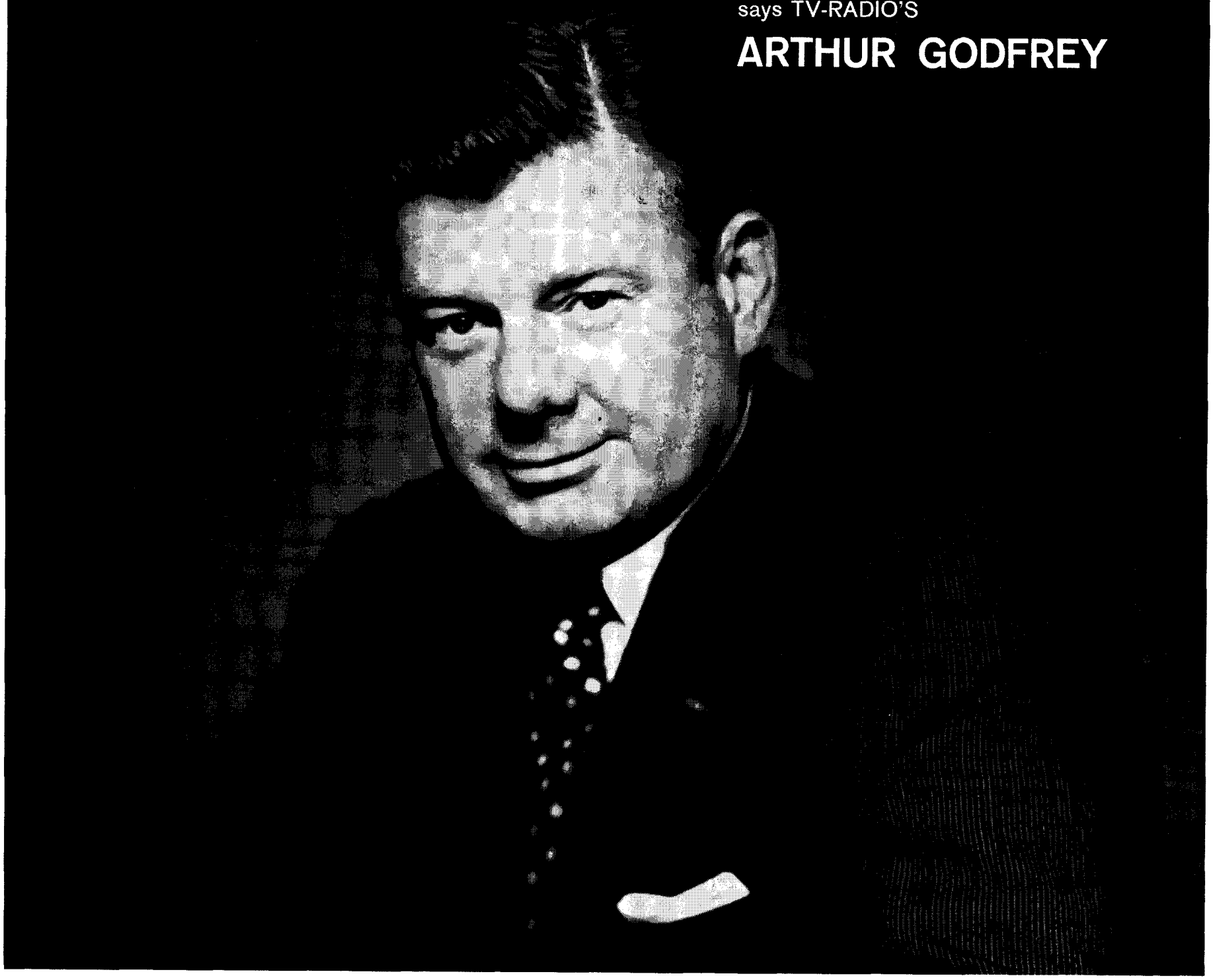
says TV-RADIO'S

ARTHUR GODFREY



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Favorite Quotations. One day last summer Editor Robert Sherrod got a notion that *Post* followers might be interested in reading the favorite quotations of many of the nation's most famous citizens. Letters were sent to a small group of men and women, and we were pleased by the enthusiastic response to the idea and the high quality of the quotations received. One contributor even changed his mind about his favorite. President Kennedy originally submitted an Oliver Wendell Holmes quotation: "We must demonstrate that whether we sail with the wind or against the wind, we must above all set sail—and not drift or lie at anchor." A few days later the President asked that we use instead the Edmund Burke quotation found on page 20 of this issue. Both of the President's choices say essentially the same thing and provide a key to many of Mr. Kennedy's decisions. Incidentally, the best-liked quotation of the *Post*'s editor is one he encountered in India several years ago. It is from an epitaph on the tombstone of a heroic British major who was killed in battle 104 years ago: "Here lieth all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson. . . ." The quotations on pages 20 and 21 will be followed by others in future issues.

About the Authors. Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** believes that his article on OUR NEW STRATEGY is "the most important piece I've ever written." Alsop not only talked at length with Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, whose remarkably candid exclusive interview is recorded in detail, but also asked questions of practically all of McNamara's chief military and civilian subordinates. . . . **Don Cook,** who writes of West Berlin's "sincere kids who are ready to dig and die," is chief European correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Cook, 42, is a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and has worked for the *Herald Tribune* since 1943, most of the time in England and Western Europe. . . . **Murray Olderman,** coauthor with *Post* sports editor **Harry Paxton** of the article on the Army and Navy football coaches, draws cartoons and writes sports features for Newspaper Enterprise Association. . . . Soon after novelist **Edmund Gilligan** made his decision to put his hunting weapons in the closet for good, he also gave up his Rod and Gun column for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Gilligan, from Woodstock, New York, now devotes full time to short stories, children's books and novels. . . . **Richard Warren Lewis,** 30, is a free-lance writer who has specialized in the entertainment field in the last few years. He now lives in Beverly Hills, California, and is working on a first novel. . . . **Ernest O. Hauser, Steven M. Spencer** and **John Kobler** are contributing editors of *The Post*.

The Cover. "Madam is remorseful about her own greed," comments famed contract-bridge authority Charles H. Goren about the dilemma of the sleepless bridge player depicted by artist **Constantin Alajálov.** "It has dawned on her that withholding her ace of diamonds on the first trick, because she would have had to waste her singleton king, may have been penny-wise and pound-foolish," says Goren. "If she had been satisfied with two diamond tricks instead of three, she could easily have made her game at three no-trump, by playing the ace from the dummy. She would then have been in position to take the important club finesse. But when she all too frugally won with the king in her own hand, she had no way to reach dummy without letting East in, and that character rudely led back the queen of hearts, so that Madam lost five tricks."

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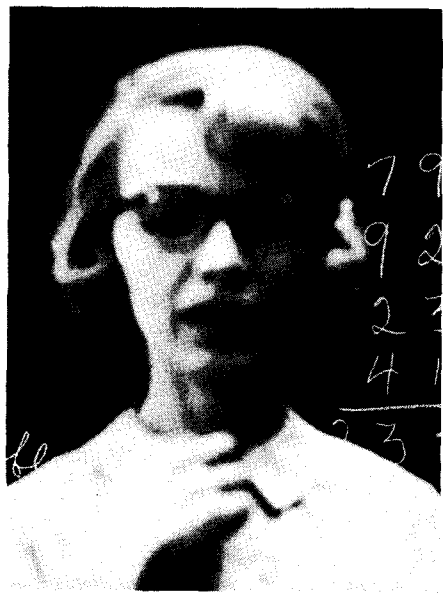
Upset Stomach
got you out of focus?



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LETTERS

A Nazi Faces Justice

Dear Sirs:

It is difficult for me to express my appreciation for EICHMANN AND HIS TRIAL [By Gideon Hausner] in your Nov. 3 issue. It is the kind of article that can be readily understood by an average layman who too often becomes confused by legalistic discussions. After reading this account, no one can doubt the wisdom of bringing the truth into the open so the world may guard itself against Nazis wherever they may be.

ETHEL COHEN
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Agreed. Eichmann was a monster. But the question is: Could Israel's court legally try him? Did he have due process of law? As I see it, the trial had no semblance of legality. Even his arrest was an outright kidnaping job.

CARL FOERSTER
North Chicago, Ill.

Racing to the Moon

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your timely and provocative article on our space program [CAN WE STILL BE FIRST ON THE MOON? by Don A. Schanche, Nov. 3]. It's about time someone cut into the maze of conflicting statements pouring forth from all quarters to give us a look at the truth.

MRS. PETER P. SCHNEIDER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

This race (to the moon) seems to me to be somewhat ridiculous. Let's spend our money making this earth a better place in which to live.

ALBERT AUSVE
San Mateo, Calif.

California Capers

Dear Sirs:

Herb Caen and Jack Smith [TALE OF TWO CITIES: a SIBLING RIVALRY, Nov. 3] ought to devote their journalistic talents to something more constructive than tossing dry twigs on the ashes of a dead fire in the apparent hope of kindling a conflagration.

FRANK E. CONNON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

San Franciscans hate Los Angeles? Not as far as I know. What we hate are the lies they tell. Let those who like it live there—in their ignorance.

G. ROSEKILLY
San Mateo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have lived in both Los Angeles and San Francisco and feel your article clearly expresses the disagreeable features of each. To avoid all of their bad qualities I live in Phoenix.

ROBERT E. OLSEN
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Herb Caen may think that "When the 1960 census showed that San Francisco had actually lost population, there was rejoicing in the city," but that is not the sound I distinguished. Angry cries were audible as far away as Washington, D. C., and the city fathers sent firemen door-to-door to double-check the census takers—not to issue invitations to a "rejoicing" party.

RUSSELL A. BURNHAM
1960 Census Supervisor
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Being in the fashion business and knowing how people dress in all parts of the country I think your photograph was an insult to Los Angeles women. Some of America's best designers are located right here, and there are plenty of ladies who wouldn't think of going out without hat, gloves and the works.

EDNA NELSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

On Sunset Boulevard: sloppy strollers?

Dear Sirs:

You have slighted our taste in clothes—and hurt my feelings, from the top of my Rex hat right down to my alligator shoes.

MRS. CARL ERNEST JOHNSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reader Johnson: ruffled feelings?

Jersey Bounce

Dear Sirs:

Your Oct. 20 issue [AUTUMN] carries a picture of a scene purported to be a town in Vermont. It is in reality a picture of Hackettstown, Warren County, New Jersey.

CHARLES G. ORT JR.
Hackettstown, N.J.

● *Photographer Art Kane mistakenly identified the picture as having been taken in Vermont.—ED.*

NEW SIEGFRIED SET

A newcomer, and already leading the parade of Gerber favorites. Contains Siegfried, the new precision-cast serving fork with 4-inch tines and your choice of Balmung or Little Snickersnee. A light weight set that can take on a heavy load and walk away with it. Blades made of a steel that costs 3 times as much as ordinary cutlery steel. They cut, look, and last like a million dollars. At 2000 leading stores or write Gerber, West Linn, Oregon for selection sheet.

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just paint on fingertips. *70¢ at your drug store.*

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Reliable TV for folks who like their TV "Texas size"

MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

Motorola brings you the wide-open picture drama of giant 27-inch TV with hand-wired chassis† and full year guarantee*

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If you like your TV picture big and sharp—even from across the room—this Motorola's made to order.

It has a spectacular 27-inch screen that puts drama and excitement into every sports event and musical. The sharp picture is powered by a hand-wired chassis†, precision-crafted with modern hand and dip soldering for long life. The performance of the set is so reliable a manufacturer's one year guarantee* covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra.

You'll find Motorola 27-inch sets are surprisingly compact, yet offer a picture that's 41% bigger than our 23-inch picture screens. The TV illustrated above is our model 27K11 which features Tube Sentry System, 23,000 volts of picture power (design average), two speakers, and Custom-Matic Tuner.

Stop by your Motorola dealer's and see Motorola's complete line of 27-inch TV—available in a wide variety of finishes, in Contemporary or Early American styling.

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Medico is the world's largest selling pipe, the product of over 60 years of pipe craftsmanship. It is distinguished by select, imported briar—exquisite finishes—and a handsome variety of models and shapes, a few of which are illustrated at right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

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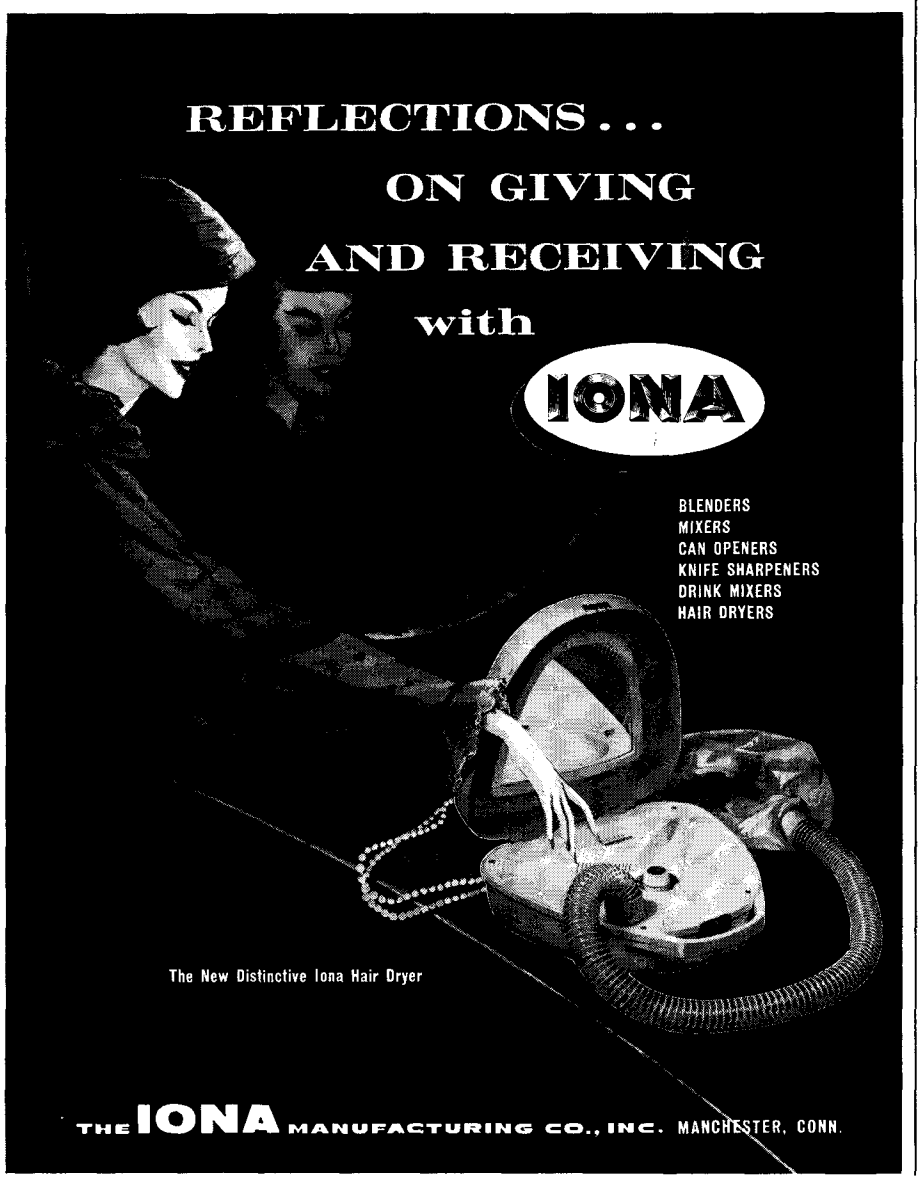

LETTERS

Thunder and Lightning

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of Green Bay-niacs everywhere, thanks for your article on fullback Jim Taylor [GENIUS AT GREEN BAY, by Dick Schaap, Nov. 3]. The combination of Taylor and (left halfback Paul) Hornung is known as "thunder and lightning." We've heard the thunder, so here's hoping the lightning won't be far behind.

ORRIN BULL
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Granddaddy of the Ghouls

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for your fine article [MEMOIRS OF A MONSTER by Boris Karloff, as told to Arlene and Howard Eisenberg, Nov. 3]. Boris is truly the granddaddy of all the monsters.

G. R. GUY
East Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

For several years I have been waging a one-girl crusade to prove that Boris Karloff is far more than just a bogeyman. Mr. Karloff loves children, and they are drawn to him like a magnet. Yet because he shuns publicity, few are aware that this man, who has terrified theater audiences, has often played Santa Claus for orphanages. Growing legions of American teen-agers are seeing beyond the monster make-up and discovering one of the finest human beings alive today.

MOLLY REDDINGTON
McLean, Va.

Movies and Morals

Dear Sirs:

We sincerely thank you and John Crosby for his excellent article [SPEAKING OUT: MOVIES ARE TOO DIRTY, Nov. 10]. It's high time some restriction was placed on these lewd, vulgar and utterly disgusting films that constitute a menace to morals and a sinister influence on all that is decent.

F. J. WORRALL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

While agreeing with his premise, I am amazed at Mr. Crosby's illogical conclusions. He does not approve of censorship under the Legion of Decency, but advocates a British system which is essentially a form of censorship. Who is to say there is a difference between the classification of movies by unknown British categorists and the Legion of Decency? Furthermore, any man of Crosby's experience should realize that naming the movies he considered the worst is no way to dry up their box office receipts. Now all the people who need direction the most will line up to see what he is complaining about.

MAY M. MCALISTER
Mountain View, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have nothing against sex—in its place—but I'm getting pretty fed up with movies that feed us NOTHING ELSE BUT.

MRS. THELMA PIERCE
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Until the movie industry develops an accurate method of classifying films, there's just one thing we parents can do: keep ourselves and our youngsters away from the movies.

MRS. ANNA V. CHANDLER
Cumberland Center, Me.

Coming... in next week's Post

Has Success Spoiled Big Labor?

Orson Welles

Emile Griffith
Boxing Champ Who Can't Beat a Memory

One-Man Crusade Against Hate Groups

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

4–Jack Fields; Maxine Laszlo. • 8, 11–Robert Osborn. • 15–Department of Defense. • 17, 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20–Ollie Atkins; Wide World; Ollie Atkins; Karsh (Pix); Elliott Erwitt (Magnum); Joe Clark (Pix). • 21–Robert Huntzinger; Ollie Atkins; Cornell Capa (Magnum); Edward Clark; United States Navy; Mike Shea (Pix); Globe Photos; Wide World; Ollie Atkins; Bill Shrout. • 23, 24, 25–Arnold Newman. • 27–Gus Pasquarella. • 28–Sovfoto. • 31, 36–Mark Anstendig. • 38, 39–Richard Pfahl. • 51–Ed Schmidt. • 60–Larry Fried. • 61, 62–Neil Leifer. • 63–Larry Fried. • 65–Joern Gerdts. • 68–K. T. Hyde. • 69–Bill Bridges. • 73–Larry Fried. • 74–Lynn Pelham (Rapho-Guillumette). • 75–Julian Wasser (Pix). • 76–Larry Fried. • 77–William Claxton (Globe).

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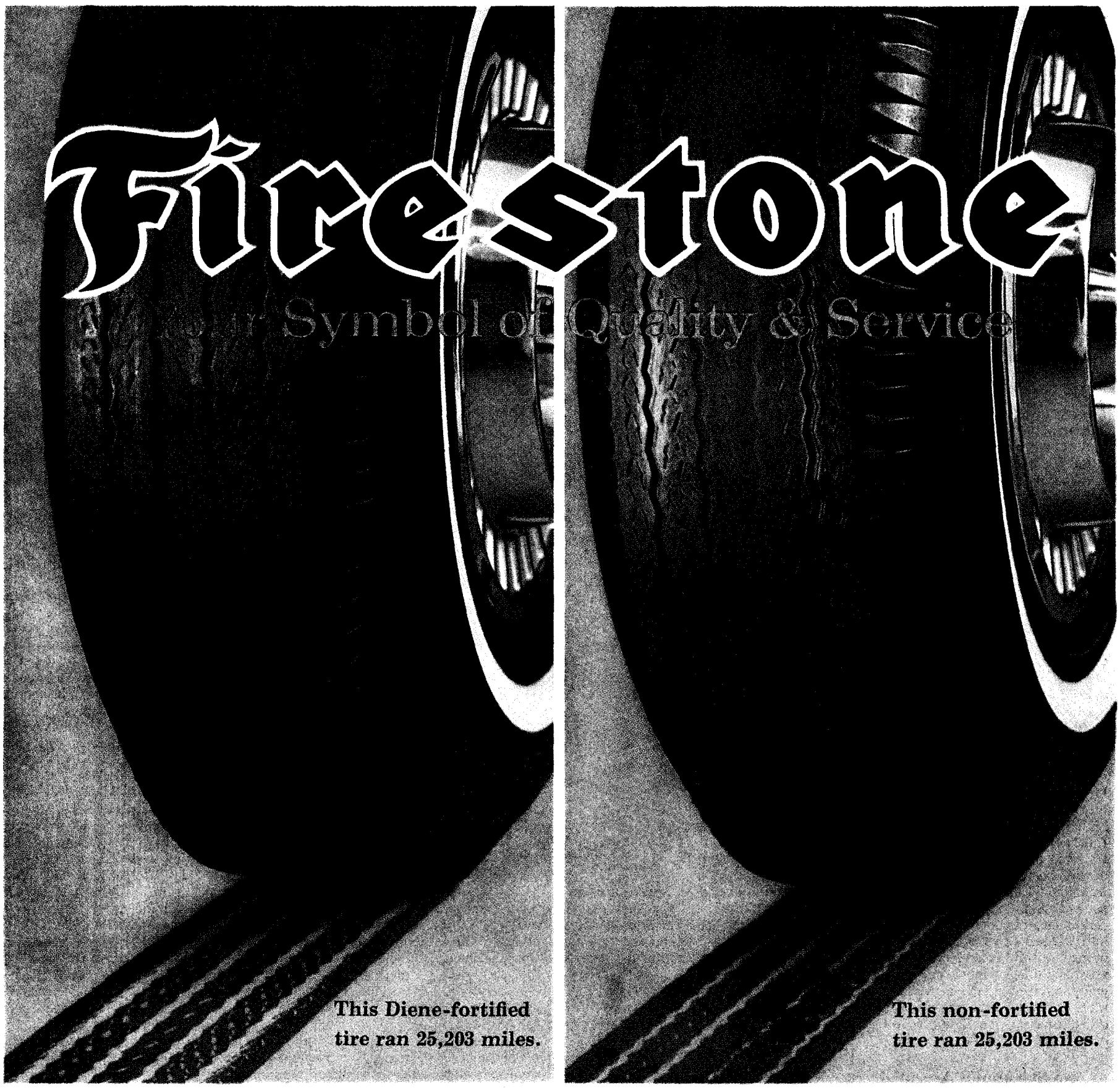
Firestone
At Your Symbol of Quality & Service
This Diene-fortified tire ran 25,203 miles.
This non-fortified tire ran 25,203 miles.

NOW! DIENE-FORTIFIED RUBBER GIVES YOU 20% EXTRA MILEAGE AT NO EXTRA COST!

Diene is a new Firestone synthetic rubber. It's making Firestone tires last 20% longer than ever before. (And even before Diene, they outlasted most tires!)

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In addition, we're putting a new kind of Safety-Fortified cord into all our tire bodies. It keeps tires stronger much longer because it's fortified by an exclusive Firestone process.

Buy Firestone tires at your neighborhood Firestone Dealer or Store. Charge them if you wish. *You know what you're getting when you buy Firestone!*

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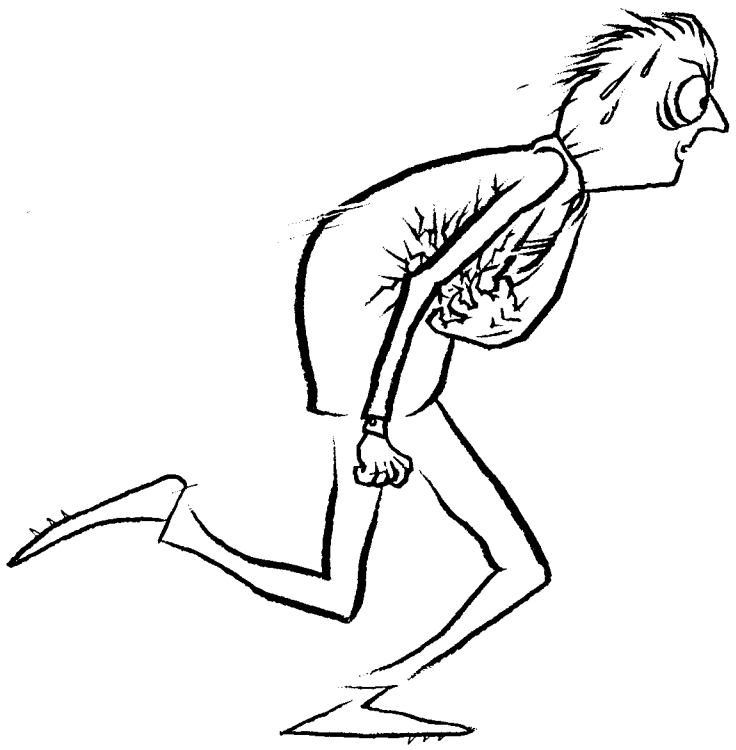
Why Husbands Die Young

Frail creatures to begin with, men always think it's sissy to admit they're sick—until too late.

By PEG BRACKEN



As most women do, I like men. I wish they were here to stay. I hate the idea of becoming a widow.

But I can see that I might as well get used to it. I keep bumping into articles in the public prints: *Has Your Husband Made His Will?; What To Do Until the Coroner Comes.* Any day now I expect to see one titled *Widowhood Can Be Fun!*

For a man is a sometime thing. And what makes me the maddest is that it's 90 percent the men's own lardheaded fault. Look at that man over there, that husband: well muscled, broad of shoulder, narrow of beam, with tidily square-cut fingernails and the good soap-water-and-tobacco smell that is his own proper aura. But look quick.

One of these days he'll have a pain—not a big enough pain to mention to his wife, not big enough to do anything about. Presently he'll have a bigger pain.

And what will this witless wonder do? He'll say to his wife, "Don't worry about me, I'm OK. I'm fine!" and he'll pound his hairy chest to prove it—and keel over. A little later the autopsy will indicate that his lower plethora got somehow tangled up with his tarsal oblongata—a situation which could have been cleared up with reasonable ease at the first "Ouch!"

So there goes another widow trudging into the sunset years, putting in time, doing the solitary and not particularly satisfying things widows do, and feeling guilty on reading the articles you see more and more—the finger-wagging kind, called something like *Lady, Take CARE of Your HUSBAND!*

No Substitutes Accepted

Try to. Just try to. Try to substitute a cup of coffee or a glass of milk for his third Martini. Or get him to walk one mile every day instead of 10 all at once some gold-and-green athletic afternoon. Or get him to a doctor while there is only a small leak in the dike instead of after it busts wide open. Use all the known approaches—the Approach Loving, the Approach Rational, the Approach Wifely and finally the Approach Nagging.

Nothing will happen. It is husbands who are the widowmakers. Ask any wife.

I know a wife who is reduced to a state of gibbering fury on the rare occasions when she finally gets her husband to phone the doctor. He's had a mean, sneaky pain in his lower back for weeks. It's kept him home the past few days. And so, at long, long last, after 48 hours of pointed wifely remarks, he calls up Doctor Preston. His end of the conversation goes like this:

"Doc? Hiya, boy! Buried any good mistakes lately? Ha ha!" (*Pause*) "You said it, Doc, it's the Yanks again. Dja catch old Whitey Ford Saturday?" (*Pause*) "Oh, she's fine, just fine!" (*Pause*) "H'm? Oh, swell! Really, there's nothing the matter with m——" (*Pause*) "No, just that trick back of mine—you know it." (HOPEFULLY NOW) "I imagine you're plenty busy these days." (*Pause*) "Yeah, sure. I'll stop in one of these times. Sure thing, Doc. Be seeing you."

But if he does see the doctor, it will probably be in the company of three strong men who are dragging him, with his wife pushing from behind.

According to the last census, there are in this country 7,503,097 males and 9,056,483 females who are aged 65 and over. Subtract 7,503,097 from 9,056,483, and you have 1,553,386, most of whom are widows. And how many younger widows do you know?

Ninety percent of the widowmaking is the husbands' fault. The other 10 percent isn't, because a man's physiological mechanism is inferior to a woman's. Even a boy baby's fontanel—that soft spot on top of a baby's head—takes longer to harden than does a girl baby's. I suspect that in many cases it never does, which may explain the male's softheaded approach to the matter of his health.

In the interest of scientific accuracy, I've questioned doctors, nurses, doctors' receptionists and doctors' wives concerning the differences between the sexes as patients.

Like the wartime psychological study which took 1,000 pages to prove that a soldier's jitters increased in direct ratio with his proximity to the firing line, the answers were obvious. Any wife would know them without being told.

For instance, the head of our city's medical-school outpatient department reports that women are better informed than men are about symptoms. Not that this knowledge is an unmixed blessing, he pointed out. A woman will read about a fascinating new ailment somewhere and want the doctor merely to confirm her self-diagnosis. She is usually wrong, but self-diagnosis may still be better than not seeing a doctor at all.

How Girls Are Different

The doctor's remarks will come as no news to women. Most of us are interested in health from early childhood. Nearly every five-year-old girl wants to be a nurse. She is constantly bandaging dolls and kittens. Grown up, she retains a lingering interest in things medical. But the only little boys who seem to want to be doctors are the ones who actually end up being doctors.

Women are, indeed, better oriented medically. Once you've had a baby, nothing much can surprise or embarrass you thereafter. Furthermore, we women consider a good operation, like a good recipe, something to pass along. At any bridge table you're apt to find a recent graduate of the surgical floor at St. Somebody-or-other's, holding forth like this:

"The first thing I noticed was sort of a hard, tight feeling like an iron band, right *here.*"

"Tight feeling?" says the lady across the table. "That's funny, I've been noticing this loose, all-gone feeling."

"That's right," the first lady says. "A loose, all-gone feeling. Then I got these intermittent sharp pains ——"

"H'm," says the second lady. "I've had this steady ache ——"

"That's right, a steady ache," the first lady says. "Then ——"

"Did you have this feeling like you were going to black out or something?"

"Black out! Honestly, I didn't think I'd make it to the hospital! So they rushed me right to Surgery, and you know what my doctor said? He said if I'd been just three hours later ——"

Well, it doesn't take much more of No. 1 Girl's prattle before No. 2 Girl is checking in for a physical and, while she may not have what her friend had, maybe she has something just as good.

But men don't have this sort of conversation at lunch or in the locker room. At any rate, so my husband assures me. I believe him, too, for I have observed the nervous, shifty look men get in a mixed group when the talk turns to medicine. On one excuse or another they fade, while the ladies pull up their chairs, as to a warm fire, and have at it.

Then take the matter of follow-through. Said an internist I know, "Women will come back more often than men will and see a course of treatment through to the finish." And what wife isn't aware of that?

Item: I know a husband who has an ulcer. He went along with it, hurting vaguely but getting used to it, until one day he had quite an astonishing pain which galvanized him into visiting the doctor's office. This is typical of men; it takes a brute of a pain to get action.

Well, it turned out to be just an amiable little ulcer, after all, which needed little placating. And believe me, that's all it got. This husband did what the doctor said until it quit hurting so much, and

---

Peg Bracken—or Mrs. Roderick Lull—is a veteran contributor of Saturday Evening Post *verse, short stories and articles, and author of* The I Hate to Cook Book.

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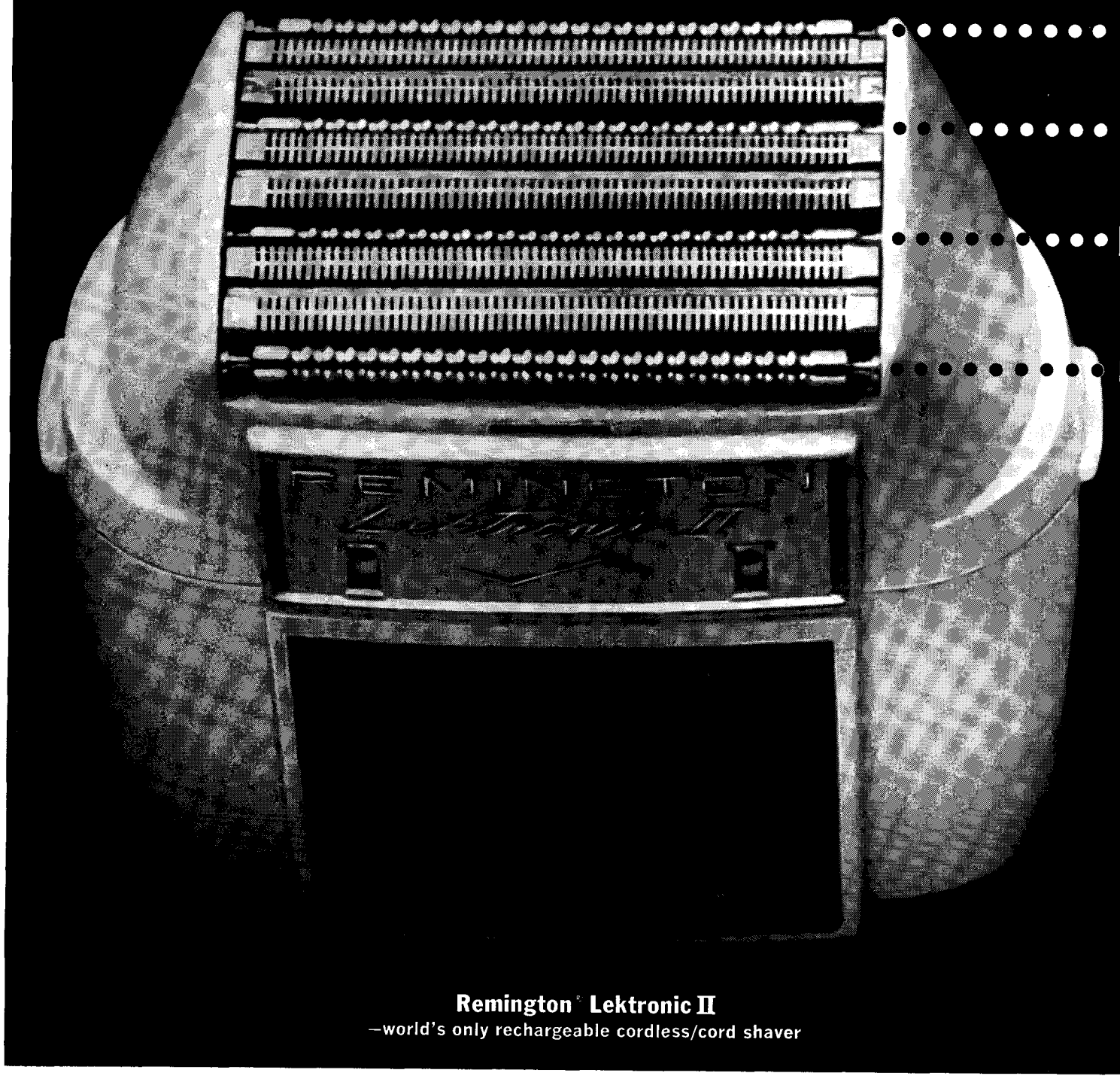

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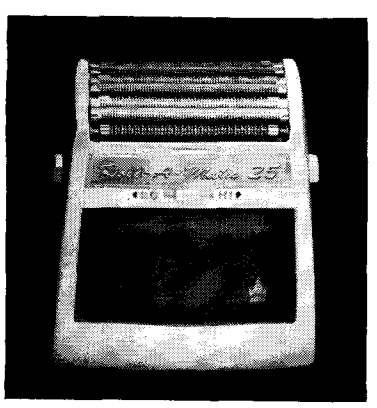

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SPEAKING OUT

that's *all.* No continuing treatment, no checkups. Now he's back at the old stand, hurting vaguely, but . . .

Item: I know a husband who had several mysterious symptoms all at once—one of those puzzling syndromes that drive even the best diagnostician to think of switching to sheepherding. His doctor explained that they would first try a shotgun approach, using a number of different kinds of medication, to find a clue. The husband went along with it for a week or so; nothing happened. One evening he lined up all the little bottles in front of the fireplace, got out his trusty target pistol and plinked them all, one by one. This relieved his tensions, but not much else. He's still hurting, but not quite enough to get him back to the doctor.

Item: A doctor's receptionist tells me that about 25 percent of her appointments for men are made by their wives, though not all these appointments are kept. There's that Little Woman again, valiantly but hopelessly in there pitching.

Oddly enough, men are commonly regarded as better hospital patients than women. Most hospital nurses agree. I noticed it too, when I was a nurse's aide. The men simply lie there, sweet and long-suffering. With women, it was, "Crank that bed," "Change that water," "Tote that bale," Or, as a hospital administrator in my city puts it, "Women bitch more."

Manly Myths of Medicine

A female patient sees no need of impressing a female nurse. They are, after all, members of the same huge sorority. Besides, a woman finds it a delightful change to have someone waiting on her, so she makes the most of it.

And there are reasons why men are stoically patient. They don't want to seem sissy to the nurses, most of them female and some of them pretty. But most important, they want to save their strength so they can really beef when they get home. As every wife knows, a convalescent husband home from the hospital is the true acid test of the marriage vows.

The typical red-blooded American husband cherishes three myths. The first of them was pointed out to me by a woman obstetrician.

1. *It can't happen to me:* After the Sabin antipolio vaccine series had been given in our town, she asked each of her patients if she'd gone down to get her shots and taken the children. They had.

"And your husband?"

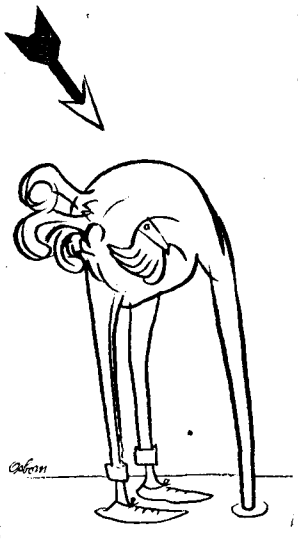
"No, he couldn't be bothered," was the usual reply. In 85 families, only nine husbands had taken the trouble.

"And with another baby on the way yet!" the doctor exploded to me. "If daddy gets polio, who's going to bring home the groceries?"

I thought it was a good question.

Male Myth No. 2, which was emphasized by a well-known plastic surgeon in our town, is this: *If you don't look at it, it will go away.*

Mainly, this surgeon rebuilds faces, hands, feet—anything damaged by disease or accident. He says that a man will usually wait longer before coming to see him than a woman will, letting his condition grow progressively worse. The big ostrich will take all kinds of physical and mental pain before he'll face the possibly jolting business of finding out what is the matter and what can be done.



This attitude gives the lie to a myth which women commonly believe: that if men had to have the babies, there wouldn't be any. I don't believe this for a minute. On the contrary, I think there'd be a population explosion which would make our present one sound like a popped cork. As any Army or Navy doctor can tell you, few men are sissies when it comes to physical pain. Indeed, they're *too* brave, and this is another male characteristic that makes me furious. They'll disregard a pain that would have a woman yelling "uncle" at the nearest clinic.

Instances of the man who faints at a blood test, and so forth, are remembered because they are exceptions. My own doctor tells me that, in the past 10 years or so, he had to put two men on their hands and knees for examination, so that enough blood would remain in their heads to prevent their fainting. But, he continued, he probably remembers the incidents because you don't expect men to faint. A woman, on the other hand, can be a maudlin mess, and—because she belongs to the supposedly frailer sex—no one thinks a thing about it.

Which brings us to the third and final myth, beloved and clung to by men: *Women are weaker, so it's all right for them to be running to doctors all the time.*

Quite wrong. I believe it's time husbands woke up to the facts to be found in any reasonably up-to-date physiology manual.

They'll find that, even from the earliest beginnings, the male embryos which die outnumber the females four to one; the male embryo requires optimum conditions to survive. They'll find that baby girls sleep more and adjust more easily to schedules than do baby boys, who fuss more and have a harder time settling down to a routine. They'll find that boys suffer more allergies, like asthma, and more speech disorders, and are more liable to blindness. They'll find that the little boy is less likely to pull through a serious accident or a serious disease, thanks to his overall lesser resistance.

A New Image for Boys

And this unfortunate state of affairs prevails throughout his lifetime. The female physique is built for endurance. The male is not. He needs more attention to get the same mileage, but seldom gets it.

Perhaps something can be done with the next generation of husbands if the mothers of present-day small boys will take a hand. They can reverse some of the boy-rearing attitudes that have him growing up believing he's immortal.

One day, perhaps, in backyards and playpens, we'll hear, "Don't bawl over a little thing like that, Cissie! Remember, you're a *girl!*" And—"Bobby, lamb, come to mother so we can fix that scratch, and then you can have a good cry. Remember, you're a *boy!*"

It sounds odd. But it is an approach which could do a lot for the future wives of America, and I hope it happens. I really do. I like men. **THE END**

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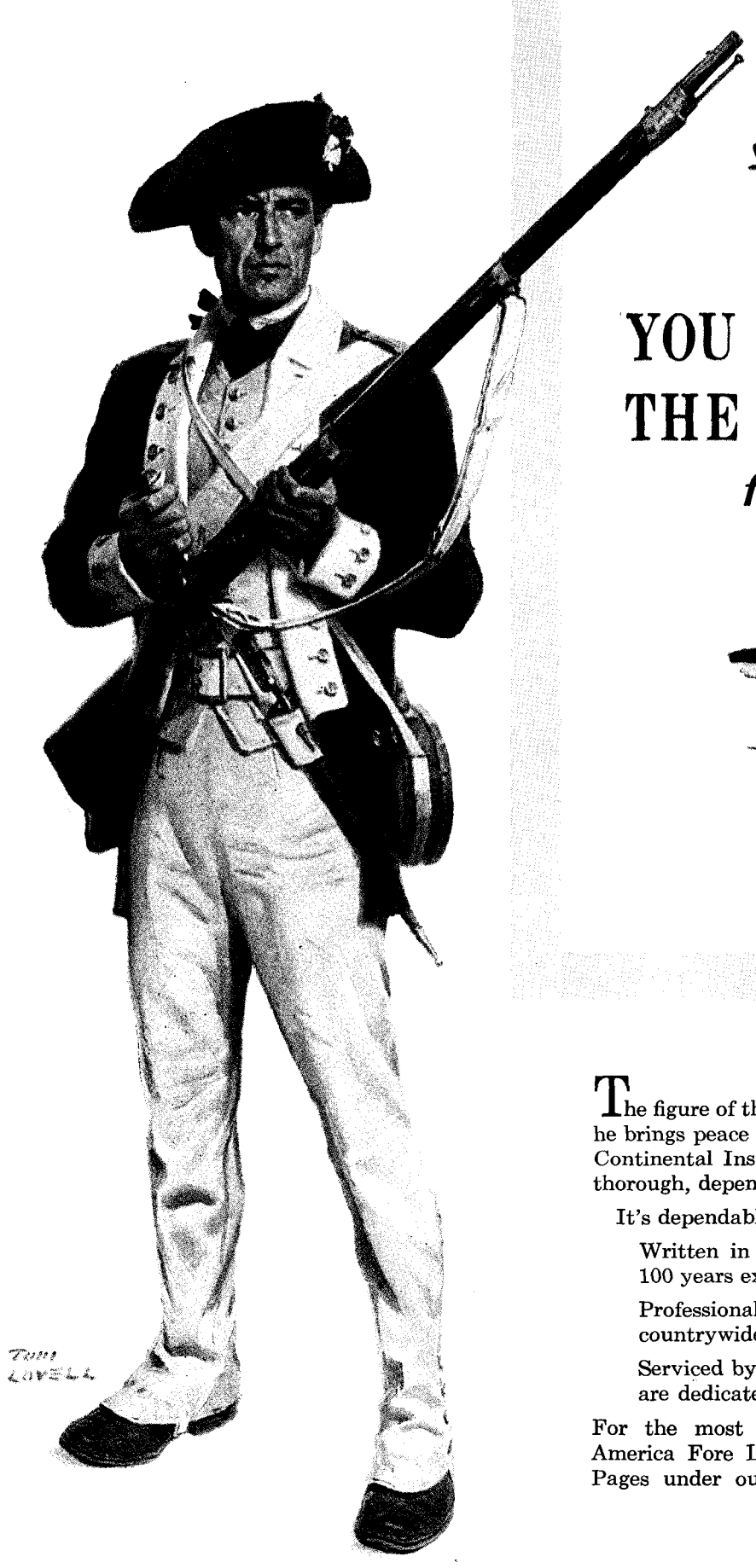

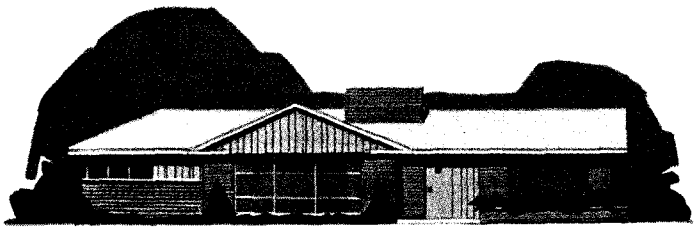

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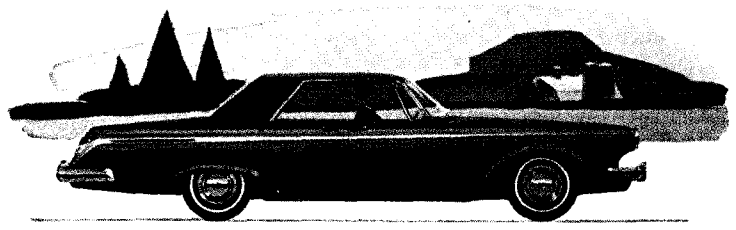

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The Saturday Evening POST
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Our New Strategy
THE ALTERNATIVES TO TOTAL WAR

By STEWART ALSOP

● If the Cold War ever reaches the final showdown, do we have to choose between nuclear holocaust and surrender? ● Or can we find other ways to defend ourselves? ● Planning for such a crisis is the problem confronting Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. ● Pentagon strategists call it "thinking about the unthinkable." ● They use weird terms like "spasm response," "megadeath" and "counterforce collateral damage." ● But these words could become realities the next time Khrushchev makes a wrong move. ● In the following pages, a *Post* editor reports on McNamara's "Doctrine of Controlled Response" —why it has cost billions in extra spending, why it might someday save millions of American lives.

Berlin, or Southeast Asia, or elsewhere.

McNamara, who likes to see war zones for himself, visits Vietnam with Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer.

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"There's not much doubt he has the highest

16

"Bob McNamara seeks his options," says one friend, "as Parsifal sought the Holy Grail."

Khrushchev's need for maximum speed and maximum deception is easily explained. Very soon now the BMEWS-bomber combination will no longer be the essential element in our defense against surprise attack. Very soon now our defense combination will be unbreakable.

Here it is instructive to compare what was being said only a few years ago by knowledgeable men and what McNamara is saying now. In 1958, for example, Sen. John F. Kennedy warned in a somber speech that the United States in "1960–64" would be in a "position of great peril," as a result of crushing Soviet superiority in "offensive and defense missile capability." He was not alone. Among many others, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, now chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, foresaw much the same grim future, "*unless heroic measures are taken.*" (The general's italics.)

Compare these dire forecasts with what McNamara says in the accompanying interview about our ability to "take a full surprise attack" and respond either by destroying the aggressor or hitting only military targets. If McNamara is not talking through his hat, our situation in terms of the nuclear power balance has been wonderfully transformed.

Mind you, if Khrushchev had succeeded in breaking the BMEWS-bomber combination, McNamara would have been talking through his hat. But the combination has not been broken, and McNamara is not talking through his hat. Our situation *has* been transformed. Why?

Is it because of McNamara's "heroic measures"? He has allocated about $6,000,000,000 more than planned under the Eisenhower Administration to improve our ability to deliver nuclear weapons to target. But McNamara himself is the first to acknowledge that this is *not* the real reason for the transformation—the money has not yet begun to pay off importantly in nuclear hardware. As one defense intellectual put it, "What we are living with now is what we inherited from Ike."

Decisive "Margin of Superiority"

The real reason for the transformation in our situation is that, as McNamara says, "a myth of national weakness has been destroyed." It might be more accurate to say that "a myth of Soviet strength has been destroyed." The Soviets simply did not build the kind of long-range-missile force they were expected to build. According to the intelligence estimates current three or four years ago, the Soviets were expected by this time to have between 600 and 800 intercontinental missiles. According to the current estimates, their 100th long-range missile became operational only a few weeks ago.

If the current intelligence estimates are accurate—and on this score McNamara says that he is "absolutely convinced"—the decisive "margin of superiority," which McNamara claims, is entirely real. That margin is based today on the BMEWS-bomber combination which Khrushchev tried to break. But McNamara's $6,000,000,000 extra investment will also soon be paying off in a big way.

Until very recently our intercontinental ground-based missile force was "soft"—it consisted of about 60 of the big, liquid-fueled, thin-skinned missiles, like the Atlas and the first version of the Titan. These missiles are aboveground. They could be destroyed by a warhead exploding several miles away, and it is slow and tedious work to get them into firing position. They could thus be destroyed in a surprise attack, which is why the BMEWS-bomber combination is still so vital.

But in recent weeks the first "hard" Titan and Minuteman missile sites in the United States have been declared ready for business. A hard missile is dug underground. It can be put out of business only by a direct hit or a very close miss. And the Minuteman can be fired almost as quickly and simply as a bullet is fired when you pull the trigger of a gun.

Moreover, thanks in part to McNamara's $6,000,000,000 investment, we will soon have large numbers of these hard missiles. By the end of next year they will number in the low hundreds. By the end of 1964 we will have upward of 800. When that time comes, no trap Khrushchev can lay for us could eliminate our ability of "controlled response."

Claim: Sure Second-Strike Capability

Missile mathematics is a complicated business, which keeps the Pentagon's computers whirring. But as one of the defense intellectuals has remarked, "You don't really need computers—only the stub of a pencil and the back of an envelope." The Pentagon rule of thumb is that it would require eight Soviet missiles to knock out one hard American missile. Thus to have any hope of destroying our missile force—let alone our bombers, our submarines and our other means of delivery—the Soviets would have to have a missile force eight times as big as ours. "They just can't do it." That is the confident, unanimous prediction of the defense intellectuals. And as time goes on, and our protected missile force grows, it will become more and more impossible for the Soviets to "do it."

With the Cuban trap smashed, in short, McNamara claims what is known in the Pentagon shorthand as "sure second-strike capability." He claims more than that, although some Pentagonians privately believe that his second claim is premature. He claims that we could "respond by hitting only military targets." In the shorthand McNamara claims "second-strike *counterforce* capability."

Here we come to the second McNamara doctrine, which is a corollary of the Doctrine of the Controlled Response—the Doctrine of Counterforce Retaliation, which is also known as "the no-cities doctrine." Here it is in McNamara's words, in a historic recent speech in Ann Arbor, Michigan:

"Our nuclear strength . . . makes possible a strategy designed to preserve the fabric of our societies if war should occur. The U.S. has come to the conclusion that to the extent feasible . . . principal military objectives, in the event of a nuclear war . . . should be the destruction of the enemy's military forces, not of his civilian population."

One of the young defense intellectuals tried to explain this "counterforce doctrine" in simple terms: "This country and the Soviet Union are like two men with cocked pistols. Both know that if one trigger is pulled the other will be pulled. Both want to be able to aim at the heart. But both have a mutual interest in avoiding death. So both will also want to be able to aim at the shoulder, say, or the hand holding the pistol, as in one of those duels where both duelists want to stop short of killing. The trouble is, of course, that to hit the shoulder and not the heart you've got to have a damn good aim. And if you aim at the shoulder, and the other fellow aims at your heart, you've got to have another bullet left to aim at his heart."

McNamara recognizes the need for that second bullet. Here he is again, speaking at Ann Arbor: "[We can] retain, even in the face of a massive surprise attack, sufficient reserve striking power to destroy an enemy society, if driven to it. In other words, we are giving the possible opponent the strongest imaginable incentive to refrain from striking our cities."

One of the defense intellectuals put the matter more simply: "We might choose to go for the missile bases, not Moscow. But if he hits New York, good-bye Moscow—and every other place in Russia bigger than a one-horse town."

This "counterforce doctrine" represents a revolution in our defense strategy. It also holds out hope—though no certainty—that the "fabric of our society" could survive a thermonuclear war. Because it is so important, certain questions need to be asked about this second McNamara doctrine.

The first question has already been asked—in Russia as well as in this country. Is it really a "first-strike doctrine"? Is it a formula for hitting the Russians before they can hit us? If we have the power to strike decisively at Soviet nuclear forces *after* they have hit us, doesn't it make sense to strike *before* they can hit us?

No U.S. Temptation to Strike First

McNamara's answer is that it does not make sense. As one defense intellectual put it, "We could decimate their forces in a first strike, but in the nuclear age decimation is not enough."

Suppose, with a first strike, we knocked out nine tenths of their missile-bomber force. They would still have enough left to destroy the major cities of Europe and America—and that is presumably precisely what they would do. As a McNamara subordinate put it: "We're not about to kiss good-bye to Manhattan, not unless we have to."

The second question is also obvious. Won't the Soviets also achieve a "sure second-strike capability"? McNamara's answer is surprising and significant. The first part of the answer is, of course, "yes." There is already evidence that the Soviets are getting ready to leapfrog from their cumbersome soft missiles to the hard solid-fueled missiles like Minuteman. The second part of the answer is the surprising part. It boils down to "the sooner, the better."

Many of the military men, like General Taylor, agree in substance with McNamara's curious but logical reasoning, as set forth in the accompanying interview. Some do not. In the Air Force especially, there is skepticism about the whole

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Some military men are skeptical about the whole retaliation theory of the "defense intellectuals."

theory of "counterforce retaliation," which is regarded as the unrealistic invention of the defense intellectuals. "You just can't control these weapons that easily," says one Air Force general. "It's like asking us to play a Beethoven sonata with one hand tied behind our backs and the other in a boxing glove."

But on one point there is unanimous agreement. McNamara's "no-cities" theory makes sense only if it is married to a serious national shelter program.

The only way to kill a hard missile is to use a nuclear warhead to dig it out of the ground. This means ground-level bursts. This in turn means great masses of radioactive debris in the atmosphere and thus maximum fallout. (This used to be called "the bonus," but in the current shorthand it is called "collateral counterforce damage.") The best estimates are that even in a no-cities war there might be upward of 70,000,000 dead in this country from fallout alone. In some circumstances, depending on certain variables, the fatality rate could be upward of 60 percent of the population from fallout alone, even if the cities were spared.

Chances for Surviving Catastrophe

Given so monstrous a catastrophe, could "the fabric of our society" be preserved? Perhaps in time it could be restored. The human race is fecund, and human bodies could in time be replaced more readily than the delicate machinery of our industrial society. But the fabric would be most terribly rent, and it would be a very long time before it could be knitted together again.

Now suppose the same set of circumstances, plus a serious national fallout-shelter program. The Pentagon's innumerable studies suggest that in this case fatalities might be "on the order of" 10 percent of the population.

In short, even under what the Pentagon grimly calls "optimum" circumstances, nuclear war would be a hideous thing. But as McNamara says, "You have to think about it." And even with one American in 10 dead from a nuclear attack, the essential "fabric" of American society might well be preserved if our cities and industries still stood.

All this is enough to suggest why McNamara means to put a serious fallout-shelter program very high on his list of priorities for the next session of Congress. But all this is also enough to suggest why thinking men in and out of the Pentagon are beginning to question the value of the nuclear weapon as the chief military instrument of national policy.

"Bob McNamara is a near-genius," says one of these critics. "His no-cities theory is a brilliant attempt to rationalize the nuclear weapon. But it just won't wash. Suppose both sides adopt a no-cities strategy—which seems to me unlikely—how can you rely on a weapon as your chief instrument of power when you *know* that using it will cost you *at least* twenty million dead?"

McNamara himself, in his endless quest for "options," has moved at least halfway to the conclusion implicit in that question. And here we come to the last of the McNamara doctrines—the Doctrine of the Conventional Option. Ever since he became Secretary of Defense, McNamara, with the President's full backing, has preached this doctrine doggedly—often to deaf Allied ears. The heart of this third McNamara doctrine is simple. We must have enough nonnuclear power so that "we cannot have nuclear war forced upon us because we have no other choice."

To this end McNamara has invested some $8,000,000,000 above the Eisenhower level in nonnuclear defense. Because of the difference in lead time between conventional and nuclear weapons, this investment has already paid off handsomely. McNamara "quantifies the increment" (a typical McNamara phrase) at 25 percent for the NATO forces, 45 percent for American forces.

As a result, we now certainly have "the conventional option" in peripheral situations—Khrushchev never had any doubt that we could handle Fidel Castro with our conventional forces. But our central weakness is implicit in the last part of the interview which accompanies this article. If the Soviets make a serious grab for Berlin, we will have to "use all weapons," in McNamara's phrase. As a defense intellectual put it, "No matter how you slice it, if we're serious about holding Berlin, we've got to be prepared to go to the nucs." (Pronunciation: newks.)

In other words, in Europe, which is the grand prize of the cold war, we *could* "have nuclear war forced upon us because we have no other choice." As McNamara insists, there is no inherent reason, in terms of "wealth, manpower, resources," why this should be so. In all these ways the Western alliance ought to be "more than a match for the Communist side." But it isn't. In Europe we lack the "conventional option." And we are not going to achieve that option in the near future.

Final, Intangible Cold-War Factor

As a defense intellectual says, "Sure, we could match them—if. If the British adopted conscription. If the French committed their forces to NATO. If the Germans upped their proportion of manpower and gross national product devoted to defense to our level. If we ourselves cut back our long noncombat tail. But when are all these things going to happen? Not until or unless we've all had the living daylights scared out of us."

Perhaps that time is coming soon. And here we come to a final, intangible factor in the cold-war equation, a factor which cannot be "quantified." It is will—the will of the people of the United States; above all, their President.

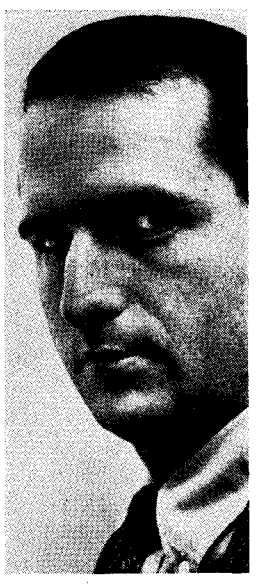
Nikita Khrushchev told Robert Frost that we Americans are "too liberal" to fight. Earlier he told the British ambassador in Moscow that Americans were not "crazy" enough to "sacrifice thirty million people for three million people in Berlin." Khrushchev must be persuaded that we are "crazy" enough to do just that.

Perhaps Cuba has helped to persuade him. Meanwhile, in charge of our defenses is a brilliant man with the courage to think about the unthinkable and the strength to shape our strategy, and the means to support it, in terms of the hard realities of the nuclear age.

The "new breed" in the Pentagon

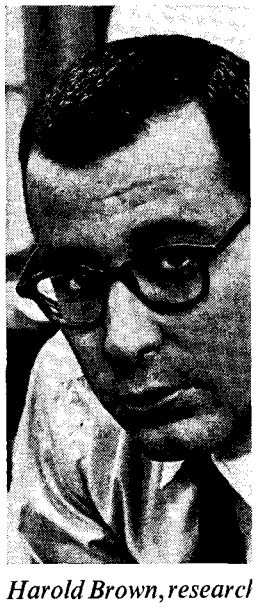
Comptroller Charles Hitch came to the Pentagon from Rand Corporation.

Henry Rowen worked at the Harvard Center for International Affairs.



Alain Einthoven, weapo specialist, was a Ra Corporation economi

Eugene Fubini headed laboratory that worked on airborne instruments.



Harold Brown, researcl chief, was director o a radiation laboratory

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McNamara thinks about the unthinkable

In a candid, exclusive interview with *Post* editor Stewart Alsop, the Secretary of Defense discusses our strategic situation today.

ALSOP: It seems to me interesting to compare what you said at Ann Arbor about the strategic balance of forces and what was being said only a few years ago by responsible people about the prospect of great Soviet superiority in missiles. How do you explain the difference?

MCNAMARA: This nation created a myth of its own weakness. That is the main reason. The myth was the result of incomplete intelligence; although it was created by intelligence analysts acting in good faith, it was a myth all the same.

ALSOP: How confident are you that the myth of the missile gap was and is a myth?

MCNAMARA: Absolutely confident. Of course there is a margin of error. There always is. But the margin of error is much less than the margin of our superiority. And the ending of the myth has made it possible to take a firm line with our adversaries and at the same time to reassure our friends that we are strong and determined to use our strength if we have to.

ALSOP: What do you think about the proposition that the price of any kind of nuclear war is so high that the nuclear weapon is not a rational instrument of national policy?

MCNAMARA: Your question suggests the reason why we have made a great effort to achieve nonnuclear options, so that we cannot have nuclear war forced upon us because we have no other choice. Suppose you were to start from the premise that nuclear war is unthinkable and that you are not capable of fighting a nonnuclear war. If that is true, then you have no military foundation at all for your policy.

No sane man wants nuclear war, or any kind of war. But war *has* to be conceivable in support of vital national interests. Otherwise you have no real national power. You have to meet three tests. First, you have to have the power to support your policy. Second, you have to know you have that power. Third, he—the other side—has to know you have that power, and he has to believe that you will use it if your vital interests are threatened.

We have today sufficient nuclear power so that we could take a full surprise attack and respond in such a way that we would literally destroy the aggressor. We also have sufficient nuclear power so that we could respond by hitting only military targets.

Option of No-Cities Response?

ALSOP: In other words, you have the option of adopting the so-called no-cities, or counterforce, response, which you discussed in your Ann Arbor speech.

MCNAMARA: Yes, we would have that option. I think in some ways the press overplayed that part of the speech. I carefully qualified what I said, and I made it clear that this was only one of a series of options. I would want to be absolutely certain that we had the other options.

ALSOP: Surely we must assume that the time will come when the other side will have a sure second-strike capability—solid-fuel missiles, hardened bases and all the rest of it.

MCNAMARA: Yes, and that raises an interesting point. I believe myself that a counterforce strategy is most likely to apply in circumstances in which *both* sides have the capability of surviving a first strike and retaliating selectively. This is a highly unpredictable business, of course. But today, following a surprise attack on us, we would still have the power to respond with overwhelming force, and they would not then have the capability of a further strike. In this situation, given the highly irrational act of an attempted first strike against us, such a strike seems most likely to take the form of an all-out attack on both military targets and population centers. This is why a nuclear exchange confined to military targets seems more possible, not less, when *both* sides have a sure second-strike capability. Then you might have a more stable "balance of terror." This may seem a rather subtle point, but from where I'm sitting it seems a point worth thinking about.

"No Pressure on Us to Preempt"

ALSOP: As you know, some writers here and abroad have interpreted what you said in your Ann Arbor speech as implying the possibility of the United States' adopting a first-strike strategy—a strategy of hitting first.

MCNAMARA: What I said meant exactly the opposite. Because we have a sure second-strike capability, there is no pressure on us whatsoever to preempt. I assure you that we really never think in those terms. Under any circumstances, even if we had the military advantage of striking first, the price of any nuclear war would be terribly high. One point I was making in the Ann Arbor speech is that our second-strike capability is so sure that there would be no rational basis on which to launch a preemptive strike.

ALSOP: It seems to me that a no-cities doctrine only makes sense if it is married to a serious fallout-shelter program. Otherwise, even if the cities were left standing, the fatalities from fallout would be astronomical.

MCNAMARA: Yes. Some people seem to feel that even to think about the fatalities which might result from a nuclear war is immoral. But you have to think about it. You have to ask yourself whether there are *no* situations in which one side or the other might use nuclear weapons. Your answer has to be that there are such situations. Then you have to recognize that there is a tremendous difference, a vital difference, between, say, thirty percent fatalities and sixty percent. A serious national fallout-shelter program could make that sort of difference.

ALSOP: When you think in terms of fatalities in the tens of millions, aren't you forced to ask yourself, again, whether the nuclear weapon is in fact a rational instrument of national policy?

MCNAMARA: In a sense, nuclear war is certainly irrational—all war is irrational. But being irrational doesn't make it inconceivable. You might be forced into nuclear war as a result of an irrational act on the other side, for example, or of a misjudgment of our response to an attack on our vital interests. And given a nuclear capability on the other side, you *must* have a credible deterrent on your side. And you can't create a credible deterrent by threatening an incredible action. For example, the use of nuclear weapons would be an incredible response to the building of the Wall, or to certain kinds of political-military pressure on the periphery. You can't fashion a deterrent by threatening to take action which no one in fact believes you will take.

The nuclear weapon, for example, becomes a rational weapon only in relation to situations in which the weapon might credibly be used—those situations in which the alternative might be even worse than the risk of nuclear war—for example, a surrender by stages to Communist aggression. There are certain circumstances in which the other side is dead sure we will use the nuclear weapon—an attack on the United States or on our NATO allies, for example. But there is always the danger of miscalculation. This is why it was important to make clear in a public statement that we mean to defend Berlin and that, if necessary, all weapons will be used for that purpose.

ALSOP: Berlin seems to me to symbolize our great central weakness. We're in far better shape to fight another limited conventional war like Korea than we were. But we still do not really have the "conventional option" in Europe.

MCNAMARA: I don't maintain that the balance of conventional forces in Europe is all we would like it to be. But the NATO forces have been made much stronger—General Norstad quantifies the increment at twenty-five percent. Our own conventional forces have been increased by forty-five percent—from eleven to sixteen combat-ready divisions in the Army, for example. What is more, all sixteen divisions are better combat divisions, with more mobility, more airlift and more tactical air support. So the true increment is greater than forty-five percent.

We have stockpiled equipment for two divisions in Europe, and exercises prove that the men for these divisions could be airlifted to Europe in a matter of a week or so. We have a strategic reserve in this country of eight divisions as against three a couple of years ago. Our air power in Europe is at least equal to theirs, and there is on the central front about an equal number of men on both sides of the line.

"NATO a Match for Communist Side"

ALSOP: Yes, but they have much greater reserve power, don't they? Isn't the real difference that the threshold is higher—that they would have to mobilize and bring up their reserves to gain conventional superiority in Europe?

MCNAMARA: Yes, they would have to bring up their reserves. But can they? We have a lot of air power in Europe. And we have reserves, too, don't forget. We spend two billion dollars a year on the reserves and the National Guard. I'm not saying that we wouldn't all be a lot happier if we had more conventional power in Europe. But conventional power is only part of the equation, and as I've said, if necessary we would use all weapons. But if we say that the Western powers are hopelessly inferior, then we're creating another myth of weakness. By any sensible standards—wealth, manpower, resources—NATO is, or can be, more than a match for the Communist side. THE END

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"My Favorite Quotation"

Brace a public figure and ask him to name his favorite quotation right there, on the spot—no sneaking a look at Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*—and you are likely to come away with a basket of aging chestnuts. Men of note show a strong tendency to recall nothing save those tiresome remarks made by the fatuous Polonius to his son Laertes in the first act of *Hamlet:* "This above all: to thine own self be true . . ."

So it was with some hesitancy that THE POST asked a cluster of famous men and women to select for us the quotations they best remember and most admire. To our surprise and great pleasure, we did not get a tubful of truisms. Searching their memories, our correspondents produced a collection of interesting and varied quotations.

The Bible is there, of course. So, predictably, are Thoreau, Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes. But several quotations come from works that are less familiar. And, more interestingly, many quotations, including the selection made by the President of the United States, appear to tell something about the people who chose them.

With interest in the words of wisdom which men of fame hold dear, THE POST here presents a sampling of responses to its question, "What is your favorite quotation?"

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY:

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

EDMUND BURKE

GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER:

"I believe in the supreme worth of the individual . . . that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.... I believe in the dignity of labor . . . that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living . . . that . . . service is the common duty of mankind."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.

VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON:

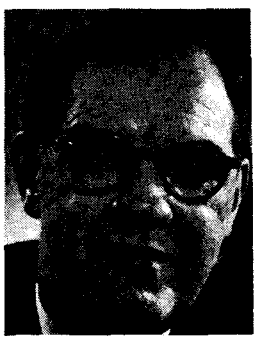
"Come now, and let us reason together."

ISAIAH 1:18

ROGER M. BLOUGH,
chairman of the board, U.S. Steel Corp.:

"Make big plans; aim high and hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself, with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us."

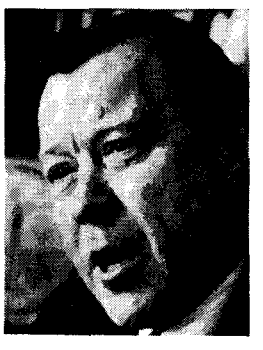
DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM,
architect and city planner



SYLVIA PORTER, *columnist:*

"The society which scorns excellence in plumbing because plumbing is a humble activity, and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because philosophy is an exalted activity, will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water."

JOHN W. GARDNER,
president, Carnegie Foundation



WALTER REUTHER:

"The world is now too dangerous for anything but truth, too small for anything but brotherhood."

REV. A. POWELL DAVIES,
former pastor, All Souls Unitarian Church, Washington, D.C.

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EDDIE SACHS,
racing driver:

"You can't beat fun, no matter how hard you try."

Pennsylvania Dutch thought from my grandparents,
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM F. WETHERHOLD

DEAN ACHESON:

"If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus. You must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing."

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

MARGARET MEAD,
anthropologist:

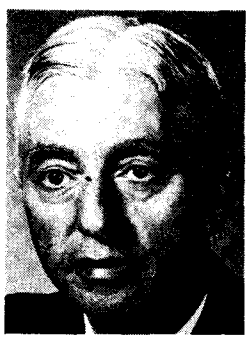
"Get the distaff ready and God will send the flax."

OLD PROVERB

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG,
Supreme Court Justice:

"We cannot be impartial. We can only be intellectually honest; that is, aware of our own passions, on our guard against them and prepared to warn our readers of the dangers into which our partial views may lead them. Impartiality is a dream and honesty a duty."

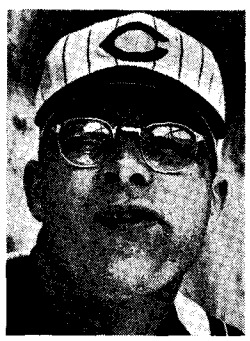
GAETANO SALVEMINI, *historian*



VICE ADMIRAL HYMAN G. RICKOVER:

"Only fools don't worry."

GOETHE



JIM BROSNAN, *pitcher:*

"I am you, and you are me, and what have we done to each other?"

THE KEENER'S MANUAL

WALT DISNEY:

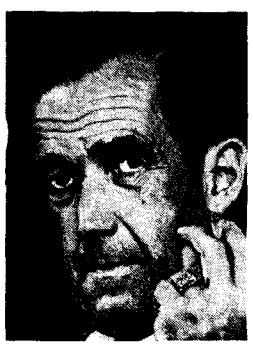
"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

MARK TWAIN

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.,
editor-in-chief, National Review:

"I am the man who with the utmost daring discovered what had been discovered before. I did try to find a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodoxy."

G. K. CHESTERTON



EDWARD R. MURROW,
director, United States Information Agency:

"It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and another to hear."

THOREAU

DR. WERNHER VON BRAUN, *space scientist:*

"If I should reach my last moments with perfect lucidity, I feel sure that I would enter eternity with my eyes wide open and a feeling of intense curiosity."

LEON BLOY

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Artist of the Third Eye

By creating his own illogical but gorgeous universe on canvas, Marc Chagall has become one of the world's greatest painters.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Marc Chagall, the Russian-born French painter, half jokingly explains that he has a third eye. With this he peers into a world the rest of us can't see—a wonderland where dreamlike phantoms, decked in gorgeous colors, whirl merrily about, assuming ever-new, beguiling shapes and disappearing into purple mist. It is this dreamworld that Chagall, for his own benefit and incidentally for ours, recaptures in his paintings.

Now 75 years old and recognized as one of the world's greatest living artists, Chagall brings to his calling the virtue of humility. The many books written about him, the solemn efforts to "explain" his pictures, bewilder him. In his belief, talent to create a work of art is God's own gift to man, and the less said about its mysteries the better. "To paint, you have to be possessed," he says.

I found him at his hillside house just outside Vence, a village in the south of France, a stone's throw from the blue Mediterranean. The old-fashioned two-story house, white with green shutters, seemed to dream in a fragrant maze of blooming shrubs and bushes. Those cypresses and vines, those orange trees and date palms, were surely a far cry from the harsh, muddy, sunless world of Chagall's Russian youth. The song of many birds was in the air as I walked up the mounting footpath to the door.

Dressed in a stained blue smock, his hands covered with red and yellow paint, Chagall received me with the old complaint of the hardworking craftsman: "My work is going badly. What a tough job to be a painter! Art is as hard as life. Or maybe harder? I don't really know."

Resemblance to Chaplin

His youthful energy surprised me. He was suntanned, a picture of good health, vibrant with the vitality that sometimes is the mark of genius. He was a small man, about five feet, four inches tall, of stocky build. His birdlike gestures, his apologetic shrug, his totally disarming smile reminded me of Charlie Chaplin in his early films. Yet there was something venerable, almost biblical, about Chagall. His mobile, deeply furrowed face, with its intensely luminous blue eyes, seemed to record the whole fantastic saga of his life, a life that, after many storms and shipwrecks, had led him to the tranquil harbor of this village.

His rise to a central position in modern art is of relatively recent date. As little as 10 years ago, art critics speaking of contemporary painters would preface every mention of Chagall with "also." "There's also Chagall," they would say. Could it be that this anxious world in recent years has felt a keener need for the spiritual values, the poetry, the otherworldliness of Marc Chagall?

Although the current output of the world's two leading painters, Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque—both older than Chagall—still fetches higher prices in the market than Chagall's work, the gap is narrowing. The lucky man who picked up a Chagall at, say, $3,000 twelve years ago, today could sell it for $30,000 to the nearest dealer. One of his paintings, titled *Les Amoureux*, was sold last year at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York for $77,500, the highest price obtained to date for a Chagall.

Once a U.S. Resident

Much of the master's work is "frozen" in private collections, or in museums whose contemporary-art rooms would not be representative without a couple of Chagalls. About a quarter of the world's 5,000-odd known Chagall paintings are in the United States, where the painter lived from 1941 to 1947 and where he has today a large, enthusiastic following. New York's Museum of Modern Art, which owns five magnificent Chagalls, has held three major showings of his work since World War II. The most recent of these exhibits, devoted to a set of 12 huge stained-glass windows created by Chagall, broke all attendance records. On opening day, November 19, 1961, 6,500 persons saw the windows—more than had ever before entered the museum on a single day. And frequently during the six weeks the exposition lasted, a patient line stretched from the museum's entrance on West 53rd Street to Fifth Avenue, with many a Chagall admirer waiting for two or three hours in the chilly rain.

As always with Chagall, there was more than sheer surface beauty to these windows which at first sight seemed but great bursts of color caught in glass. The series had been commissioned by Hadassah, an organization of Jewish women in the United States, for a synagogue forming part of the Hadassah-financed medical center near Jerusalem. Chagall, himself a Jew, and a lifelong student of the Bible, which he can quote in Hebrew, Russian and French, spent the better part of a year working on the 12 windows representing the 12 tribes of Israel. It was the mystic force of his red, blue, green and golden compositions that stirred all those who saw them.

With obvious delight Chagall recalled his recent trip to Israel, where he had gone for the dedication of his work and where hundreds of persons had recognized him in the streets. We had settled down in the indifferently furnished living room whose walls were sparkling with Chagall originals, some of them dating back to the painter's youth. "My wife hangs them up," he apologized. Speaking in heavily accented French, he started off with the assertion that art could never rival nature, but that art, to be good, must be "authentic."

"When I am finishing a picture," he explained, "I hold some God-made object up to it—a rock, a flower, the branch of a tree, or simply this"—he spread a strong, brown hand—"as a kind of final test. If the painting stands up beside a thing man cannot make, the painting is authentic. If there's a clash between the two, it is bad art. That's something I have understood," he added with a smile, "only these last ten years."

One cannot talk long with Chagall without becoming aware of his own "authenticity." For all his migrant years he has never strayed from his spiritual sources. His roots reach deep into the soil of Judaism. Born in the Jewish district of Vitebsk, an overgrown White Russian village, half of whose 48,000 inhabitants were Jews, Chagall absorbed into his bloodstream the suffering of a long-persecuted people.

Once, during a pogrom, he escaped death only because a band of killers mistook him for a Christian and let him go. To get the boy into the local high school, his mother had to bribe one of the teachers; Jews had no right to higher education. And, in St. Petersburg, he was picked up one day and thrown into jail with common criminals because he did not have the special permit required of all Jews sojourning in the capital.

Somber Scenes Relived

Marc was the oldest of nine children. His father was a common laborer in the warehouse of a herring merchant, where he moved heavy barrels all day long. His mother kept a small general store. One of his grandfathers taught at a Hebrew school; the other was a butcher. The somber cottages, the sad-eyed, burdened-down old Jews, the horse-drawn carts Chagall has painted all his life—these were the sights that etched themselves forever into the boy's receptive mind.

"There never was a single flower in our house," Chagall said. The timid boy, who stammered and occasionally fainted, seemed a misfit. He dreamed, wrote poetry and drew pictures. A visitor, noting one of Marc's drawings tacked to the wall, exclaimed, "An artist, eh?"

"It was a word," Chagall has written in a sketchy autobiography he published 30 years ago, "that seemed to come from another world and that I would never have dared pronounce on my own."

What could his parents do with him? Having apprenticed him, with poor results, to a photographer, his mother bravely took him to the local art school; but Marc was not cut out to draw from plaster casts. He bought paint and put his dreams on canvas—only to find that his sisters were using his pictures as floor rugs. In 1907, with a few rubles in his pocket, Marc fled to St. Petersburg to become a painter or to starve.

First Taste of Fame

Sleeping in flophouses, taking on odd jobs, often going without food, he nonetheless managed to paint. The year after his arrival, aged 21, he painted what to this day remains one of his most remarkable creations, *The Dead Man*. The picture represents a dark village street; a dead man lies wrapped in a blanket, framed by six candles; a woman wails; a fiddler sits on a low rooftop; somebody hurries off, toppling a flowerpot; a sweeper sweeps the street.

It was the extraordinary force, the mystic, dreamlike quality of paintings such as this that made perceptive people in the Russian capital sit up. Who was this newcomer? After two years in a second-rate art school, the young man was admitted to the school run by the painter Leon Bakst, of Russian-ballet fame. Here, for the first time in his life, Chagall heard serious art talk.

And serious art meant Paris. Ready to swap the sugared Russian version of European painting for the real thing, Chagall received a mighty shove from Lady Luck. A patron of the arts, Max Vinaver, staked the young man—in exchange for a few paintings—to the railroad fare to Paris and a modest stipend that would keep Chagall in food and paint for several years.

As one of 30,000 painters in the world capital of art, Chagall quickly became part of its seething, madly creative atmosphere. A photograph of the time shows him as a young fellow, looking, with his head of wild hair, surprisingly like Harpo Marx. Installed in a labyrinth of artists' studios called the Hive, near

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Artist Chagall at his studio near his home in Vence, France. On the wall behind him is one of his latest works, The Burning Bush.

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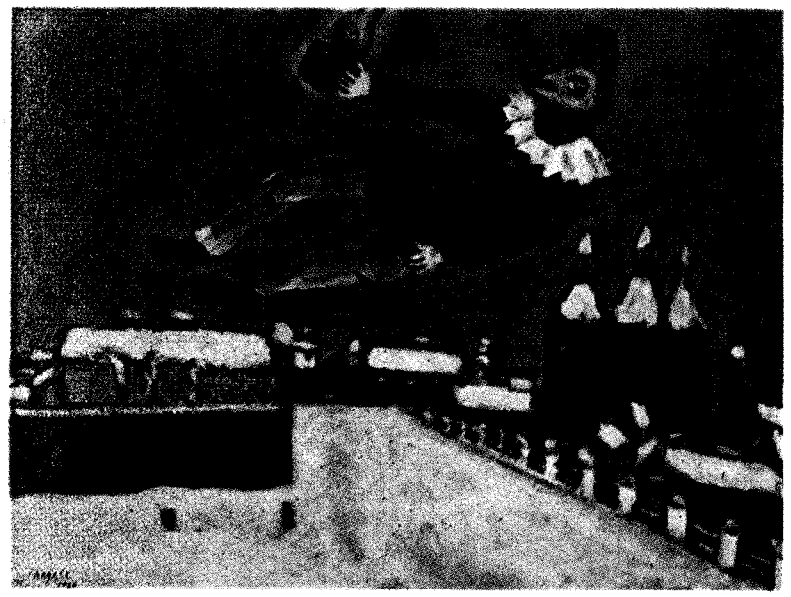
Nocturne, *painted in 1947, demonstrates the dream-like, surrealistic quality of Chagall's creations.*



Above the Rooftops, *1925. "My paintings," says Chagall, "always had to be illogical."*

Les Frances de la Tour Eiffel, *completed in 1939, will appear on a French postage stamp.*

Paris's slaughterhouses, he painted on discarded pictures (cheaper than fresh canvas), odd lengths of tablecloth, even on nightgowns. He painted till the hand of dawn extinguished his petroleum lamp. One day Guillaume Apollinaire, the poet, introduced him to a visitor named Walden, a German sponsor of the arts then operating an avant-garde gallery in Berlin. Walden liked what Chagall was doing.

Thus it happened that the first one-man show of Chagall's work—200 paintings and drawings—was held in the Kaiser's capital. The year was 1914. Longing for Bella, the ladylove he had left behind in Vitebsk, Chagall imprudently journeyed from Berlin to Russia, where he was promptly caught by World War I.

It was not until eight years later that a much chastened Marc Chagall found his way back to freedom. He had married Bella Rosenfeld, the beautiful and brilliant daughter of a Vitebsk jeweler. He had applauded Lenin's revolution, which to him meant the end of an oppressive reign. He had accepted an appointment as Fine Arts Commissar for the Vitebsk district and was "running around with a large briefcase squeezed under my elbow"—as he ruefully told me—before disenchantment smote him. In 1922, armed with a Soviet passport, Chagall crossed the frontier, followed by Bella and their little daughter, Ida.

To his astonishment he discovered that he was far from unknown. His Paris studio, "locked" with a piece of wire, had been invaded by good friends who had sold all the Chagalls they found there to *their* good friends. Most of the buyers were avant-garde intellectuals and tastemakers. Established once again in Paris, Chagall had little trouble exhibiting in Europe's major cities. His reputation spread. In 1926 a New York gallery introduced his work to the American public.

Although Chagall has been influenced by Gauguin, Van Gogh and the Cubists, he never followed any of them very far. If one has to apply a label to his painting, one might call it "surrealist."

No Pretense of Reality

Like the surrealists, Chagall creates a crazy universe. A fish flies through the air, playing a violin. Two lovers hug and kiss above the moon. A rooster pulls a sleigh. A man sits on a house. A house stares at you with one giant eye. A woman milks a cow inside another cow's enormous head. A man sits in a chair—his neatly separated head takes a drink from a bottle. A cow holds an umbrella. Cities are raised into thin air, man and beast become one, and clocks drift aimlessly about. "I was opposed to every kind of logic from the start," Chagall told me. "My paintings always had to be illogical."

Chagall is a superb technician, and there is nothing haphazard about the way he fills his canvas; his freewheeling compositions are as carefully planned as a French garden. But while most surrealists give their creations a semblance of reality by painting with photographic accuracy, Chagall never attempts to fool us. His art is not the art of make-believe. His objects do not claim to be the real thing. He paints as in a dream—and the result puts us into a mood, engaging our emotions rather than our minds.

"Whenever I look at this," says a man lucky enough to own a Chagall with some violins in it, "I need no music."

His dreams, Chagall insists, are not the stuff psychoanalysis is made on. "I sleep very well without Freud," he has said. Some of his paintings do, of course, convey a meaning. One of his finest works, *Fall of the Angel*, bears the dates 1923–1933–1947. With its red Lucifer whose flaming wings threaten to set the world on fire, its aged rabbi trying to save the Holy Scriptures, its crucifix and its mother-and-child, this painting is Chagall's own comment on the rise and fall of Hitler—and beyond that on human suffering and redemption. Still, Chagall is content to let each one of us find his own truth. He does not manufacture cryptograms that we may "read" once we have understood their "symbols." "A lot of my mail comes from children," he proudly told me. "They like my work."

"Color Is Like Blood"

In fact, most of the objects that cavort through Chagall's paintings are remembered from the painter's childhood. The cows, goats, donkeys and chickens were what young Marc saw all around him in Vitebsk. The fish may be a souvenir of papa Chagall's trade—or the main course of a family dinner. "As for the clock," Chagall told me, "I saw it on the wall in front of me, day in, day out. It went tick-tack, tick-tack."

However, there is more to Chagall's art than odds and ends from a lost childhood. In putting brush to canvas, Chagall draws on the rich reservoir of Jewish lore, and at still greater depths he taps a sunken world of mysteries, traditions, myths. There is much of the Orient in Chagall. The glitter of Byzantium's mosaics, the luxury of Persian rugs and the jewel glow of Russian icons shine through his handiwork. His elongated figures might have walked out of some Byzantine fresco. His yellows, reds and greens, and in particular his celebrated "Chagall blue," strike our unaccustomed eye as "out of this world," which is just what they are.

Chagall believes that every one of us was born with his or her personal color and that his own is blue. "Color is like the blood that circulates," he told me. "I love it—more than anything."

That he can do nicely without his paintbrush when he wants to is proved by his innumerable works in black and white, especially his illustrations for Gogol's *Dead Souls* and La Fontaine's *Fables*. A ponderous French Bible with 105 original etchings by Chagall, published six years ago in a limited edition of 275 signed copies, has since become a collector's item worth many times its issuing price of $650.

Like many a creative genius before him, Chagall enjoys trying his hand at a new medium. He has produced fine sculpture and ceramic work. When he completed his first stained-glass window, applying paint to the already finished sheet of colored glass, he turned to his associate on the project, French stained-glass artist Charles Marq, with a question. "How am I doing?"

"Badly," said Marq, who is Chagall's junior by 40 years. "You're *painting*. Your job is to imprison light in glass."

"It was as if a spark had struck Chagall," Charles Marq recalls. "His eyes lit up. He suddenly was a changed person. With the same brush, the same gray paint, he did things he had never done before. He had completely understood me. And at that instant he became one of the greatest living stained-glass artists."

Love has been Chagall's favorite theme, and what he gives us in this province is

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firsthand. For 29 years the beauteous Bella was the source of his own boundless happiness. His life spun around hers. The triumph of possessing her, of being loved by her in turn, called forth Chagall's most lyrical creations. We see the couple, in these paintings, out for a walk together—Marc on the ground, Bella up in the air; or it is Marc who walks on air, bestowing a tender kiss on Bella; or both husband and wife are airborne, gliding above the rooftops.

It was too good to last. Hitler invaded France, and the Chagalls, as Jews, were facing deportation and death. To the American consul calling to offer him, on behalf of New York's Museum of Modern Art, asylum in the United States, Chagall submitted two vital questions: "Are there trees in America? Cows too?" The Chagalls settled in New York, where Marc turned out a series of large paintings and where he designed the scenery and costumes for Igor Stravinsky's ballet, *The Firebird*. It was not until they had news of the liberation of Paris that doom caught up with them. In September, 1944, Bella came down with a virus infection and died. For a stunned and despairing Marc, it seemed the end of everything.

Today, once more at home in his beloved France, Chagall impresses one as a man who has come to terms with life. Deeply attached to his second wife, the former Valentine Brodsky—a cultured, good-looking Ukrainian whom he married in 1952—he counts the blessings of a highly disciplined old age.

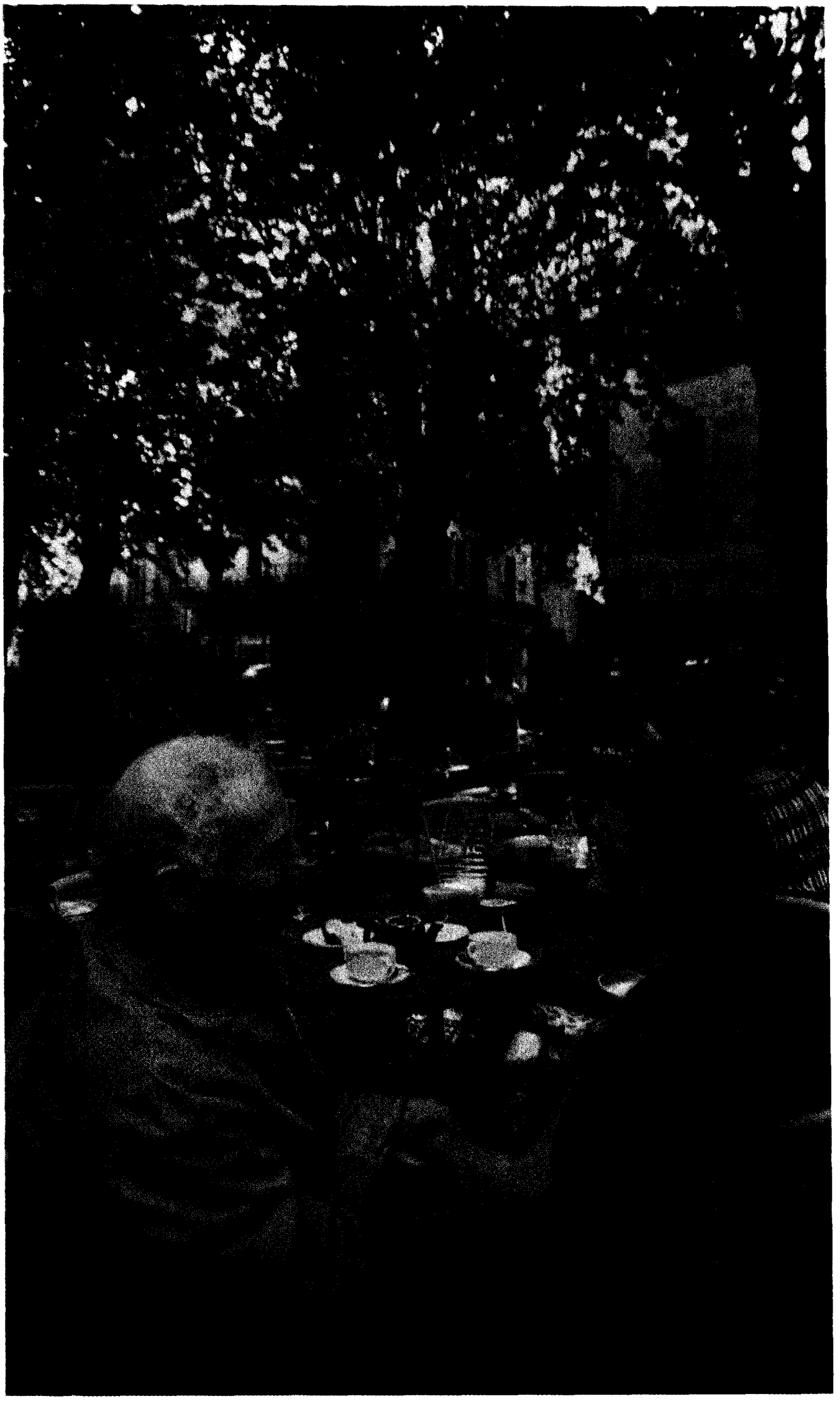
His capacity for work remains extraordinary. "He keeps at it," says an old friend, "like an ox in harness." Although Chagall no longer paints all night—"it's too exciting," he explains; "excitement is bad for painting"—he rarely leaves the studio annex of his house before 10 in the evening. Perched on a movable steel scaffolding, palette in hand, he spins his web of multicolored dreams, listening to a record player or the radio. He is apt to call his wife over the intercom to tell her that they're playing Mozart.

Scolded by His Dealer

Never satisfied with his product, he nowadays turns out no more than eight or ten paintings a year. His Paris dealer, Adrien Maeght, occasionally drops in to scold him; how can he sell Chagalls if he has none to show his clients? "If I didn't tell Marc once in a while, 'Leave that alone, dear, it is finished,' " says Valentine Chagall, "he might hold on forever to a picture."

I said good-bye, but Chagall was ready for his afternoon stroll and offered to accompany me to the village. In his old tweed jacket and battered hat, he blended well into the landscape, looking much like a local farmer. Walking with springy steps, he cheerfully returned the greetings of villagers who doffed their caps to him, addressing him as *maître*. "People must like me because I'm one of them," he said to me. Clearly he was at home amid these olive trees and roses, surrounded by these simple people whose fundamental values hardly differed from those of his Vitebsk childhood.

"They have made me an honorary citizen of Vence, you know," Chagall announced with obvious pride. He stood me a drink in the village square, and I saw him walk briskly back between the spreading plane trees—a fellow one would be glad to salute had he done nothing more important than just live. **THE END**



With his second wife, Madame Valentine Brodsky Chagall, the artist chats over coffee in Vence's main square. His first wife, who died in 1944, appears in many of his paintings.

Photographs by Arnold Newman

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Now Ruthie is in Step

Ruthie Newton's proudest possession is a good right shoe.

Life has brought many new and exciting things to this shining-eyed five-year-old since her arrival from India a year and a half ago. It has given her a warm spot in the center of a devoted American family. She has gained new friends, painlessly absorbed a new language and experienced the disciplined delights of a suburban nursery school. But her right shoe is the symbol of her most important achievement.

It was the real purpose of her trip to the United States. For, until a few months ago, when a long series of operations was completed at Babies Hospital, part of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, Ruth could wear a real shoe only on her left foot. An ugly injury in infancy had mangled and twisted the toes of her right foot so badly that nothing would fit over them but a shapeless knitted slipper.

Ruthie had nevertheless refused to let the deformity slow her down. During the long warm summers in the town of Ferozepore, in India's Punjab state, she scampered about barefoot, with just a slight hopping limp. She was one of the younger members of a large "family" of orphans, all bearing the very un-Indian name of Newton, after the mission hospital which housed them. The Frances Newton Hospital is operated by the United Church of Northern India and is staffed by Presbyterian women physicians from the United States.

Dr. Dorothy Ferris, director of the hospital, has been an affectionate mother to these abandoned or parentless children. Her colleague, Dr. Marjorie Gugger, and several nurses have helped to give the youngsters happiness as well as care. And, as Ruthie played in the orphans' section of the hospital and in the little walled garden outside, she seemed unaware of any impairment. A merry child, with a bright appealing smile and sparkling black eyes, she had a charm that carried her easily over her handicap.

My wife and I first fell under this charm when we visited Ferozepore in October, 1959, on a writing assignment covering medical missions. As the door of the children's section was opened, this tyke with a red ribbon in her dark hair dashed out and jumped into my arms. I held her and let her play with the camera hanging around my neck. Then I noticed her twisted foot.

"Ruthie was found in a village near here," Doctor Ferris explained. "She was less than a week old when someone discovered her beside a railroad track, where she had been abandoned. Her right foot had been severely injured, we think by a dog, and she also had wounds on other parts of her body.

"A Hindu woman doctor took the half-dead baby into a local government hospital in that village. But since the hospital had no provision for foundlings, she brought Ruthie here to us."

Ferozepore lies near the border between India and West Pakistan. During the bloody partition riots of 1947–48, caravans of Moslem and Sikh refugees had streamed through the town, suspending their attacks on one another only long enough to carry their ill and wounded into the little mission hospital.

"We made them leave their pistols, knives and swords at the door," Doctor Ferris said. "And during that entire period of horror we did not have a single killing in the hospital. Sikhs and Moslems who had literally been at one another's throats were placed in adjoining beds—at crowded times, even in the same bed—and we had no trouble. It made us feel that our fifty years of Christian work here had paid off in a spectacular way. The hospital was really a haven of peace for both sides."

Peaceful as the Frances Newton Hospital wards may have been, blood flowed nearby. A train jammed with 2,000 men, women and children fleeing across the border was attacked by fanatics of the opposite side—Doctor Ferris never found out which side did the attacking. When rescue teams from the hospital arrived on the scene, they found one two-year-old boy still alive, the sole survivor of this senseless act of religious intolerance. He was brought to the Frances Newton Hospital to be reared by the doctors and nurses. Today, at 17 one of the oldest of the Newton family, he attends high school in Ferozepore.

By the time Ruthie arrived at the hospital in 1957, the partition nightmare had been pushed to the back of people's minds, and she heard very little about it. But the strength and compassion which had carried the mission hospital through those days of terror now surrounded Ruthie and her orphan playmates.

The latest chapter of Ruth's life began in the fall of 1960. The Reverend Alfred Davies, pastor of The Presbyterian Church at Tenafly, New Jersey, and now of the First Presbyterian Church of Billings, Montana, was visiting Ferozepore on a preaching mission. Like us, he immediately succumbed to Ruthie's dark-eyed charm. Doctor Ferris had said that in time she hoped to have the youngster's foot straightened by surgery, probably in India. But Mr. Davies suggested that she be brought to the United States for the operation. "And when I told my congregation about Ruthie," he said, "they fell in with the idea at once, and it became a church project."

At one point in the arrangements, it was thought that Vice President Lyndon Johnson might fly into Ferozepore and bring Ruthie to New York. But the town's landing strip was too short for the Vice President's plane, and there was not time to make other connections. So she was brought over by a missionary couple returning on furlough. The Davies family, including two daughters, Susan, 17, and Gwyneth, 6, met her at Idlewild in June, 1961.

"When we looked down from the visitors' gallery into the Customs area and saw this tiny black-haired child, wrapped in a white shawl, sitting in a luggage cart, we fell in love with her then and there," Mrs. Davies recalls. "Susan and Gwynnie argued about which one would hold her on the way home." Ruthie and Gwynnie have been inseparable ever since—except for the separations required by Ruthie's long hospital stays.

During the past year Ruthie has spent a total of 14 weeks, at intervals, in Babies Hospital. In the first of six operations, a plastic surgeon made two parallel incisions on the inner surface of her left thigh, loosened a strip of skin and formed it into a handle-shaped bridge or tube. This was to become a graft to replace a tight band of scar tissue on Ruthie's injured foot.

For five weeks Ruthie lay or sat yoga fashion, with her right foot pressed against her left thigh and tucked under the bridge of skin so that the skin could grow firmly to its new location. A plaster cast, encasing both legs, held them in position. Later the ends of the skin graft were freed from the thigh, and Ruthie was able to go back to the Davies home, with her partially repaired right foot in a smaller cast and carrying crutches—which she often forgot to use.

On her next trip to the hospital, an orthopedic surgeon—neither he nor the plastic surgeon would permit his name to be used—worked under the flap of new skin and cut into the joints of the foot painstakingly to reshape and straighten the twisted toes. Again a plaster cast was applied. When the cast was removed at last and Ruthie got a look at her new foot, she made a request. She asked for a new pair of shoes—"all two of them." Because the skin graft was deliberately made somewhat oversize, to allow for future growth of the foot, Mrs. Davies first purchased a roomy pair of canvas sneakers for Ruthie. A pair of leather shoes came later.

Although the foot, even with additional surgery planned for a future date, would never be perfectly normal, the improvement, in both appearance and function, was tremendous.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jean Lindgren had enrolled Ruthie tuition-free in her nursery school, a roomy, wide-windowed cottage in a grove of pines at Closter, New Jersey. Ruthie appeared there first while still on crutches and in a foot cast. She became such a favorite that the other pupils were spoiling her until the teachers gently suggested that Ruthie might get along better with a little less attention. She was soon absorbed by the varied tasks of the curriculum—pasting up collages with cedar leaves, gold ribbon and fancy macaroni shapes, finger-painting, swinging, sliding, and examining a frog that a boy named Johnny found at the edge of a puddle.

One morning a woman artist visited the school and made some sketches to amuse the youngsters. She painted a picture of a pet turtle and a parakeet and then did a quick portrait of Ruth. The foot was still encased in plaster, and the artist said cheerfully, "The cast is hard to paint, so I'll paint Ruthie's foot without the cast." This she did, with toes plainly showing. Ruthie was delighted.

On a hot day in June, after Ruth had exchanged her cast for a shoe, all the children pulled off shoes and socks to run around in their bare feet. It was the first time most of them had seen Ruth's still somewhat misshapen foot, and one or two made a face over it. Ruthie didn't mind. But Beverly, one of her closest pals and daughter of the plastic surgeon, burst into tears. "It's a *good* foot!" she wailed. "My daddy made it, and it's a *good* foot."

Ruthie can now show off her right shoe, thanks to the contributions not only of the doctors but of the hospital nurses, the church congregation in Tenafly, the nursery-school teachers and the Davieses, who now find they cannot part with the child and are taking steps to adopt her. Last month she accompanied them in their move to Montana. And as she skipped along a path made increasingly pleasant by all these friends, she contributed her own bright bit to the cause of international friendship. **THE END**

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Found half dead when an infant, brave Ruthie Newton has become a happy cause for international goodwill. • By STEVEN SPENCER

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Of the many tunnels dug under the Reds' outrageous Berlin Wall, the biggest freed 29 refugees. An American television network filmed the project—to the dismay of the State Department—but postponed showing the film. Here is the human story behind Tunnel 29.

East German police, who say tunnels are used to "smuggle spies," found this one only after a score of refugees fled.

Digging a Way to Freedom

By DON COOK

BERLIN.

It was the end of the day when the courier arrived at the hairdresser's shop in Communist East Berlin where 19-year-old Rosemarie Neumann worked. He lounged on the sidewalk outside, in boy-waits-for-girl boredom, until the shop closed. Rosemarie, a dark-haired girl with wide green eyes, came out and gave him a startled glance of recognition.

She had seen him only once before, two days earlier. Then he had turned up at her parents' apartment, showed her a photo of herself which she had once given to a boyfriend in West Berlin. He had taken her out for a walk to tell her that her escape was being arranged and she must be prepared to leave anytime on instant notice.

Another East Berliner was also preparing to escape. Hartwig Gerlach, a skinny, rawboned, redheaded youth with a large Adam's apple and a friendly smile, was sweating it out in a friend's apartment. Earlier this year he had spent six rough weeks in an East Berlin jail under "investigation" for attempting to escape to the West. After that the Communist authorities barred him from any further schooling toward his goal of becoming an electrical engineer. He was out of work, living on odd jobs and borrowed money, selling off some of his pathetic possessions, with only conscription into the East German army looming ahead.

Two days before, he, too, had been contacted by a courier with a message from friends in West Berlin. A tunnel was about to be broken through from the West into East Berlin, he had been told. Now, if nobody turned up to tell him something had gone wrong, he knew exactly where to go and what to do. He paced the little apartment, lighting and relighting his pipe. Finally, after the clock passed seven P.M., he pulled on a jacket and went out into the damp, chilly, gloomy autumn evening.

Still other East Berliners were preparing to leave. Far out in the Köpenick district, 25-year-old Gunter Lohmann (some of these names are not the real ones) lived with his pretty red-haired wife and their baby daughter in a little two-room garden hut which he had built for himself. Almost every week for six months a friend had slipped over from West Berlin, bringing bananas for the baby and guarded reports of efforts going on from the other side of the Communist wall to arrange their escape. In March, Gunter and his friend had even picked out and searched a house in East Berlin, close to the wall, as a breakthrough point for a tunnel from the other side. Then the plans leaked, and the project had to be abandoned.

No Dramatics in Plan

Gunter knew that another tunnel had been under construction for three months or more, and that he would be among the first to go through if nothing went wrong. He was home with his wife and baby on Friday, September 14, when his friend arrived again in the early afternoon, smiling. The tunnel was open. It was time to go. There were no dramatics or passwords. The friend shook hands, said he would see them on the other side, and then melted away to make his own way back to West Berlin.

Annalise Lohmann quickly put extra sweaters on the baby "and we were out of the house in exactly six minutes." They locked the door, leaving everything they possessed behind, as if they expected to be back in an hour or two. They walked to a nearby streetcar line and began a laborious hour-and-a-half journey by tram, subway and foot all the way across East Berlin to No. 63 Wernerstrasse, three blocks inside the hated wall, opposite the French sector of West Berlin. They reached their destination in the late afternoon, before dark—a four-story apartment building, pockmarked with wartime shelling and 17 years of peacetime decay. The coast was clear, the door was open, and they disappeared in seconds down into the unused cellar.

That same evening Rosemarie Neumann, the young hairdresser, agreed to a "date" with the courier from West Berlin. Her "boyfriend" took her by the arm and steered her down the street, talking urgently and quietly. He gave her a street-corner address where she was to meet him at 8:30, two hours later, and they separated. Rosemarie, an only child, went home and told her parents that she was going out on her date. For the inevitable police questioning which they would face after she was gone, it was essential that they not know she was about to escape. But they wanted her to get out to the West, and she felt that they knew instinctively that this was no ordinary date. Still, although she was leaving them, possibly forever, she did not risk any farewells. Then calmly and quietly—"I really didn't feel much of anything, just sort of numb, as in a dream"—Rosemarie boarded a streetcar near her home. For the third time she met her contact, a few blocks from Wernerstrasse.

They strolled hand-in-hand down a street running parallel between Wernerstrasse and the wall. Half a block closer to the wall was the security zone, where the police check everybody entering or

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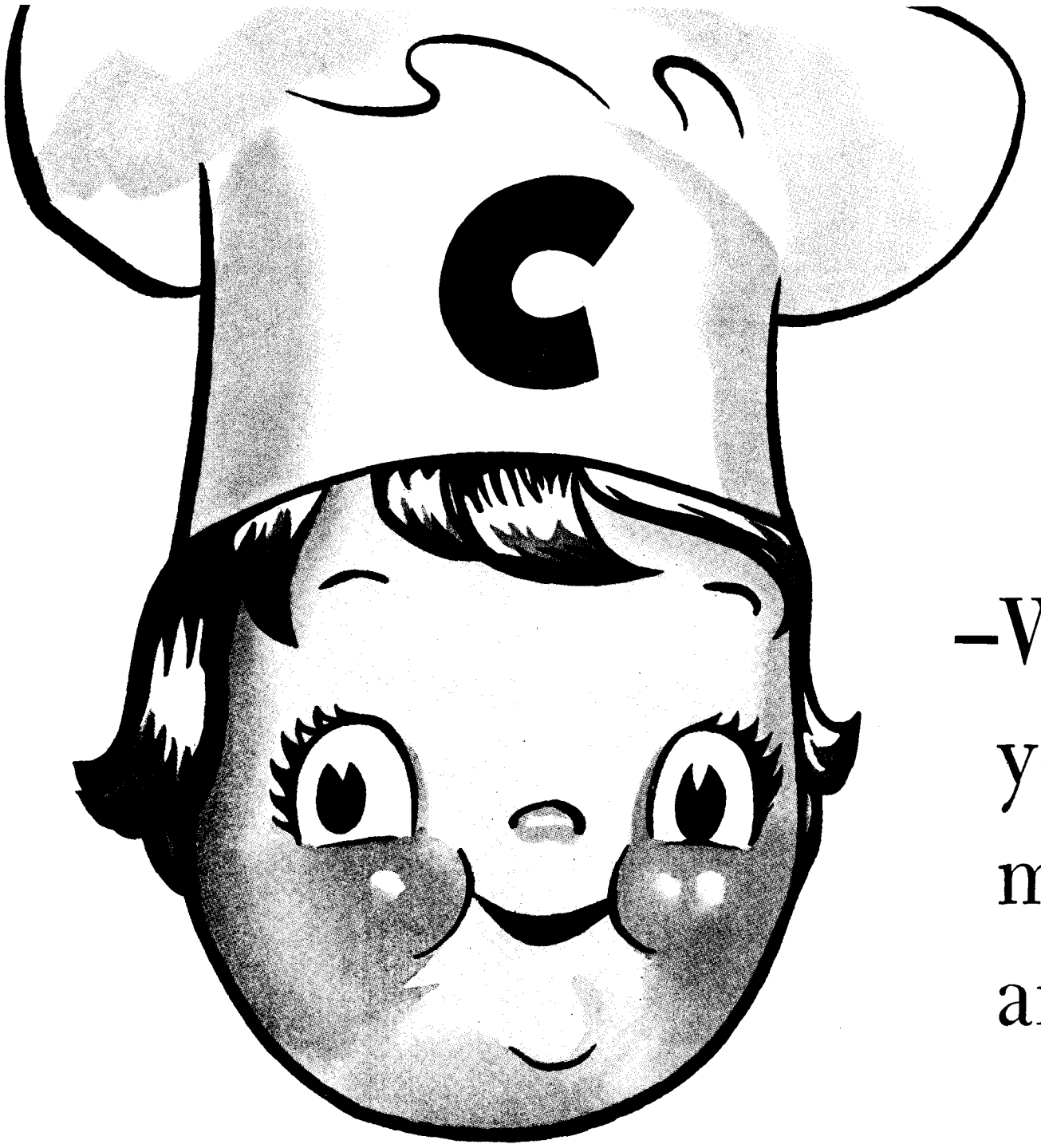

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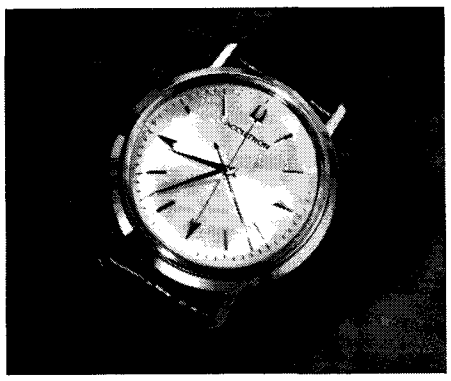

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Tunnel

leaving houses. In the damp, chilly darkness all was quiet, with no police patrols about. Rosemarie and her escort turned back to Wernerstrasse. When they reached No. 63 they found the door locked. They rang the bell for the hall porter and told him they were visiting friends in the building. They started up the stairs. When the porter disappeared they quickly and silently doubled back down to the cellar.

Hartwig Gerlach, the youth who had been held in jail, was unemployed, but he fled in style. He took a taxi. First he stopped at a run-down apartment house in the Pankow district of East Berlin. He, too, had a date for the evening—Irma Kastner, who was escaping with him. Then the cab dropped them in the vicinity of Wernerstrasse, and they did the same boy-and-girl stroll to make sure the coast was clear. They got to No. 63 before the hall porter had locked the door for the night, and they slipped into the cellar.

For 16 hours that Friday and Saturday people converged from all over East Berlin on No. 63 Wernerstrasse, singly, by twos or threes, quietly, stealthily, innocently. In the cellar was a hole, barely two feet across, covered by a broken-down baby carriage. It was the opening of Tunnel 29, as it had become known in the growing lore of Berlin escape stories. It ran 130 yards under three rows of houses and the Berlin wall to another apartment-house cellar on Bernauerstrasse in West Berlin. In all, 29 East Germans came through it to freedom in the biggest single escape operation yet pulled off by the young Scarlet Pimpernels of West Berlin.

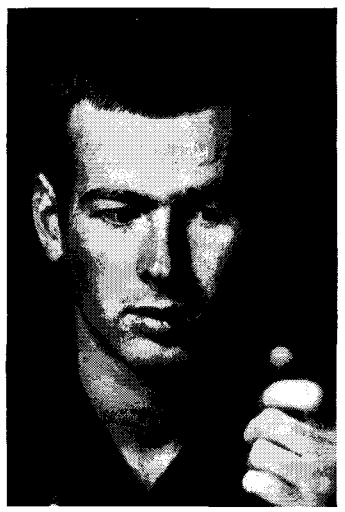
The Dangerous Game

Since the first hysterical days after the Communist wall went up on August 13, 1961, the students of West Berlin have welded themselves, in groups and cells, through one escape operation after another, into one of the most extraordinary resistance movements which the world has seen since the days of World War II. For a month I probed into this murky world of exhilarating dangers and desperate risks—and above all passionate student idealism. It is a world as unreal as that of a James Bond novel—yet it exists behind the bright lights of West Berlin, in a trail of beer-hall discussions, street-corner meetings, gunrunners, amateur forgers, student engineers, intelligence operators, an occasional fast-buck confidence shark and, most of all, sincere kids who are ready to dig and die.

There was Wolfgang—handsome, hollow-cheeked, intense, flashing dark eyes, the collar of his threadbare jacket faced with a strip of shoddy wool, plunging into a plate of bockwurst and wondering how he could pressure the owner of a certain apartment house near the wall to tell the janitor that it was all right for him and his friends—"fifty of us ready to go"—to start digging a tunnel to bring out his mother-in-law.

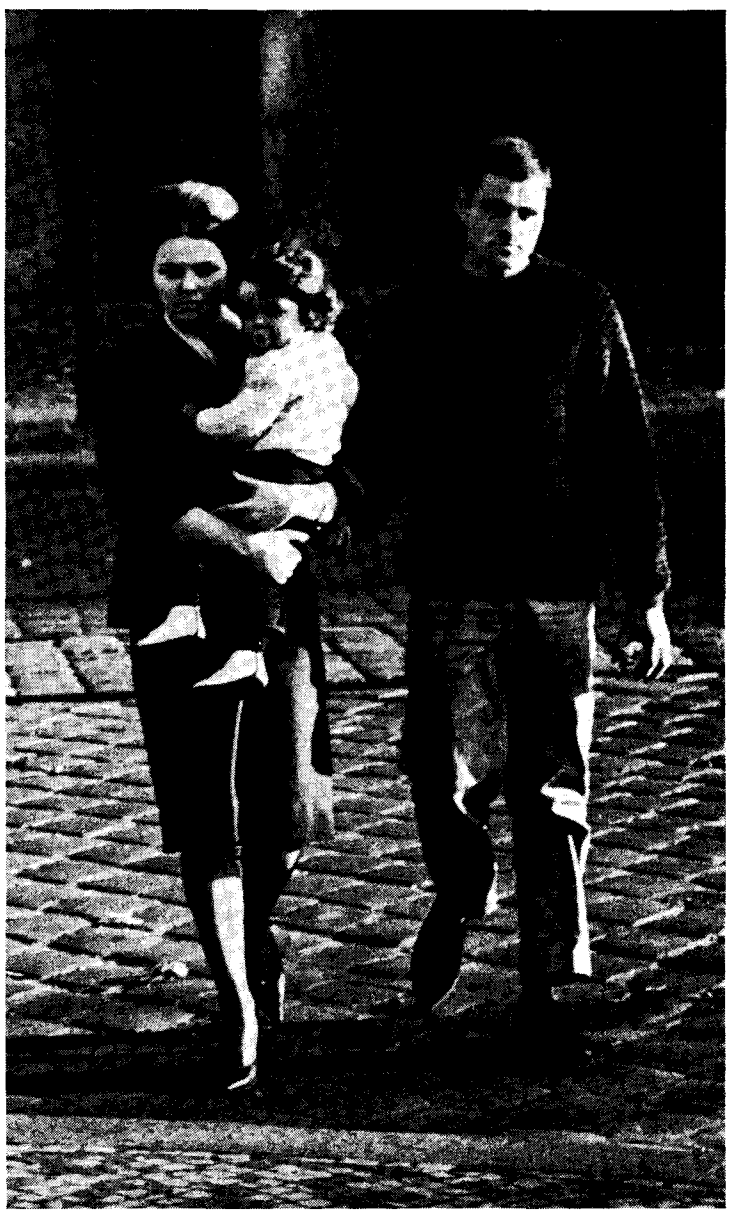
There was Horst—short, wiry, cynical, supercautious, cold and tough. He supplies machine pistols to various escape cells when they are needed. He is so well-known along the wall now that the police have told him to stay back out of sight, because his appearance might tip off the East Berlin police that an operation is planned in the area.

"My children will ask, 'What did you do to fight Communism?'"



Hartwig Gerlach, jailed for a previous escape attempt, is studying engineering.

Rosemarie Neumann, who dared not tell parents of flight, is studying theater.



Gunter Lohmann, with wife and baby, took six minutes to leave home, six minutes through the tunnel to a new life.

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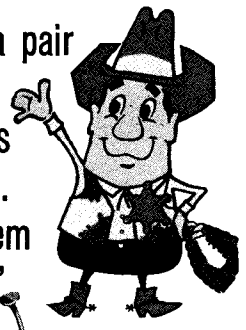

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"This is not kid stuff. The risks are great. Death lurks in every shadow along the wall."

Tunnel There was Krista—a faunlike creature, tiny and soft, with close-cropped blond hair and quiet, innocent brown eyes, wearing a floppy green sweater and tight Riviera slacks. She comes from Hamburg and her West German identity card allows her to cross to East Berlin legally. So she can act as a courier, doing the dangerous work of contacting those on the other side to tell them where to go and what to do when an escape is ready.

There was Jack—an American studying to be a conductor at the Hochschule für Musik, who smuggled fake passes through Checkpoint Charlie to students on the other side, ready to risk years in prison if something went wrong at the East-West border.

There are Dutch, Belgian, French, Italian, Swedish, Swiss and Austrian students working in Berlin escape operations—"hundreds of us planning and thousands ready to help," one student told me when I asked him how many "activists" he thought there were. From all over Europe and beyond, young people are being drawn to Berlin as to a magnet—not just for the exhilaration of danger and adventure but for something much deeper, the belief that here in Berlin somebody can do something to fight Communism while diplomats talk and politicians argue.

This seething activity is becoming much more than just digging tunnels and plotting intricate escape operations. It represents, I found, the political awakening of German youth from the numbing destruction and defeat of the war. Life suddenly has become purposeful for German students, after years of indifference to politics and to the values of the world in which they are growing up. Now every beer-hall session in Berlin has this dynamic surge of idealism.

"Our parents did nothing about the Nazis, and we have been reproving them in silence for it for years," one of them said to me. "I'm not going to have my children asking me fifteen or twenty years from now 'What did you do to fight Communism?' I'm here to do something. The Allies—what do they do? Send notes. Pooh!"

"Young people in Berlin are disgusted with the Allies," another chimed in. "It's nothing personal—not against you Americans in Berlin, officials or not. But you and the others are always giving in, so we are taking matters into our own hands. Older people have other problems. They have to think about things like earning money and running a house, but young people don't have those problems, so we are thinking about nothing but this and concentrating everything we've got on it. This is the only way anybody is taking positive measures against the inhumanity of the Communists. We are giving people hope and saving their lives."

Later a professor at the Free University of Berlin, with a student body of 14,000, told me, "This is a new factor in the Berlin situation. Perhaps it is not a very big factor yet, but I know that it is a very important one. It is a stirring of German youth at last into political conscience. They do not talk to me much about their activities, but I know about them, and—more than that—I can feel it in the way they are at last beginning to ask questions—real questions, intelligent and searching, about the past and how we got into this present situation. They had too much intense, vile politics under the Nazis, and then came that period just after the war when they said about all politics: '*Ohne mich*' ('Without me'). But now Germany has recovered economically, and there is a new awakening of youth around this Berlin situation."

The Communist wall went up in the middle of the summer school holidays. Out of a total of around 25,000 students at the Free University, the Technical University and various special schools of music, the theater and art, West Berlin authorities estimated that about 4,000 came from homes in East Berlin or East Germany. There was no way of knowing how many would be able to turn up when classes resumed. In fact, better than 80 percent got out.

Overnight students in West Berlin went into action in a frantic surge to contact their friends in the East. For a few disorganized first days, while the Communists were still sheepishly installing barbed wire and building their wall, to the hoots and taunts and angry outbursts of West Berliners, it was possible to move back and forth from West Berlin with relatively limited controls.

West Berlin students simply borrowed passports or identity cards from other people, took them to East Berlin and gave them to friends—no matter how faint the resemblance. One student remembers driving his West Berlin car out of East Berlin, loaded with escaping friends. A Volkspolizei guard glanced over the passes and into the car at the occupants and remarked, "One of the ladies could be the brother of my father." But he waved them on.

A Cat-and-Mouse Contest

Within 10 days this first spontaneous, helter-skelter rescue operation was brought to an abrupt halt. The Communist authorities imposed a system of day passes for entry into East Berlin. West Germans can cross freely, however, by presenting a West German passport or identity card and obtaining a pass. There was a loophole through which the students quickly moved.

For five frantic weeks there followed a cat-and-mouse game between the East German authorities and the West Berlin students as escape tricks were figured out, discovered, thwarted and then refigured. The pass system went into operation on August 22, and the first loophole was soon found. Although the passes were good for only one day, they could be brought over to West Berlin on the excuse that the holder expected to return for the theater in East Berlin later that evening. Fast forgery and a switch of passes was the key to the operation, and an art student and a theater student quickly set up a forgery studio out on the Free University campus.

Jack, the American music student, told me how he worked as a courier for the operation.

"The first step was to get a photo from the person in East Berlin whom we wanted to get out. This was easy—I just went over and picked them up. Then the next step was to send a West German of approximately the same height and build and coloring over to East Berlin to get a day pass. He would present his West German identity card, and the East police would fill out the day pass with the number of that card on it. Then he would come back to West Berlin with the day pass in an hour or so, and we would rush his identity card out to the forgery studio.

"It took them about two hours, then, to substitute on the identity card the photo of the East Berliner and put the stamps back on the picture correctly and all the rest. Then I took the day pass and the forged West German identity card, put them in my shoe, got into my car and drove back to East Berlin through the crossing point for the Americans at Checkpoint Charlie.

Concocting an Identity

"On the other side I picked up the person we were getting out at a street corner we had arranged in advance. Then we drove around while he studied his new identity card and I briefed him on who he was supposed to be—his 'Düsseldorf address' and what he was doing in Berlin and all that, enough to tell a story under routine questioning. Then I dropped him near the Friedrichstrasse Station, where the police control people entering and leaving East Berlin on the elevated line. It was almost always routine—he would show his forged identity card, turn in the day pass and get on the train for West Berlin."

By now the students were moving into something resembling a cohesive escape organization—forgers, couriers, contact men and a system of control to keep things in hand and avoid mistakes. They even labeled themselves Operation Travel Bureau. Automatically and instinctively they began surrounding themselves with their own "security mechanism," which would do credit to the Communist security police whom they are fighting. It was eight months before the scope of Operation Travel Bureau and its activities began to become known, and nothing has been revealed that could still be useful if concealed.

As the months passed, everything tightened up. The "death strips" were installed and floodlit at night. The wall was heightened and strengthened and an inner row of barbed wire installed. People were moved out of homes along the wall. Patrols were increased. Guards were shooting at anything that moved. East Germans themselves were moving about less and less, fewer and fewer people were crossing into East Berlin, and controls accordingly were more effective. Forgery and passport operations gave way to tunnels and organized escapes.

Operation Travel Bureau then began to give way, among the West Berlin students, to something less cohesive but bigger and more generalized—dozens of small "cell" operations in which individual

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The toll for escapes: 50 dead, almost 2,000 jailed.

groups are working on separate plans and projects. There is no central control or clearinghouse or direction, but there is a sort of general awareness that this group or that group has something under way—a break in the wall, a tunnel. They have code names for themselves and code identifications for their members, some even borrowed from the anti-Nazi plotters of July 20, 1944. Their security precautions are considerable—and justifiably so. The risks are terribly grave, informers can be planted, and police observation from the other side of the wall is keen.

It seems absolutely certain by now, for example, that a Communist informer was living in the West in Heidelbergstrasse, right next to the wall, where at least four tunnels have been built this year. One was discovered, abandoned, and then the direction changed. Another was discovered before it was completed and dug up by the East police. A third was discovered with refugees in it, and a West Berliner was shot. The fourth time the police arrived at the cellar in East Berlin after two people had got through the tunnel. They surprised two West Berlin youths who were waiting for other refugees to show up to escape. They shot and badly wounded one of the youths, who now lies in jail. His fellow tunneler dove for the entrance and scrambled back to safety. Meanwhile, a suspected informant in an apartment building in Heidelbergstrasse has now quietly disappeared—presumably over to the East.

This is not kid stuff. The dangers are extreme. The penalties are ruthless. The list of arrests, trials and prison sentences grows remorselessly. January, 1962: Robert Mann, a 20-year-old Californian, 21 months in prison, trying to help a girl escape. June, 1962: A "show trial" of three West Berlin students and two East Germans for aiding escapes. August, 1962: Five members of the "Group Girrmann," one of the tunnel-building organizations of West Berlin, sentenced to terms up to 10 years in prison. Since the wall went up, according to the Committee of Free Jurists in West Berlin, 1,025 persons have been sentenced in East Germany for "espionage" or aiding escapes, and another 895 are under arrest awaiting trial. And death lurks in every shadow along the Berlin wall: 50 persons were shot and killed in escape attempts in the first 15 months of its existence.

Over or Under The Wall?

Among the students there is constant argument as to whether it is more effective to work out small, careful "over the wall" operations involving only one or two people, which can be repeated if successful and undiscovered—or whether it is better to go for the big projects like Tunnel 29, which cost a lot of money, take months of work and then can end in large-scale failure or large-scale success.

The above-surface escapes require the coolest nerves of all, the tightest security and the greatest risks. A diversionary action from the West to lure the Volkspolizei patrols away, a rope thrown over the wall at the right moment, a ladder raised up out of the shadows, a daring dash with wire cutters, signals from a girl combing her hair in a lighted window to show that the coast is clear—these are the elements behind those bland day-after-day Berlin announcements that, for example, "a 19-year-old student made his way last night to the French sector of West Berlin."

Tunneling, more spectacular, has also become unhappily controversial. The first successful tunnel was dug in late September of 1961, appropriately enough from an East Berlin graveyard, the wall of which formed part of the border. Police patrols in the cemetery were light. No fewer than 20 "mourners" visited the cemetery with flowers and then dropped out of sight into that open grave and scrambled 20 yards to freedom—until a woman with a baby found the tunnel accidentally. She took her baby through, leaving the empty baby carriage by the grave, thereby tipping off the police.

Lights and Telephones

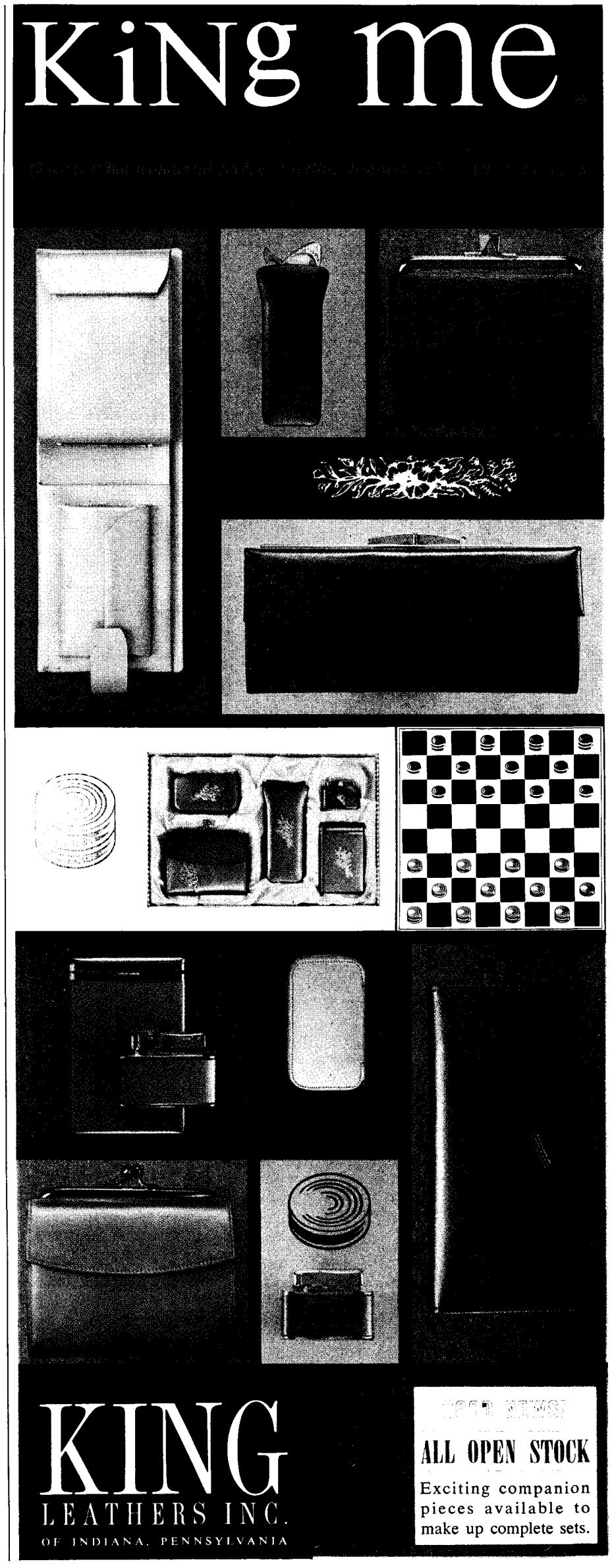
That first tunnel was short, shallow and simple. By now, at least 15 tunnels and nearly 200 tunnel escapees later, they have to be deep, long and professional. Tunnel 29—the most successful so far—was 15 feet below the surface, and it involved an endless supply of timber for supports, electric wiring and light fixtures, fans and a makeshift ventilation system, telephones, wooden tracks down which tubs of earth could be hauled, an electric motor to pull the tubs along and hoist the earth to the surface and a second-hand Volkswagen to cart 250 tons of earth.

It is in the financing of these operations that the controversy begins. There have been the much-publicized activities of *Der Dicke* (the Fat Man), a Berliner who was supposed to be lining up refugees in East Berlin at $250 per head for tunnel escapes. This sort of thing has gone on and presumably will continue to go on. But the West Berlin city authorities are keeping a closer watch on this activity than they care to admit, and nobody is going to get away for long with any kind of moneymaking in human lives in the city.

It cost about 12,000 deutschemarks ($3,000) to dig Tunnel 29, which brought 29 people to freedom. It was financed almost entirely by funds scraped together by the students, contributed by parents or raised from friends. But it was not immune from financial controversy either.

A group of 20 built the tunnel. When it was all finished and the operation completed, 17 of the group discovered that the other three had made arrangements with The National Broadcasting Company to take pictures of the tunnel while it was being built. NBC also announced that 59 refugees had come through the tunnel, though all other accounts said 29. By the time of these disclosures, the three tunnelers who had received money—two Italians and a West German—had disappeared from West Berlin.

"The honorarium which they received they put for the most part in their own pockets," the 17 said in a statement on



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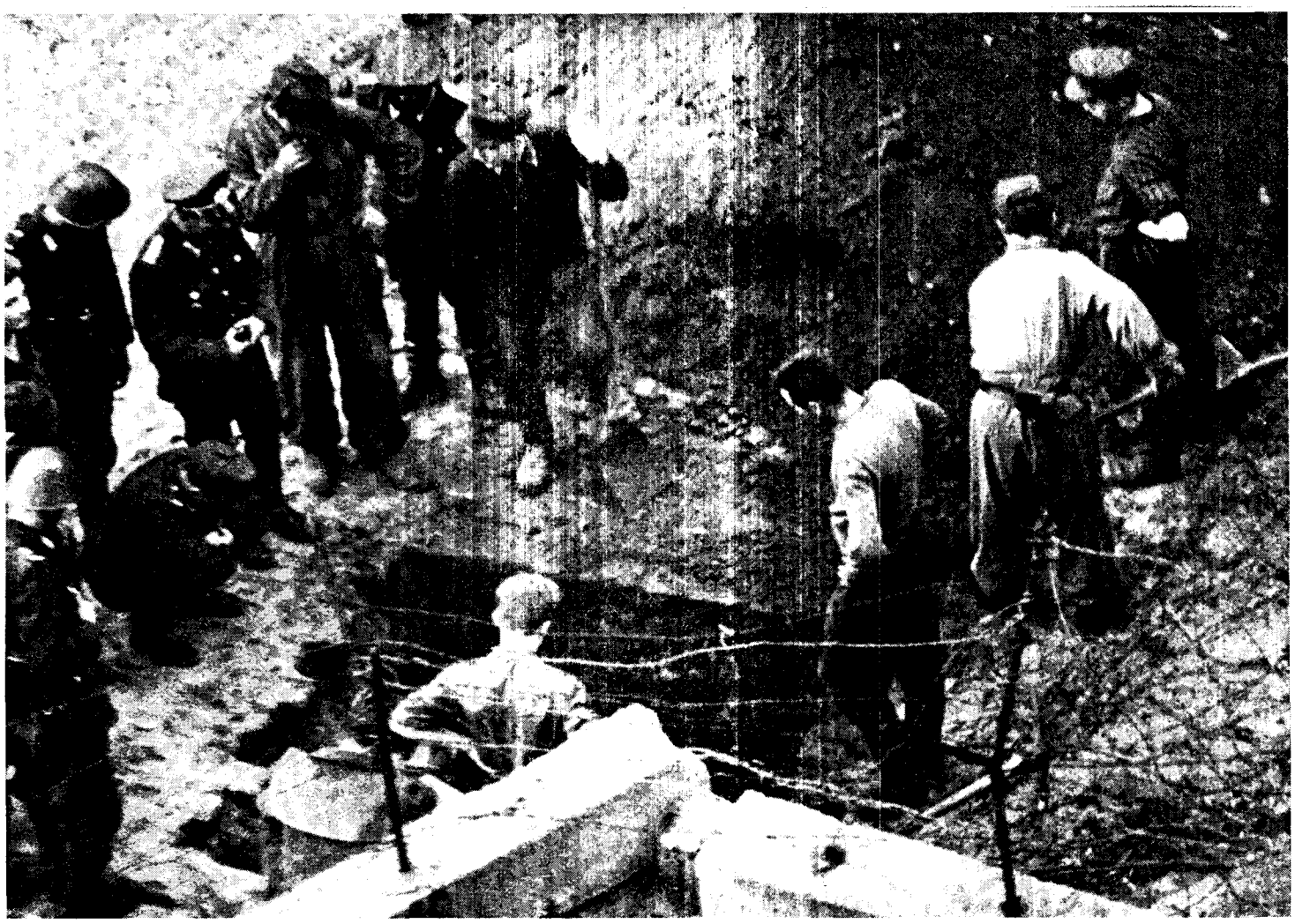

Too late. East German police tear up street after finding yet another tunnel near the wall.

The water leaked in, the baby whined, and then came a burst of laughter as they raced to safety.

Tunnel the affair. "We consider it important to affirm that our tunnel was constructed solely and exclusively to provide the possibility of flight and not as a source of personal aggrandizement. These unhappy by-products must not be identified with the cause itself. It would be sad indeed if because of this the residents of the Soviet sector of East Berlin should be deprived of one of the last possibilities for flight. We disassociate ourselves emphatically from all individuals who make a 'lucrative business' out of the attempt to aid refugees."

When Rosemarie Neumann, Hartwig Gerlach, Irma Kastner, Gunter Lohmann and his wife and baby daughter reached the cellar of No. 63 Wernerstrasse on Friday, September 14, they were nearing the end of the drama that they had been living through for months.

"How often do you think that I have stood in my home in East Berlin and beat the wall with my fists and cried out of sheer anger and desperation?" Gunter Lohmann said to me. "I really cried, tears, so my wife didn't even know me, cried because I could do nothing—nothing—nothing."

Now he stood near the border of freedom. There were five young West Berliners guarding the tunnel entrance, all of them armed. Security had been a surprisingly simple problem. Nobody in the East Berlin apartment house knew that the unoccupied, unused cellar had been broken into. People arrived about every 20 minutes or half hour, casually, never in groups. The students and the couriers had worked by a careful timetable to avoid any revealing traffic jam of strangers calling at the door of No. 63. The Lohmanns were the first through the tunnel, shortly after four o'clock that afternoon.

Annalise Lohmann slid into the hole first—an angled drop of about five feet down to a little ledge, and then a few feet forward and another drop of three or four feet to the tunnel itself. Gunter eased the baby down after her, then plunged into the hole himself. At the bottom a young West Berliner, also armed, was crouched in a corner to help people coming down. He had a telephone to keep in touch with those waiting on the other side of the wall.

Through Clammy Mud

The tunnel was about five feet high and sloped slightly downhill toward the West—built that way to make it easier to haul the dirt back and to provide drainage. Electric lights were strung the entire length. About every 10 yards there was a little hollowed-out space along the side where West Berlin youths were waiting to help the refugees along. The floor was muddy and the tunnel cold and clammy.

Water had been leaking into it from pipes which had cracked when the supporting earth had been excavated beneath them. The Lohmanns' baby whined a little as they hunched along through the ooze. Then suddenly the tension broke.

At the precise point where the tunnel crossed under the wall, the students had installed a "border sign" in four languages, like those marking off the Berlin sectors aboveground: "You are now leaving the German Democratic Republic." A few feet further along, a sign said, "You are now entering the French sector."

"We burst out laughing when we saw it," Gunter said. And in a frenetic, joyous plunge they hurried forward to the exit. They covered the 130 yards "in about six minutes," he believes—six minutes to lock up his house, six minutes through the tunnel.

Three hours after the Lohmanns came through, Hartwig Gerlach made it at a gallop with Irma Kastner ahead of him. He says he wasn't thinking much of anything—there was just excitement, his heart pounding.

A half hour or so later, Rosemarie Neumann crossed the cellar, still numb, still in a dream, and slid down the hole. By now there was up to eight inches of water in the tunnel, and she recalls that it took her about 20 minutes to get through.

By noon the next day the tunnel had started to fill up dangerously with water leaking from pipes whose supports had weakened when the tunnel was dug. Dozens more might have made it, but by Saturday afternoon the escapes had to stop. Even so, the East Berlin police did not discover the entrance in Wernerstrasse until a month later.

Gunter Lohmann and his wife are now settled in a little apartment in the Wilmersdorf section of West Berlin, and he will have no trouble finding a job in his profession—graphic arts, art layouts, photoengraving. He is a Berliner, and he is determined to stay on in his city.

A New Coat and Girl

Rosemarie Neumann's parents were questioned by the East German security police, but she knows they are glad that she is out. On the day I last saw her she had bought a new coat, dress and pocketbook with the emergency grant which the West Berlin authorities give to escapees, and she was arranging to study stage and theatrical design. Hartwig Gerlach had already found a new girl friend and was arranging to get into an electrical-trade school.

How far will the next tunnel go? There seems to be no limit, given money and careful planning, for there are plenty of willing hands ready to dig. This much is certain: Somewhere under the Berlin wall today, one, two, three, four—maybe a dozen—tunnels are being built.

"Twenty meters, thirty meters, a hundred meters—anything is possible," said Horst, who supplies the arms. Then he snorted and grinned coldly and cynically. "And the last one will be the longest—for us, to West Germany." **THE END**

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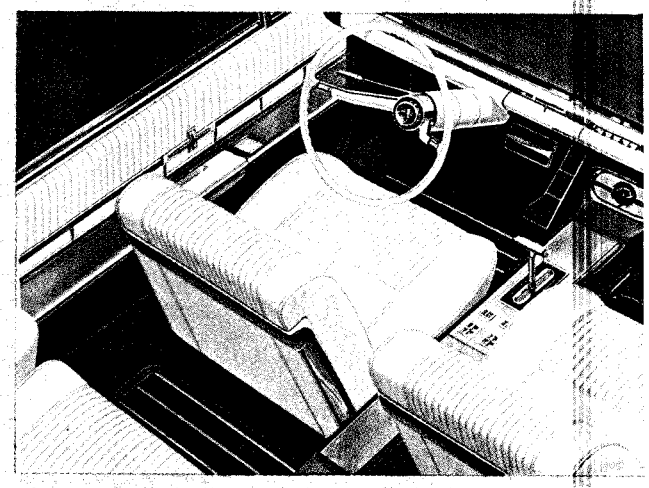

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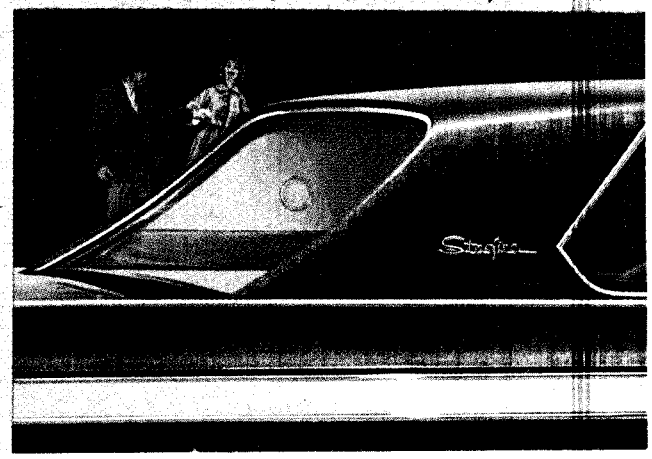

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The bitter tide of revolt swirled about the gunboat, threatening to carry away the Sand Pebbles' last hope for relief.

The Sand Pebbles

By Richard McKenna

Machinist's mate Jake Holman was known as a brilliant engineer, but his ill-concealed hatred of military authority made Navy officers mistrust him. Bounced from one warship to another over the years, Holman wound up in 1925 aboard the *USS San Pablo*, an ancient gunboat patrolling remote rivers in China. Commanding the *San Pablo*, with its mixed crew of American sailors and Chinese coolies, was Lieutenant Collins, a brave, dedicated officer. When revolutionary mobs threatened the lives of palefaces in China, Lieutenant Collins sent a landing party ashore to rescue Americans at the China Light Mission. Hating gunboats, hating the West's oppressive treaties with China, the missionaries resisted rescue. But Ensign Bordelles brought them back to the *San Pablo* anyway: old Mr. Craddock, the bearded senior missionary; his assistant, likable Walter Gillespie; and an English teacher, Shirley Eckert, who secretly supported the anti-Western aims of her prize student, Cho-jen. Jake Holman had met Shirley Eckert before and was falling in love. A sailor and a missionary girl? It was a joke to everyone except Frenchy Burgoyne, newly married to Maily, a Chinese girl, and fearing for her life. To escape bloodthirsty mobs, Maily had boarded a junk bound downriver for Hankow. The *San Pablo* headed for Hankow too, fighting off river bandits and risking battle with the "gearwheel" army of the Kuomintang to bring the missionaries safely into a treaty port.

CONCLUSION

All hands manned the rail when the *USS San Pablo* steamed into Hankow. They passed the native city first, to port, the bund six deep in junks and boiling with people. The gearwheel flag of the Kuomintang floated from every high place. It was worse than Changsha. Across the river the walled city of Wuchang was under siege. Every five minutes a gearwheel battery fired into the city.

But what outmatched the gearwheel was the long gray line of foreign warships in the river. To Jake Holman everything looked scaled up. The destroyers looked like cruisers, the cruisers looked like battleships, and after Changsha, Hankow looked like New York City.

The *San Pablo* anchored off the ex-Russian Concession. Sampans came out to get the missionaries evacuated from China Light. Holman had time enough to say good-bye to Shirley Eckert, but that was all. Sailors and missionaries stared at him as if he had done something wrong. Only Gillespie, the junior missionary, acted naturally.

"We'll be at a hostel a few days," he said, "then on to Shanghai. So I guess it's really good-bye."

© 1962 by Richard McKenna

The Alliance Hostel was crowded with refugee missionaries, too absorbed in their problems to notice the China Light people. Children quarreled and cried all day. The place ached with doubt and public heart-searching.

Shirley Eckert found a letter waiting for her, her first letter from Cho-jen. She took it to a table in the lounge. The Kuomintang had taken the Chien Valley, he wrote. He was president of the student union, and full of plans for the China Light Mission.

"Please come back to China Light, Miss Eckert," he wrote. "Mr. Gillespie can come, if he will teach instead of evangelizing. I do not want the others."

Shirley remembered that terrible time at China Light, the officer from the *San Pablo* curt and contemptuous, and old Mr. Craddock obdurate as flint. Cho-jen had told her secretly of his scheme to take over the mission, knowing that he could trust her. She had persuaded Gillespie to leave China Light, and all of them together had overborne Mr. Craddock. Now Cho-jen wanted her to come back. She bent to her letter.

"Hello, Shirley. China Light mail?"

She looked up. "Hello, Walter. Nothing new."

Gillespie, normally hearty and cheerful, looked haggard. He had gone with a truce team to try to get starving civilians out of Wuchang. "We got a few thousand," he said. "Then General Wu's soldiers clubbed them back and closed the gate." He shuddered. "Well, we have to carry on. How about the matinee at the Victoria? It's DeMille's *Ten Commandments*."

"Maybe tonight," she said. She wanted to be alone, to think about Cho-jen.

Jake Holman went into the native city to see the room Frenchy Burgoyne had rented for Maily, who was sailing down from Changsha on a junk. The place they found was 12 Mex a week, but the way the gearwheel had people feeling, the landlord was sticking his neck out in renting to a paleface at all. The room was above a kind of hardware store. Burgoyne had a clay stove and a rickety table but no chair. His prize was one of the thick white quilts they called *pukows*. He sat on the floor with his back against the wall.

"Sit down Jake," he invited.

Holman paced back and forth. "What the hell, Frenchy! Do you just sit here like that?" he asked.

"I think how it'll be with Maily here," Burgoyne said. "Sometimes I sleep all night on the mat, with my head on the *pukow*," Burgoyne said. "But I never unroll the *pukow*. That's for when Maily comes."

It was more than Holman could take. He made excuses and went out. The narrow flagstoned streets were crowded and noisy with gearwheel soldiers in green, and

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK PFAHL

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Sand Pebbles

other soldiers in gray, with red-white-and-blue scarves around their necks. The gray ones were deserters from the Wu forces. A white woman, the first Holman had seen all day, stood looking at them. Something bright shot through Holman's sadness.

"Hello, Miss Eckert," he said.

She whirled. "Mr. Holman!"

She said she was not going to Shanghai. She had decided to return to the China Light mission as soon as it was safe. "A few treaty people have been beaten and humiliated, but no one's been killed."

"You're treaty people."

"I know I am," she said. "But the students at China Light want me! Cho-jen wants me!"

"That's your prize student? I'd like to meet a kid like that."

"I wish you could. Cho-jen is really extraordinary."

Every true teacher dreamed of finding a genius-potential mind among her students, she said. Just once in a lifetime. Her face grew radiant as she talked. Cho-jen was such a genius, she said; he would be a great man in China some day.

"All I ever learned was machinery," Holman said. "But I know more about machinery than most men ever learn." It sounded like brag, and he was sorry. "Can I walk with you, as far as the British Concession?"

"Of course," she said.

Once across Taiping Road, Holman told her good night. It would not do to walk together in the concession. When people saw a girl on the street with a sailor, they figured she was no good.

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"By golly, you're right! It is dishwater."

One evening Shirley told Walter Gillespie about seeing Holman. They were having hot chocolate and pastries in a small bakery-tearoom crowded with White Russians.

"There is a good man in him hidden even from himself," she said. "He's very intelligent, but the only outlet he has found is machinery. He has made a kind of poetry of machinery."

Gillespie sipped chocolate and kept his eyes on hers.

"I intend to go on seeing Mr. Holman," she said.

"I was not suggesting that you stop. Just be thoughtful."

A little public garden became Shirley's refuge from the emotional jangling of the missionary hostel. She went there every afternoon. When he had shore leave, Holman came there too. It rained one afternoon, and they went to the garden teahouse, a noisy, happy place, for all its red lacquered rails and pillars, and screens of glazed paper. She spoke Chinese to the waiters, and they drank tea and ate sweetish rice cakes.

"I've heard the other sailors call you Jake," she said. "Is your first name Jacob?"

He grinned. "That's a nickname. For my initials. My real name's Joris Kylie. I never liked that name."

"Well, I've never heard of another girl named Shirley. My mother found it in a Brontë novel," she said.

"Shirley." He closed his eyes. "Shirley, Shirley." He felt his cheeks warming with the pleasure of saying it. "Shirley," he repeated. "I'd like to call you Shirley. And you call me Jake."

They called each other Jake and Shirley the rest of that afternoon. But when they walked back into the British Concession at dusk, the enchantment vanished.

"Good night, Miss Eckert," he said.

After that they went every afternoon to the teahouse. Their private booth above the garden took on a shared intimacy. One day she told him all about the China Light mission and her reasons for siding with Cho-jen. She spoke of the part Cho-jen would play in the revolution, and her own part in helping Cho-jen and the other boys.

It was raining that day and they had unconsciously moved closer for warmth. She saw the question in his eyes and yearned to answer it for him. Somehow their shoulders touched. His arm went round her waist. She began to melt into him. Then she stiffened.

Instantly they were several feet apart and staring at each other. He was pale.

"I didn't—it happened—I didn't mean ——"

He was pathetically anxious that she not think he had been trying to treat her as a sailor's girl. She had to reassure him.

"I know. It surprised us both." Her heart was thumping. "We can't—we mustn't let it go on."

"No." He was red-faced now.

"I think perhaps we shouldn't see each other again."

"I'll stay away." He stood up. "I'm sorry. I never wanted to spoil this garden for you."

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"It's my fault." She breathed in deeply. "I thought I was being a teacher," she said. "But I was only being a woman."

Then he was gone, quickly and quietly, crossing the garden in the rain. She began quietly to cry.

The next day liberty was stopped for all hands on the *San Pablo*. Wuchang had fallen to the gearwheel army. About suppertime a runner came to the gunboat with a note for Frenchy Burgoyne: Maily was waiting for him at the Green Front saloon. Burgoyne found a way to jump ship from the canteen and get to the native city without being caught by shore patrols.

Thereafter he returned to the *San Pablo* in early-morning darkness, day after day. The quarterdeck watch had to cover up for him, checking him in on the log and the nameboard. If he were caught, a lot of men would be in trouble. The Sand Pebbles resented the accumulating risk, but they could not reason with Burgoyne. He was getting a dark, wild look.

"I ain't asking you to cover up for me," he said. "Log me absent. But I got to keep going over."

He would talk about Maily only to Holman. On her way to Hankow she had been held under arrest by gearwheel agents in Ta-li, he said. They had not hurt her, only asked questions every day.

"Or so she says. She's almighty changed, Jake." Burgoyne tugged savagely at his moustache. "The landlord already raised our rent five a week."

The gunboat's coolies were squeezing unmercifully and doing less work every day. Clip Clip raised haircuts to a dollar, and no one joked with him any more. Permanent gear was disappearing from all over the *San Pablo*. Propaganda sampans circled the gunboat. The ship's coolies seemed afraid to go ashore, except to the concessions.

"Too much tlobbah come," Big Chew told Holman. The burly cook was worried. He said all the gunboat coolies would have to join the boatmen's union. "By-m-by no can," he said, shaking his head. "Tlobbah come, Jekh!"

On a cold day with the river gray as steel, Pappy Tung, boss of the deck coolies, left the San Pablo with Ping-wen and Oh Joy to go ashore in a hired sampan. A gearwheel police launch swooped in and took them. Lop-Eye Shing, the No. 1 ship's coolie, hinted sullenly that with enough money he could buy the men free. But there were no official funds for that. Shing went ashore and did not come back.

Shirley had a plan. Walter Gillespie had accepted it with misgivings. They were going back to China Light without notifying the consulate. Old Mr. Craddock, the senior missionary, did not like it that Cho-jen was setting conditions on their return. He did not yet understand that it was a revolution.

"We must exert moral guidance," he said. "We must keep them in the faith."

Shirley took her chance. "What if we could take someone with us to be mission engineer? To make the sugar mill work and set up the electric-light plant?"

"He would be a godsend," Craddock said simply.

She told him about Jake Holman's gift for friendship with Chinese, a teacher's gift. She told about his devotion to machinery and his aversion for the military part of his life.

Craddock looked very stern. "Could he get a discharge from the Navy?"

"Probably not. I think he would come with us anyway."

"The man would be deserting," Craddock said. "That is a grave thing."

"I've told Shirley we must not try to persuade him," Gillespie said.

Shirley could see that the old man was terribly divided in his own mind. "I will pray tonight and think about it again in the morning," Mr. Craddock said at last. "We have a week yet."

Red Dog Shanahan gave Holman a letter. Before he could open it Gunner Farren called him to the quarterdeck, and he stuffed it into his pocket. Farren had rounded up Bronson, the quartermaster, and Wilsey, a machinist's mate. They were a delegation.

"You're the only one Frenchy will listen to," Farren said. "You got to talk him into unshacking."

It had to stop, they had decided. Burgoyne's jumping ship would get them all in trouble. They seemed to hate Maily for what she was doing to him. Holman knew Burgoyne was sleeping on the workbench in the engine room. He went below and woke him.

"How's it going now with you and Maily?" he began.

"Mighty bad. We got to find another place the end of the month." Gearwheelers had organized the native city into block societies, he said. He and Maily could not belong. They were being squeezed out of their block, and they could not squeeze into any other block.

"Well. . . ." Holman told him what Farren had said. "Seems like it's just got to end."

"That's what Maily keeps telling me." Burgoyne's face set hard as iron. "Jake, I never go home that I ain't afraid she won't be there. Or else she will be, with her throat cut."

"Frenchy, how would it help her, you getting a court-martial, maybe going to prison?"

"I could stand that," Burgoyne said. "Don't you see, Jake, it can't be me breaks it up. It's got to come from outside."

"I guess I see," Holman said.

He walked away to look at his letter. It was only a line.

Dear Jake,
I would like to talk to you again. Could you come Tuesday? Shirley

Burgoyne was still standing like a statue beside the workbench. Holman went back to him. "Frenchy, I want to jump ship along with you this afternoon."

It had stopped raining, but everything was cold and damp. He did not recognize Miss Eckert at first, because she was wearing padded blue Chinese jacket and trousers.

"Jake," she said, smiling. "Look again. It's really me."

"Well, so it is! You look good in that Chinese rig."

They were both tense, on guard against themselves. She told him that she and three others were leaving for China Light in the morning on a chartered junk. She insisted they were not going into any real danger.

"All I hear's the other way," he protested.

"We have permission from the Chinese to come back," she said. Cho-jen would

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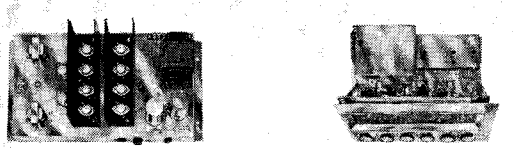

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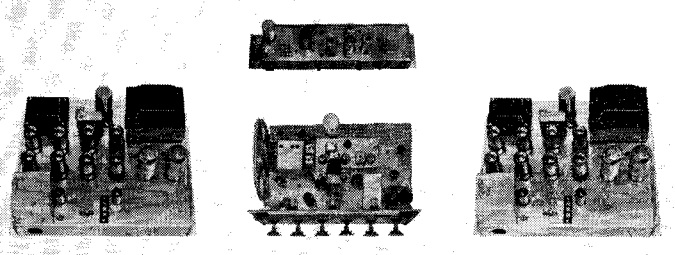

1962 Concert Grand Stereo High Fidelity—100 watts of music power requiring 65 tubes and more than 600 watts of current.

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Sand Pebbles

be in effective charge of everything. They would not even let the consul know they were at China Light. They were going to show their personal good faith to China as individual men and women.

She told him that he could be the mission engineer, look after the sugar mill and set up a light plant. She spoke of a training program for the young Chinese.

"I got almost two years to do in the Navy." He bit his lip. "Shirley, do you want me to come? Really want me?"

"Not for my sake. For yours, I think." She looked at him steadily. Her face was pale. "It must be your own decision, Jake. Don't think of me."

The more he thought, the more hopeless it was. They would surely catch him, any place on earth that he might go. He wished that she had never given him the thought.

"It's no use, Shirley," he said at last, miserably.

They tried to talk. It did not go very well. He had a strong, sad feeling that he would never see her again. It was almost dark before they finally said good-bye.

Walking back to the riverfront, he passed the hanging bicycle wheel he remembered as marking Burgoyne's place. He went inside and up the stairs and knocked.

A chain rattled. Burgoyne opened the door. Maily, behind him, said, "Jake! Oh Jake!" She wore a padded blue cotton jacket above padded blue trousers.

"Come aboard, boy!" Burgoyne said.

The room was dismal. Patches of brown wallpaper hung loose. Maily had hung up a few bright scraps of cloth. She knelt by the clay stove lighting a fire to make tea.

"I'm sure glad to see you again, Maily," Holman said lamely.

"I'm glad too, Jake."

"Maily's purely busting to talk to somebody besides me," Burgoyne said. He paced back and forth. "We got to celebrate this," he said. "Maily, I'm going out and get us a company chow!"

"If I'm company, you got to humor me," Holman said. He stuffed some Mex bills into Burgoyne's jacket.

They all laughed. Burgoyne went out. Holman knelt beside Maily. "How are you? How is it, really?"

"Frenchy's fighting God's curse," she said abruptly. "I brought it on him."

"Oh hell, Maily!"

"It's true!" She sat back on her heels, eying the fire. "It would comfort me if I could convince you, Jake. I've never told this before."

She was raised by a missionary couple as their own child, she told him. They had found her as an infant abandoned on a winter hillside. She loved her foster parents. She did not learn surely that she was not an American on paper until she was 18. The mission's Chinese doctor talked of going to Shanghai. Then he fell in love with Maily.

"They let me know indirectly how important it was to the mission to keep Doctor Wing," she said. "At prayer meetings they kept urging me to search my heart. I didn't love him! All my life I'd been hearing them condemn the Chinese custom of arranged marriages."

She held out a long time. Then she stole money and ran away. "You know the rest of it, Jake. I had to borrow money from Victor Shu to send back." She was crying as she bent to blow the fire. "Frenchy is a good man, and I have brought God's curse on him."

"Maily. Oh, hell, Maily!"

"Don't tell Frenchy," she pleaded. "He's so bitter already. I'm afraid, Jake."

Burgoyne was not aboard at reveille.

"I knew it! I knew it!" Farren tugged at his beard. "I logged him in last night."

"We all covered for him. We're all in the same boat," Perna said.

During breakfast a boat from the flagship delivered Burgoyne under guard to the *San Pablo*. The Sand Pebbles flocked out, while Restorff, who had the watch, logged him in as a prisoner-at-large. He had a swelling on the side of his head and blood on his ear.

"What happened, Frenchy?" Wilsey asked him.

"Patrol caught me," Burgoyne said. "I didn't tell them bastards in Flag nothing. You guys ain't in trouble."

He had an animal glare in his brown eyes. He turned and pushed through them to the engine-room hatch. Holman followed him down into the engine room.

"Want to talk about it, Frenchy?"

"Reason they caught me." Burgoyne coughed, deep in his chest. "The block committee threw us out last night. We sat in that alley back of the place all night, wrapped in our *pukow*. I didn't sleep—guess I was dopey. Anyway ——"

"Frenchy!"

"I run eight blocks, Jake," Burgoyne said. "They kept shooting at me but they couldn't hit me. Only in the ear. Then I run into a second patrol and they clubbed me down with rifle butts."

"Where's Maily now?"

"Settin' in that alley, with her gear."

"You better get in dry clothes, Frenchy. Eat something."

"After a while," Burgoyne said. "Jake, I didn't give up easy." He shuddered and coughed again. "I'll just set here a spell," he said. He sat down on the workbench. "Just leave me be, Jake. I got to think what to do."

After quarters Lieutenant Collins was called to the flagship. In his absence a large wupan with two stumpy masts tried to come alongside the *San Pablo*. Uniformed students and civilian Chinese filled the boat. Franks, the chief bosun's mate, drove it back with the fire hose.

"We wish to speak with your captain," a student in the bow hailed.

Ensign Bordelles came to the bridge wing and stared.

"Tung Chi-fu has confessed that you have opium aboard," the student shouted through cupped hands. "We ask that you surrender it."

"Below, there!" Bordelles shouted. "Hit 'em with that hose!"

The water arched out again, but it would not reach. The Sand Pebbles argued angrily. Someone recognized Pappy Tung, the gunboat's boss deck coolie, standing in the waist of the wupan. Pingwen, another ship's coolie, was there too.

"We know exactly where it is aboard," the student shouted. "We ask that you submit to a joint inspection."

"This is a United States ship of war and you can go to hell!" Bordelles rang it out like bells.

The student shrugged. "We came prepared for that," he shouted.

The people in the wupan stretched a sign between the stumpy masts. In big red letters on white, it read: POISONERS OF CHINA! GIVE UP CONTRABAND! The wupan began a slow circling of the *San Pablo*, just out of fire-hose range.

It was a damp, gray day. Clouds hung heavy and low. The Sand Pebbles were disturbed at the enormity of the lie. The ship's coolies gathered in a knot on the fantail, jabbering excitedly.

"Why the hell they picking on us?" Duckbutt Randall kept asking.

"*San Pablo* . . . boarding!" Farren shouted.

Lieutenant Collins fairly leaped aboard. "Send all the chiefs to my cabin, on the double!" he snapped at Farren. "Tell them side arms!" He ran on up the ladder.

The search party went pistoled and grim-faced down to the Chinese quarters. In 10 minutes they came up, each man carrying three or four wicker-cased packages the size of bowling balls. Lynch caught Holman's eye in the crowd.

"Get below, Jake!" he ordered. "Clear out the bilge coolies!"

The only coolie was the man on watch. Holman sent him up. Lieutenant Collins and the others brought their packages into the fireroom. Only the center furnace of the port boiler was burning. Holman swung open the fire door and they all pitched their packages onto the coals.

"Leave the door open," Lieutenant Collins said. "I want to see it burn."

The wicker casings caught fire. The stuff melted and fried out, spreading and bubbling, almost smothering the fire. The furnace became blue-smoky. The open fire door spoiled the draft. Holman worked the long slice bar up through the grates. Coals and clinkers showered down. Pink flames broke through the frothy, smoking surface. Bronson came down and shook Franks's arm.

"Chief! The smoke's spreading right above the water!" he said. "They can smell it from here to Shanghai!"

They could smell it in the fireroom too. Everybody in China knew that heavy, oily, sweetish smell.

"Lynch! Mask it, somehow!" Lieutenant Collins snapped.

"Rubber, Jake!" Lynch yelled. "Oil and rags!"

Holman ran for the roll of sheet rubber they used in making gaskets. Lynch threw in armloads of oily rags. Then he coaled the fire heavily, slammed the fire door, and gave it maximum draft.

"There, by God!" Lynch said.

The fire roared. The opium smell in the fireroom thinned out. Holman glanced at the steam gauge.

"Watch steam, chief!" he warned.

Lynch tapped the gauge. The pointer jumped past the red mark. Lynch's eyes bulged.

"She's gonna pop!"

"Don't blow safeties!" Lieutenant Collins said.

"Hit 'er with feed, Jake!" Lynch yelled.

He kicked the ashpan door shut. Holman ran out and twisted open the feed check. The feed pump pounded.

"Start pumps, Frenchy! Kill steam!" Holman shouted at Burgoyne.

It was too late. The safeties popped, with a sustained roar. The mountaining steam flickered across the engineroom skylight. Sweet-stinking black smoke spread like a pall above the ship and its circling wupan satellite. The *San Pablo* was roaring up all the world to come and witness her disgrace.

At dinner they were all angry. It was a treacherous frameup. They wondered which coolies were involved.

"Every slant-eyed one of 'em, I bet!" Harris snorted.

At sunset the mocking wupan went away. A few minutes later Burgoyne came on the quarterdeck to see Lieutenant Collins. He said he wouldn't be a prisoner-at-large anymore, so they shackled him to his bunk rail with a leg iron. He lay there, on his back, fully dressed. His face was hard as iron and he would not speak.

At reveille he was gone. The leg iron was sawed through, half of it still locked on the bunk rail. Perna found the hacksaw blade in the blankets.

"Frenchy was here when I come off deck-sentry watch at four," Stawski said. "Ellis let him get away."

Ellis was main-deck sentry. They called him in for questioning.

"It come on a rain squall about five," Ellis said. "I went in the galley."

"That's when he went." Farren kicked Burgoyne's shoes. "He must've jumped overboard and swum for it."

A compartment coolie brought in the morning coffee. They drank it standing up, uneasily silent, avoiding one another's eyes. They all knew the Yangtze was a fast, treacherous river.

"Anybody know how good Frenchy could swim?" Farren asked finally.

"I think Frenchy tried as hard as he could," Holman said.

The next morning the rain turned to a heavy, wet snow. The propaganda sampans stopped circling the *San Pablo* and went home. Ensign Bordelles had the word passed that canteen liberty would be resumed.

Holman went ashore. In the native city the snow masked the filth and stink of narrow, empty streets. Weak moonlight made the alley behind Maily's place a ghostly cave. Long lumps lay around,

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snow-covered. Maily and Burgoyne were in the far corner, under their *pukow*. One of Burgoyne's bare feet was sticking out. Holman knelt. The ankle was stone cold. He shook it gently.

"Frenchy," he whispered. "Frenchy!"

"Frenchy is dead." Maily's voice was muffled under the *pukow*. "Go away, please, Jake," she said. "I don't want to have to see you or talk to you."

Holman stood up and breathed in once, very deeply. He let the breath out, slowly and silently, and walked out of the alley, with a dumb, bursting hatred of God inside his heart.

Crosley, the signalman, knocked on Lieutenant Collins's door to deliver a message from the flagship. Lieutenant Collins felt his face clear as he read it. They had made up their minds in Flag: *San Pablo* would drop out of sight and mind. Bordelles came in, looking apprehensive.

"Make all preparations for getting under way," Lieutenant Collins said cheerfully. "We'll sail for Changsha as soon as steam is raised."

Bordelles's face showed pleasure, and he went out with a swing to his shoulders. At least fifteen propaganda sampans were circling the ship. The Chinese in them waved placards and whooped like Pawnee braves. The *San Pablo* crew roared back at them and began throwing coal and potatoes.

It took Holman an hour just to round up the bilge coolies. They claimed that only Ping-wen knew how to lay a fire and light off a furnace. Holman went up to the compartment. It was messy with unmade bunks and strewn clothing. Perna and Stawski were waiting for Clip Clip to shave them.

"Perna, you're senior water monkey, now that Frenchy's gone," Holman said. He told Perna about the coolies. "You lay the fires and light off for 'em. Then they'll have to take over. They can't claim they don't know how to stoke."

"I'm waiting on a shave."

"Better light fires first. The skipper wants steam."

"I'll just tell 'em what to do." Perna rose. "Come help me, Stawski."

Holman went out with them. Lynch was just coming aboard. Holman told him about the balky coolies.

"I'll get steam raised," Lynch said. He turned to Perna. "Come with me."

"I ain't going back down there without a gun!"

"I got the gun." Lynch slapped his pistol. "Come on, I said!"

Holman stayed topside. Farren had at last got some of the deck coolies working by standing right over them. Ellis and Haythorn were throwing potatoes at the circling sampans. Lynch came on deck, sweating and cheerful.

"All fires lit and drawing good," he told Holman. "Them coolies will stay squared away now. How about we go have some coffee?"

In the CPO quarters they drank coffee aromatic with brandy. Lynch was happy about going to Changsha. It was taking the ship off a very bad spot. Things would be all right again in Changsha.

Renewed shouting started outside. Lynch and Holman carried their coffee cups out to the rail to see what it was. The wupan of two days before was trying to come alongside again. Haythorn was keeping it off with the wash-deck hose. A student spokesman was shouting. Lop-Eye Shing, evil-faced as ever, stood beside the student balanced on his cane.

"The Boatmen's Union has declared a strike on your ship!" the student called in English. "We demand that you let us take off the citizens of the Republic of China whom you are holding against their will!"

Coolies ran and jabbered along the main deck of the *San Pablo*.

"Keep your distance, you Bolsheviks!" Bordelles yelled from the bow. "We'll protect our men!"

A potato hit Lop-Eye Shing in the face. Franks came running up to the boat deck.

"Keep your coolies below!" he told Lynch. "They're trying to steal them!"

"Guard the hatch, Jake!" Lynch said.

Holman ran down. He stopped Chiu-pa and the bilge coolies at the hatch. Farren and Haythorn were chasing the deck coolies to their quarters. The *San Pablo* was buzzing like a chopped-open beehive. Men were yelling and running in all directions.

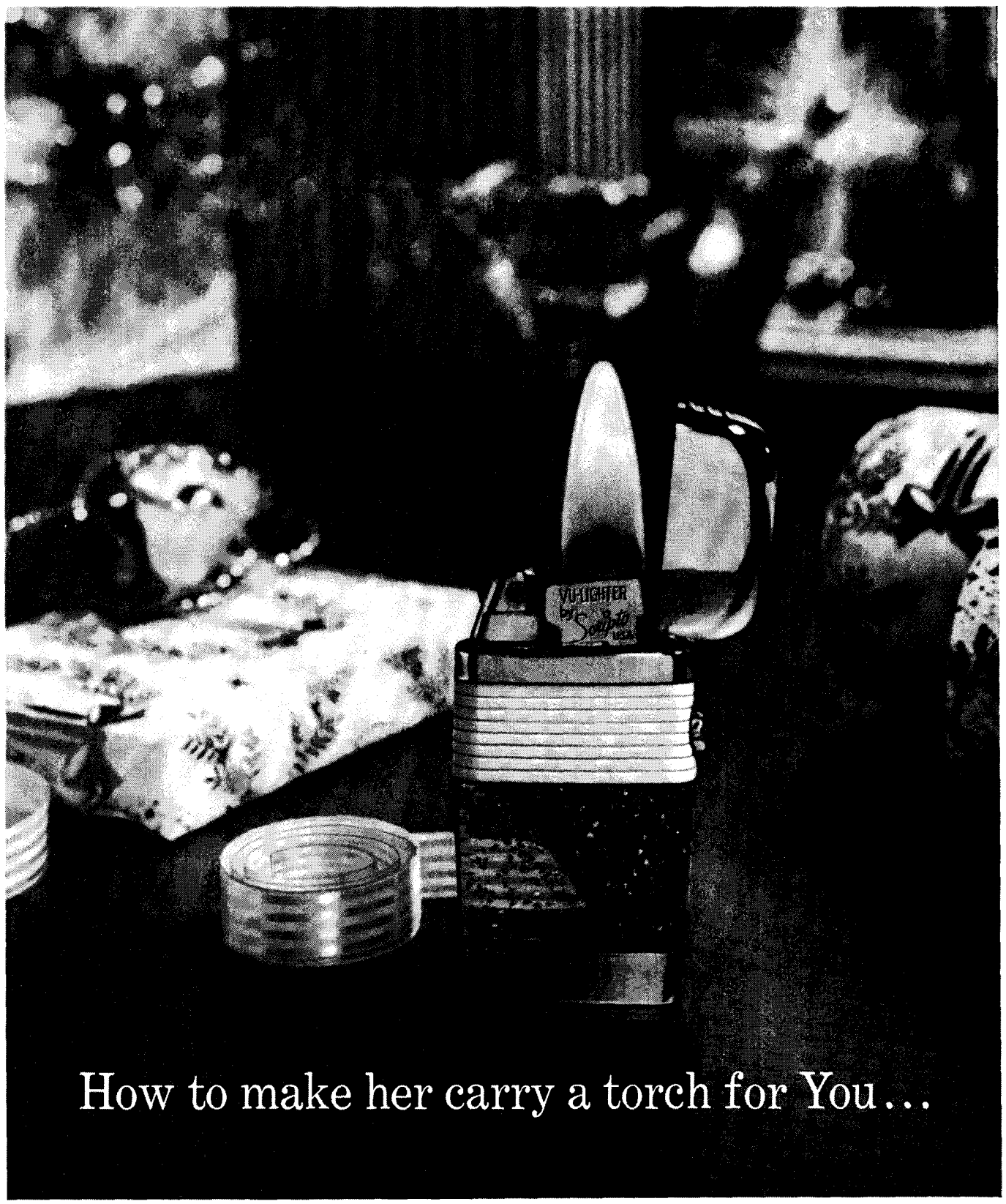
Holman saw Chiu-pa streak aft along the port side, followed by the other bilge coolies.

"Damn it!" He pointed. "We forgot the bunker escape hatches!"

Clip Clip popped out of the compartment and ran aft. Crosley popped out after him, the barber's cloth still around his neck and lather on his face.

"Crosley! Lay up to the bridge!" Bordelles barked. "Flag is signaling again!"

It began to seem stupid to Holman. He thought he would go below and tend the deserted fires. Perna charged by, and Holman stopped him.



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Sand Pebbles

"Get below and take the watch," he told Perna.

Chinese in the sampans were jumping and screaming. The circle was closing in. No one had time to man the fire hoses.

Franks came into the bridge. "The bilge coolies are raising hell, sir," he told Lieutenant Collins. "They want to come up on deck and talk to you."

"Keep them below," Collins said.

Big Chew burst into the bridge, caroming off Franks. "Cap'n! Cap'n! No moh can stop this side!" he blurted. "S'pose no go sloh side, bad ting happens!" His fat face was agitated.

"They can't touch any of you aboard my ship," Lieutenant Collins said. "I will protect you."

"No can, cap'n! No, no, no can!"

"We are going to Changsha. You will be safe there."

Big Chew waved muscular arms and spouted pidgin. He seemed to be saying that it would be even worse in Changsha.

"Cap'n! I speakee you plopah! Allo Chinese man wanchee go shoh side!"

They went like rats. They scrambled across the rail with bales and boxes and bundles into the waiting boats. In a few minutes they were all gone. The wupan headed upriver to the native bund, and all the propaganda sampans tailed on to make it a triumphal procession. The shouting and the tumult died away.

The Sand Pebbles were stunned. They gathered uneasily in the littered compartment. Tullio took the coffee pitcher to the galley to fill it. He came back and said Big Chew had left their dinner burning on the range. They all looked at Duckbutt Randall, remembering that he was a rated ship's cook. Duckbutt would not meet their eyes.

"They're gone. They're all gone," Restorff kept saying.

He seemed to hope someone would contradict him. Lynch came in, red-faced and breathing heavily.

"Stawski! Wilsey! Harris!" he said. "Get below and help Perna raise steam! Holman, start warming up the engine."

"Wait a minute, Lynch!" Crosley jumped up. "We ain't still going to Changsha? We can't steam without coolies!"

"We're sailing, all right."

Franks came in. He looked tough and angry. "On deck, you topside sailors! The skipper wants a scrubdown before we get under way."

They got to their feet, muttering. Duckbutt Randall was pinching his thick lower lip. "I guess I better go to the galley," he announced, to no one in particular.

It was three o'clock before they could get under way. Holman had the throttle. Harris was oiler. Perna, Wilsey and Stawski were stoking. As soon as the engine began turning over, the steam began to drop. Harris went to the fireroom and cursed them. They screamed curses back. It was like the end of the world to have shovels in their hands.

"We got to have more stokers," Harris told Holman. "Get some deck apes down here. They can at least pass coal."

As the *San Pablo* passed each ship in man-o'-war row, she exchanged the customary salutes. They had to give the saluting signal by whistle from the bridge. When they passed the last warship, the bridge rang for 10 knots. Holman called on the voice tube.

"I can't even hold the turns I'm making," he told Bronson.

"You got to," Bronson said. "Make ten knots. We rang for it."

"Bells don't make steam. Let me talk to Bordelles."

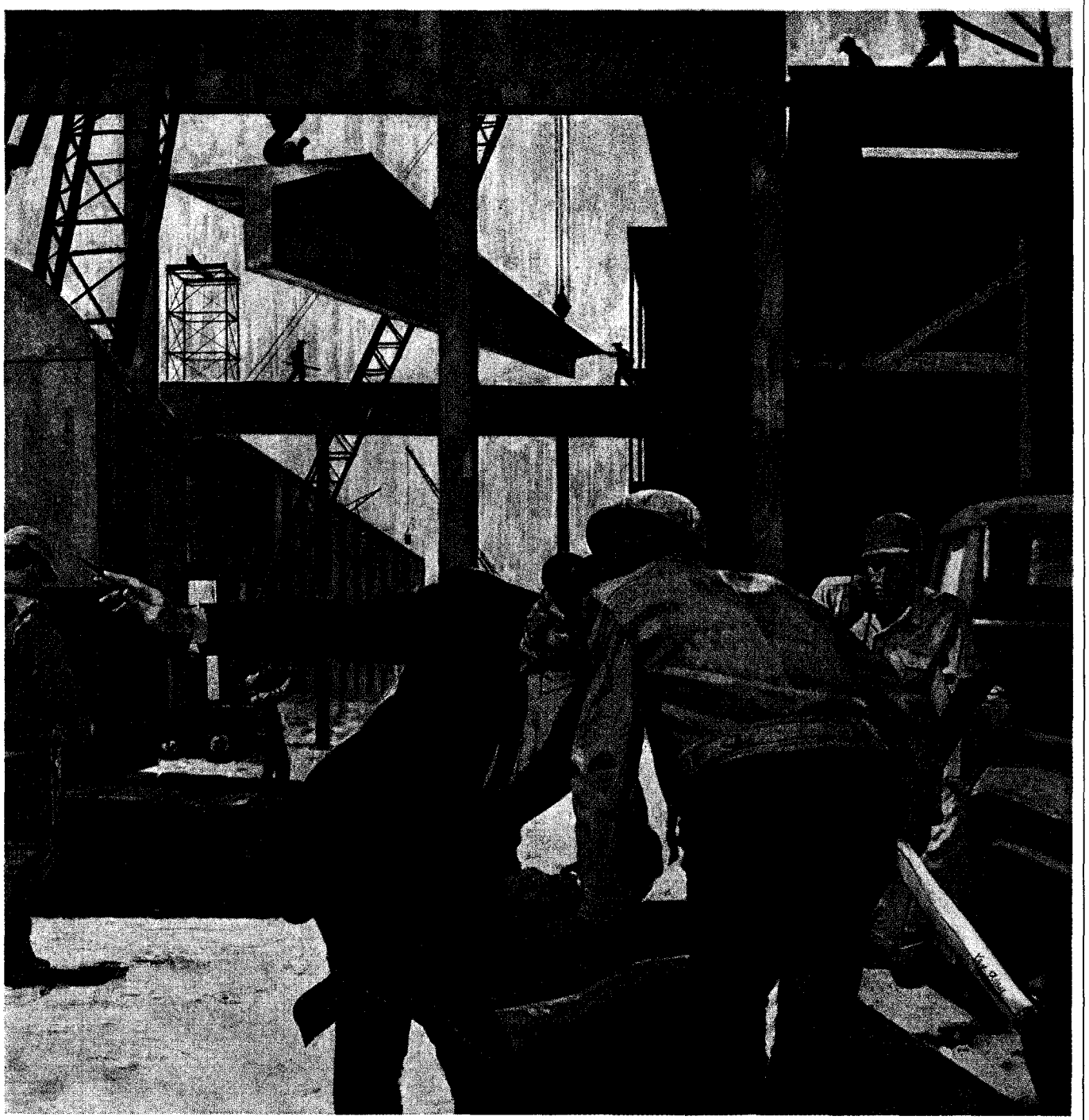
Over the voice tube he told Ensign Bordelles the steam was dropping at every whistle blast.

"I'll send Vincent and Ellis down to help stoke," Bordelles said. "Make as near ten knots as you can. We want to leave port in style."

Vincent and Ellis came down in whites, looking mutinously unhappy. The shovel scrape increased. The steam began to climb. Behind them Hankow faded from sight down the broad river, in the black smoke rolling aft from *San Pablo*'s stack.

The river passage to Changsha was a five-day ordeal. Wilsey, Perna, Stawski and Holman shoveled coal. Bordelles and the chiefs heaved on lines and got dirty. They dropped all pretense of drills and salutes and concentrated on getting the ship through. Whatever the emergency, Lieutenant Collins was there, clean and cold and calm, the captain of his ship. The Sand Pebbles were being the crew, and they could not endure it without coolies. The living spaces became foul. The men went filthy and bearded and snarled at one another. Each meal seemed worse than the last, and they cursed Duckbutt Randall's cooking all the way to Changsha.

Except for the *USS Duarte* upriver near the U. S. Consulate, Changsha looked much the same. But within minutes demonstrators were gathering on the bund, shouting insults and waving a



Never enough time

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forest of placards. POISONERS OF CHINA! LEAVE CHANGSHA!

"What a hell of a welcome home!" Farren said.

Bordelles in full dress went off to make the courtesy calls on *HMS Woodcock* and the Japanese gunboat *Hiro*. Taking Welbeck and Red Dog Shanahan with him, Lieutenant Collins went to the *Duarte* himself.

They came back after dark with news that flashed through the ship like a bayonet thrust. The worker-peasant council that ran Changsha knew all about the *San Pablo*'s trouble in Hankow. They did not want her in Changsha. That day they had clamped an absolute boycott on all the gunboats, and they would not lift it until the *San Pablo* went away. It meant no liberty, no fresh provisions, no coolie help, no stores shipments by rail from Hankow. And the *San Pablo* had brought that on all the other gunboats as well. The Sand Pebbles were too crushed even to curse.

"They got an armlock on us. We'll have to go back to Hankow."

"Water's already too low."

"Yeah. We're stuck for the winter."

"No coolies. Damn it, no cook!"

They went dirty to bed with aching bones and with no hope left at all.

They were all native staff now, at China Light, with native salaries. Every day Shirley and all the students bowed gravely three times to the portrait of Sun Yat-sen on the classroom wall. The picture was flanked by the new Kuomintang party and national flags. The U.S. and old Chinese flags, and the portraits of Lincoln and Washington, were gone.

Gillespie was teaching mathematics and history, and enjoying it. The older boys were away from school on political activity more often than not. Mr. Lin, the new principal, deplored it. Gillespie took another view.

"They are in a different sort of school now," he said. "They are learning how to build and govern a nation."

One day Shirley found Cho-jen in the faculty office, looking out the window at a platoon of militia drilling in the street. "I am getting them ten more rifles," he said. "From Pan's old stock." General Pan and his army had been made into a Kuomintang regiment and marched away. The newly-raised militia was the only armed force in the valley. "I may have to go to Changsha soon," Cho-jen said. He thought he might head the Paoshan delegation to the provincial worker-peasant congress in Changsha. After a few minutes he excused himself. The room seemed suddenly empty.

"I know it's a cliché, but if ever a boy burnt with a gemlike flame, it's Cho-jen these days," Gillespie told Shirley. "A year from now he'll be a power in Changsha. Before he's twenty-one he'll be a man to reckon with in Hankow."

"I hope he will," Shirley said. "I'm sure that he will."

So the days went. Shirley found them pleasant and stimulating. But often at night she could not sleep for the sound of Mr. Craddock's slow pacing in the courtyard. The trouble was a charge of "criminal landlordism" brought against Craddock by a revolutionary faction. Cho-jen was perfectly frank about it.

"They know Mr. Craddock is innocent. It's just orders from Changsha," he said. "They want to take treaty people before our new Chinese courts, to establish our claim to jurisdiction over everyone in China."

Cho-jen persuaded Craddock to submit voluntarily to Chinese judicial authority, arguing that submission would strike a blow against the unequal treaties.

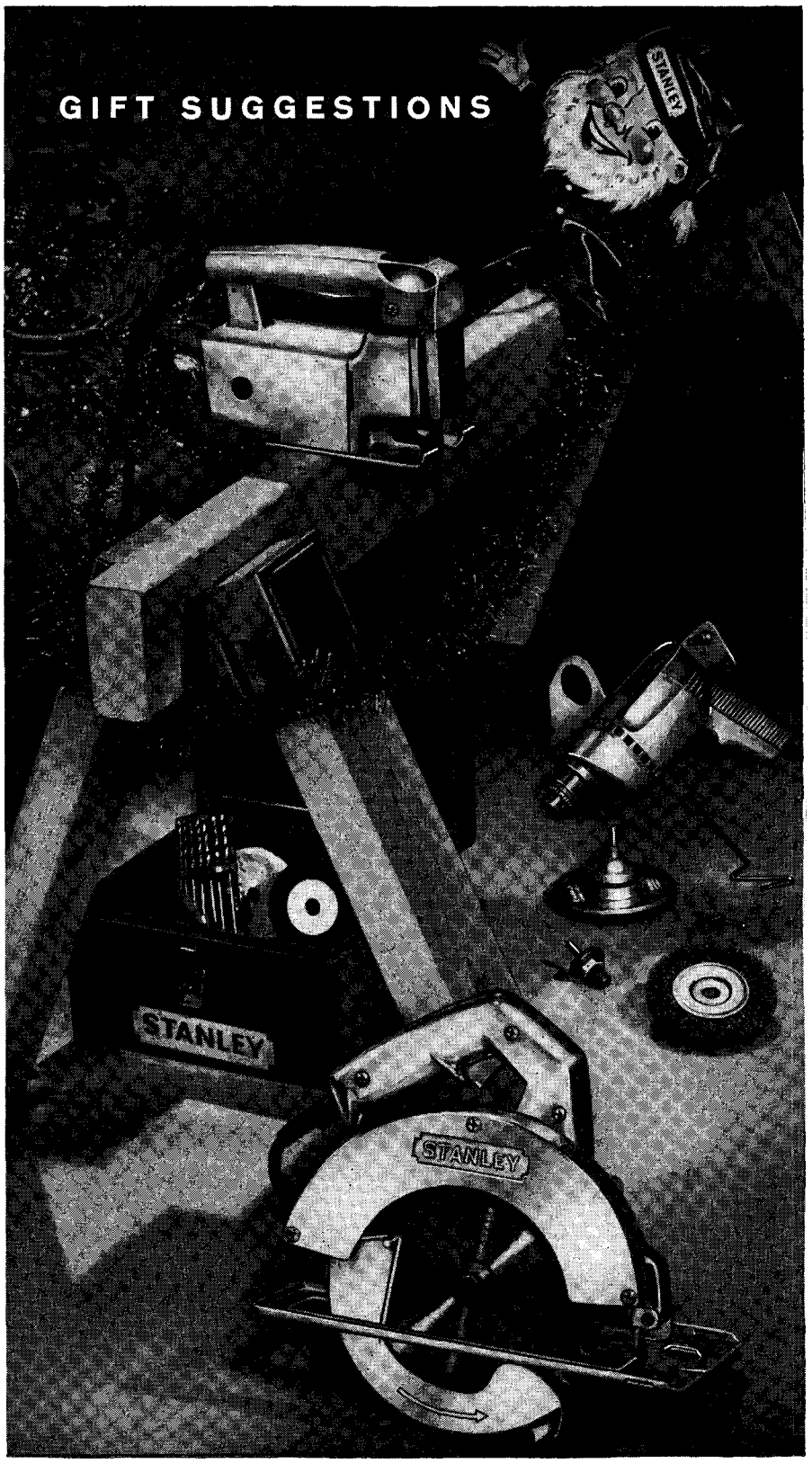
Without the coolies, there were simply not enough men on the *San Pablo*. From the first, the engineers had to work topside to keep the ship looking clean and military. They had no time for cleaning below decks. The machinery spaces stayed rusty and dirty.

The Sand Pebbles could not go ashore. They could not even visit the *Duarte*, because of the bad feeling over there about the boycott. The food aboard the *San Pablo* was all dry stores, beans and rice, corned beef and canned salmon. The potatoes had run out. Jennings, the pharmacist's mate, was rationing each man one slice of raw onion at dinner and four ounces of beer at supper, to guard against scurvy.

Chill, damp days passed. Shortages pressed on them, and the *Duarte* would not give them anything. The paint was gone. Soap ran short. Unable to keep the whole topside clean, they let the starboard side go. Lieutenant Collins restricted his inspections to the port side, which faced the Changsha bund, where Chinese watchers stood all day long throwing the hate. When they built up a real hate storm with bugles and placards and mass shouting, the Sand Pebbles would man the rail to jeer and hoot and make obscene gestures.

For their Christmas dinner the *Duarte* gave them three canned hams and some hard candy. On New Year's Eve Lynch

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Sand Pebbles

sent three bottles of brandy to the crew's compartment. The Sand Pebbles got mildly drunk, and Red Dog Shanahan started them singing. Holman wanted to join in, but he could not do it.

What crowded into his mind were memories of Shirley. They came fusing and mingling, curve of cheek and chin, sweep of hair, white neck and throat hollows, droop and curve of mouth, her eyes merry and sad and frightened and angry and very tender. The unsummoned intensity of feeling disturbed him. He pushed her to a distance and thought about China Light. He wished he could have just once seen the machinery in that sugar mill they couldn't make work right.

Wind and a driving rain howled down off the mountain. There had been no school at China Light for several days; all the students were away on political work, and Cho-Jen had been called to Changsha.

Shirley moved from warming her hands at the brazier to looking out the window, and saw Gillespie come into the courtyard. He went to his own room on the other side. She ran splashing across and knocked on his door.

"Walter, what news of the trial? Why isn't Mr. Craddock with you?"

He drew her inside and closed the door against rain and splash. His face was pale and drawn in the lamplight.

"The verdict was guilty of criminal landlordism," he said quietly. "The sentence was death."

She stared at him, afraid to ask.

"Mr. Craddock is still alive and well, in the Paoshan prison," he said. "I think it's going to be all right. I'll go back in the morning."

He told her the story. The trial was the work of the Chung faction, Cho-jen's chief power rivals. The China Light peasants and students had crowded around Mr. Craddock and saved him from summary execution, however. Some were still with him in the prison. They would not leave him until Cho-jen returned from Changsha to take control. Gillespie had been up all night. They had reached Cho-jen by telegraph. He was returning to Paoshan at once.

"So I think it will be all right," Gillespie finished. "But it was a near thing, Shirley."

"How is Mr. Craddock taking it? How did he ——"

"With grace and dignity. He is becoming almost saintly under this stress," Gillespie said.

Shirley was at the main gate that evening when the students came home from Paoshan, marching and singing across the fields from the boat landing. The song told her it was all right, and then she saw Craddock's tall figure.

Cho-jen had handled everything. A new link in the Paoshan defenses had been completed, a boom of junks across the river. Cho-jen had promoted a grand militia review in Paoshan to celebrate it. He had led the China Light contingent himself. They had simply flooded into the prison and carried off Mr. Craddock before the Chung faction had time to react.

It was shocking to Holman how fast they fell apart. They just let go. All they had left for bathing and shaving was harsh salt-water soap. Most of them stopped shaving. The talk in the crew compartment bordered on mutiny. Lieutenant Collins stopped holding inspections altogether.

On night watches Holman thought constantly about China Light, pacing the floorplates, blind to the rusting machinery all around him. At China Light there were no rules to stop him and Shirley Eckert from loving each other and being married, if they wanted each other that way. The thought threw a new light on his Hankow memories. She did want him that way, he realized. At their last meeting, when she had hinted that he might desert and come to China Light with them, she was giving him the only chance of his whole life.

Well, it was not too late, he thought. All right, when? *Before the spring flood, before we sail for Hankow*, he thought. *A week or two yet. First chance I have to get ashore, I'll keep going.*

The Sand Pebbles got closer to open mutiny every day, and the scare rumors didn't help. A Chinese secret society was supposed to be offering $1,000 for every white man's head delivered to them. The gearwheel army was supposed to be mounting 10-inch guns at the Chenglin narrows, which the *San Pablo* would have to pass to get to Hankow. Offsetting those rumors was the slow, steady rise of the river, brownish from early rains. The flood was not off. The *San Pablo* did not draw as much water as the *Duarte*, and she could probably get out of Changsha before the full flood stage.

"Why the hell we got to wait for them anyway?" Ellis asked.

"Every ship for itself!" Crosley agreed. "Get the hell down to Shanghai, that's what I say!"

"Yeah, Shanghai! Let 'em have this stinking place!"

Late one afternoon startling news came by blinker from the *Duarte*. Gearwheel troops had taken Nanking, and they were looting and raping and killing the treaty people. British and American warships were shelling the city.

Toward evening riflemen on top of the city wall began shooting at the *San Pablo* and *HMS Woodcock*. No shots were fired at *Duarte* or the Japanese gunboat *Hiro*.

Franks called the Sand Pebbles to their battle stations, but they ignored him. They were all down on the starboard side of the main deck, sheltered from the fire, and they would not leave. Lieutenant Collins called from the bridge wing.

"Franks! Relay general quarters! Come up here!"

Franks, Holman, Welbeck and Bordelles gathered in the bridge. Lieutenant Collins looked grim. He said they would have to get permission from the *Duarte* before they could return the fire.

"Once *San Pablo* is in battle, the men will be themselves again," he said. No one dared argue with him.

All the gunboats were exchanging signals. The Japanese did not want to fight because they were not being fired upon. Finally the *Duarte* and *Woodcock* agreed on a plan. The *Duarte* signaled it to the *San Pablo*. They would not return the fire; instead, the *San Pablo* and *Woodcock* would get under way.

Bordelles called the engine room on the voice tube and was lucky enough to get Perna. Perna said they could have steam up on one boiler in about an hour.

Welbeck stood and looked out the window. "Hey!" he said, "Here comes the *Woodcock!*"

"That's fast!" Franks said admiringly.

They all stood up to watch. As she neared the *San Pablo*, all the rifle fire shifted to the *Woodcock* and the rate picked up. She came along bravely, low and white and trim in the water, with

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Sand Pebbles

bullets splashing all around her. Half a dozen British sailors in neat white uniforms came out and manned the rail, on the side exposed to fire.

"The Limeys are going to make us passing honors!" Franks said. "Under fire, by God!"

"All hands! Man the rail!" Bordelles shouted from the bridge.

Franks ran out and repeated the order. Holman and Welbeck joined him at the boat deck rail. A whistle shrilled as the *Woodcock* started coming abreast and the chiefs all saluted.

On the main deck the Sand Pebbles did not salute. They thumbed noses and jeered in shrieking voices. Pale as paper, Lieutenant Collins ran aft and down to the quarterdeck, Bordelles following.

"Come on!"

Franks ran, drawing his pistol. They all stopped at the head of the ladder. Lieutenant Collins stood at the foot.

"Hand salute, you mangy sons of bitches!" he screamed at the men on the quarterdeck. "*Hand salute!*"

They gave him a volley of raspberries from bearded faces. Harris pushed his bristly gray face under Lieutenant Collins's chin.

"Nuts to you, Collins!" he screamed.

Holman saw the square white shoulders wilt. The stern of the *Woodcock*, with its gallant White Ensign, was sliding past. The public shame was already history. Lieutenant Collins came up the ladder. He did not seem to see the men clustered there. They drew aside. He went into his cabin and closed the door.

Holman went back and sat in the CPO quarters. Somehow Franks and Farren got the anchor up. Somehow they and Bordelles got the *San Pablo* under way. Somehow they worked the ship across the shoal stretch below Changsha and anchored in the last bit of twilight.

Holman came out on deck. The night was cool and quiet and peaceful. Changsha was out of sight. It was green countryside all around. No lights showed, except a few glimmers from farm huts.

Franks came aft and collapsed in a chair. He looked exhausted. "I guess we're out of the woods," he told Holman. "Bronson just came up and told Bordelles he was sorry. He said he was speaking for all hands. They want to get the ship to Shanghai." He sighed deeply. "Bronson said they won't make any more trouble."

"How's the skipper taking it?"

"We don't know. He's locked in and he won't answer when Bordelles talks through the door." Franks shook his head wearily. "I'm scared we'll hear a pistol shot."

For hours he had been sitting motionless at his table, gripping a flat black pistol. There were people to grieve: his parents, a few others. But he had put them all away when he swore his oath. His oath forsworn now, faith betrayed, honor lost and everything in ruins, Lt. William Collins was now going to be remembered in U. S. naval archives as captain of a crew that mutinied. *Better to die in battle*, he thought. *Gloriously in battle*. He put the pistol down.

He would go to China Light and take out those missionaries. In the aftermath of Nanking, they would be frantic for rescue. He would tell only the trusted men. He would turn *San Pablo* west in Tungting Lake. If the men renewed their mutiny, he would put them down in blood. Intelligence reports said the Chien River was boomed with junks linked with bamboo cable and defended by militia. He would break that boom. He would take a party on to China Light. He would make a last, savage thrust deep into China, dropping his dead as he went, and *San Pablo* would die clean. He went to call Bordelles.

They were a grim, tense group in the cabin, just before dawn. They understood the plan. They knew they might very likely all die.

"The men might not make trouble," Bordelles said. "I gathered from Bronson they're ashamed for what they did."

"That's true," Farren said. "But they think they're going to Shanghai."

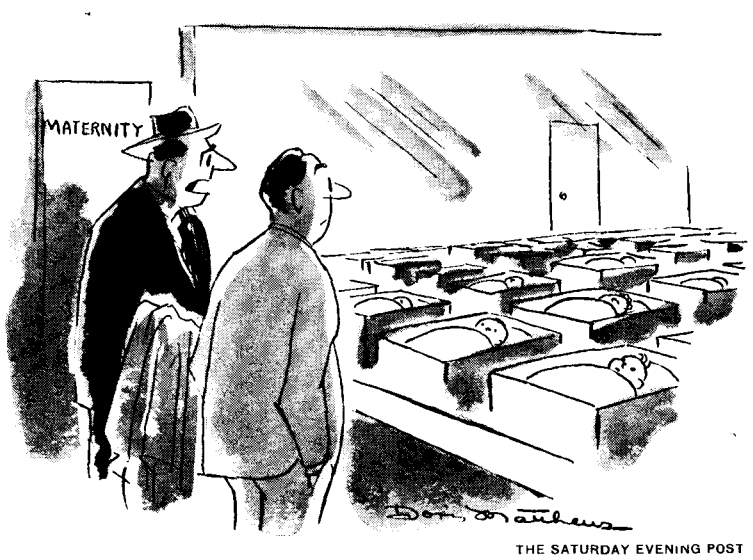
Holman had not thought the missionaries were in danger at China Light; by their own act they were not treaty people anymore.

"Old Craddock is under a death sentence from a Bolshevik court," Bordelles told him.

When there were no more questions, Lieutenant Collins dismissed them. His manner was hard as iron. They went out quietly, into the faint, new daylight.

Lieutenant Collins, Bordelles and Franks wore pistols. The other men on the bridge were Bronson, Restorff, Crosley and Haythorn. Ellis and Vincent called up soundings from the bow. Franks listened and scanned the water and gave orders to Haythorn, at the helm. Bronson took bearings. They were all being quick and handy.

They did not know that the ship would turn west in a few minutes. Lieutenant



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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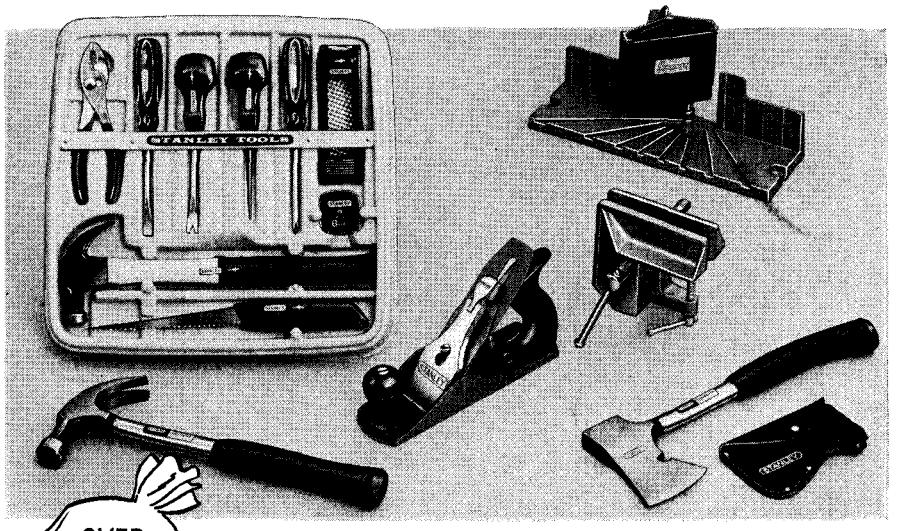

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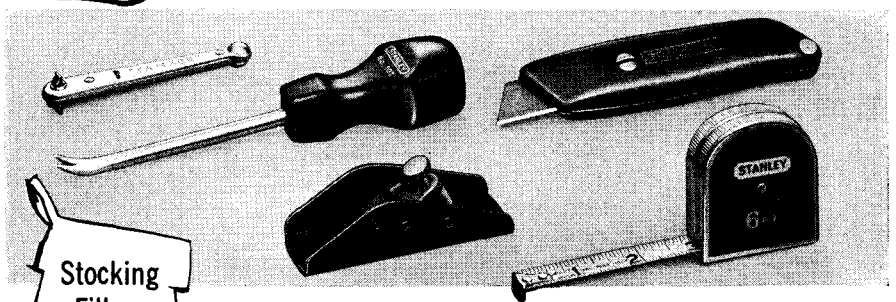

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Sand Pebbles

Collins kept his eye on Bronson. Bronson was being very dutiful and military. Restorff, with Crosley's help, was cleaning a machine gun. That was Restorff's way of asking forgiveness.

But there could be no forgiving. Franks caught Lieutenant Collins's eye and spoke to Haythorn, who spun the helm. *San Pablo* turned. The sun wheeled around aft and left the bridge in shadow.

"Steady as you go," Frank said.

Bronson's eyes widened, but he did not change his behavior. Crosley tried to pull him aside and whisper, but Bronson would not be whispered to.

"Damn it, then I'll ask 'em!" Crosley said. He turned to Franks. "Where the hell you think you're taking this ship?"

"I'll tell you, Crosley." In cold, clipped words Lieutenant Collins told them.

Crosley's face expressed incredulous dismay.

"We will probably have to board and take one of the junks with pistol and cutlass," Lieutenant Collins said. "We may have to make an assault at China Light."

Crosley's eyes bulged. "We'll all get kilt!" he screamed in outrage.

Restorff chuckled. "It can't only happen to you once, Crosley," he said. "After that you're immune."

It was just the right response. The mixed feelings on Haythorn's face gave way to a contemptuous smile at Crosley. Bronson, his fat face white and determined, stepped forward.

"Captain, sir, if there's going to be a boarding party, I want to volunteer for it," he said shakily.

"Granted," Lieutenant Collins said.

While the light lasted, the *San Pablo* groped her way westward among green, marshy islands. They anchored at sunset. It was a crisp evening, sprinkled with stars. Cool lake air blew through the compartment. The strange peacefulness on the ship, Holman thought, was because the men believed they were going to fight and probably be killed. He was still hoping that there would be no fight, and that somehow he could break free of the ship and stay at China Light with Shirley Eckert. By the time he went to sleep it was a pretty slim hope.

San Pablo got under way at dawn, in a downpour. The rain became mist, and the climbing sun burned the mist away. Beyond Ta An the lake broadened out. *San Pablo* entered the main channel of the Chien River.

It was after four o'clock when they sighted the boom. Lieutenant Collins rang half speed, just matching the current, and *San Pablo* hung there while he studied the boom through the long glass. Bordelles was getting up the armor flaps and posting the men at revised battle stations. There were 20 junks spaced about 100 feet apart, and the line was bowed downriver by the current.

"Battle stations manned and ready, sir," Bordelles said quietly.

The junks rode stern on, with thick festoons of bamboo cable linking their bows. The center junk was the largest. A gearwheel flag drooped at its masthead.

"Standard speed," Lieutenant Collins ordered. "Steer for the center junk."

Crosley was hoisting the big battle flag up the mainmast. The breeze caught it.

"Prepare to concentrate fire on the center junk, Mr. Bordelles."

"Aye-aye, sir!"

The two center armor flaps were still down, for better seeing. Lieutenant Collins took station there alone. On either side of him three men stood to their machine guns, mounted in armored embrasures. Below in the bow Haythorn and Shanahan sheltered behind the small shield of the three-pounder.

The Chinese began firing at about 1,500 yards. It was rifle fire, pale winks along the line of junks, quick splashes in brown water, then spangs and thuds and screeches of hits. Bullets came into the bridge. Lieutenant Collins held his binoculars to his eyes with a steady hand. Red-hot smoke blossomed on the center junk. A cannonball skipped angling across *San Pablo*'s bow. After it came a *thud!*

"Two thirds speed," Lieutenant Collins said quietly to Franks. Then, his voice a sudden whiplash: "Commence firing! Commence firing!"

The six machine guns blurted a racketing roar. The three-pounder barked sharply. Smoke rose and splinters flew from the center junk. The bow gun fired in steady rhythm: breech slam . . . *bark!* . . . shell clatter on deck. *Thud* . . . *thud* . . . *thud!* the Chinese guns responded.

San Pablo closed range slowly. Bullets flogged her, and screamed into the bridge. Black smoke blossomed redly from junk to junk and thunderclouded above them. Cannonballs ripped the air like silk and furrowed the brown water. One struck the bow and shook the ship. *Slam* . . . *bark!* . . . *clatter*, the bow gun went. A cannonball caromed off the side amidships. Lieutenant Collins jumped to look out aft. Steam was billowing from the engine-room skylight.

The lights were out in the engine room. Hot steam was choking. Holman skirted flying machinery through wet, roaring darkness. His hand found the root steam valve for the fire and bilge pump. He closed it and the roaring stopped. He ran to the generator, reset it and jumped it up to speed.

The guns still clamored, shaking the ship. A great new bulge in the side had sprung a steam flange and blown the gasket. Holman ran for wrenches. The lights came up. Frank's huge voice came down the skylight.

"*Fire!* Main deck aft! *Fire!*"

Bells jangled. Lynch slowed the engine. Feet thudded on the boat deck. Bordelles ran in on the gratings.

"Below there!" he shouted. "For God's sake, give us more pressure on the fire main!"

"Aye-aye! Any minute!" Holman shouted back.

They used spare bolts and C-clamps and wrapped Harris's shirt around the flange to hold the hiss and drip. Holman started the pump clanking and built the fire-main pressure as high as he could. Harris stared at his trembling, blistered hands. He was an old man for a tough job like that.

"I'd give my soul for a cup of coffee!" Harris said.

"Hand it over," Perna said. "Stawski's right this minute brewing a bucketful. I come out to tell you."

They got pressure on the fire main, and Lieutenant Collins sent all the men down from the bridge to fight the fire. Only Bronson was left, at the wheel. *San Pablo* was drifting back with the current, out of gun range.

The junks stopped firing. Lieutenant Collins studied them through the long glass. The command junk was splintered and smoking but obstinately afloat. You could not sink a junk with gunfire. Chinese were dancing all over the topsides. They thought they had won. Lieutenant Collins smiled coldly. One of the sacred sayings came into his mind: *No captain can do very wrong if he lay his ship alongside that of his enemy.*

Vincent came into the bridge, panting and blackened and hatless. "Mr. Bordelles sends respects and the fire is under control, sir."

"Very well." Lieutenant Collins turned to Bronson. "I'm going down there to have a look. Hold the ship in midchannel." It was the first word he had spoken to Bronson all day.

"Aye-aye, sir!" Bronson said eagerly.

The fire was not yet out. Lieutenant Collins stood by the galley and watched them fight it with hoses and axes. They chopped burning wood away and pitched it over the side. The whole portside aft was gone, above the steel hull. The boat deck sagged there, burnt through in places. Chief Franks and Farren were shoring it.

Jennings came up to report that the only battle casualty so far was a seaman, Tullio, with a bullet in his leg. Some men were burnt and some choked with fumes. None was disabled.

"Very well," Lieutenant Collins said. "Carry on, Jennings."

It took a long time to put the fire out. The crew's compartment was gutted. The low sun turned the long reach of river a dull red. Bordelles came over, black and weary and grinning. The men crowded behind him. They were expecting praise. Lieutenant Collins was not yet ready to praise them.

"Can we serve out food, sir, before we try again?" Bordelles asked.

"There's not enough daylight left. Serve out cutlasses and pistols," Lieutenant Collins said. "I'm going to grapple and board."

They all knew the plan, but he reviewed it rapidly. They would keep two machine guns and the bow gun manned, to hold down fire from the flanking junks. They would keep a minimum crew in the engine spaces. Everyone else would join the boarding party.

"I want Harris and Holman from the engineers," Collins said. "Have them standing by here in the passageway."

"Aye-aye, sir!" Bordelles said.

Holman waited with his ax in the midship passageway. When the boarding party came down the port ladder he would tail on, board the junk, and cut the bamboo cable. Harris was there too, with a pistol and cutlass. The smell of burning was all around.

San Pablo closed the range fast this time. On either side of Lieutenant Collins machine guns hammered with berserk fury. From the enemy line of battle the pale winks and the black, rose-shot bloomings grew and grew in crackling thunder. The mast with the gearwheel flag toppled. The Sand Pebbles set up a wolfish cheering.

"Half speed! Cease firing! Cease firing!" Lieutenant Collins shouted. "Boarding party, take arms!" He threw off cap and tunic. "Take her now!" he told the smudged and grimy Bordelles. "Lay her alongside!"

He flourished his gleaming cutlass and glanced down at his white undershirt and trousers. The men formed up behind him. The ruined junk stern, all smoke and yellow splinters, slid by close aboard. Now Lieutenant Collins made his voice ring like bell metal.

"Awa-a-a-a-ay . . . the boarding party!"

He led them all in a roaring rush, forward and up and over the wooden bulwark to the junk's foredeck. He slashed and fired and darted through and leaped to the deckhouse. He raced along the top of it to meet them bursting out of the ruined poop, a hedge of steel and screaming faces. Cutlass high, he leaped down to the after deck and turned his ankle on a dead man's arm. He went to his knees. A gleaming halberd blade slashed down at him. He slugged a bullet to the bare belly of the attacker, and someone from behind thrust in to take the blow. They all went down in a heap and feet trampled them. A storm of shots and clashing steel and screaming voices raged over their heads.

He struggled to rise and could not. Warm blood pumped rhythmically into his face and blinded his eyes. Through a rosy mist he saw the bristling white hair on the almost severed head and knew in a final, flooding weakness that his savior was Harris.

Steel rang. Shots blasted. Men screamed. Feet thumped and scrambled. Holman, running to the great cable across the junk bow, slipped in blood. Grunting with full arm swings, he hacked the bamboo cable. It was a complexly interwoven green-and-yellow snake thick as his own body. Bullets keened over. The ax turned and glanced off the resilient bamboo. The bow gun went, and the muzzle blast came in hot pats to Holman's sweaty face. He swung the ax higher and harder, in a driven fury of haste.

Strand by chip by chunk it broke apart under the splintering ax. Aft on the junk, coolies leaped overboard. Men helped red-splashed shipmates back aboard *San Pablo*. The cable raveled and creaked and stretched. The ax never stopped. Men crossed with metal cans, and kerosene splashed the junk's splintered wood. Flame in a crackling roar warmed Holman's back. He drove the ax with savage desperation. The cable remnant parted with a squeal and a pop, and the flaming junk lurched free.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Instantly, the current had it. Holman climbed to the bulwark and made a great leap across to the bow of *San Pablo*. He landed sprawling on knees and elbows, and saw stupidly that he still had the ax.

On the bridge they were cheering. The firing had stopped. Holman's ears rang with silence.

"Yump, Yake, yump!" Farren shouted down to him. "If you can't make it in one yump, yump twice!"

Grinning self-consciously, Holman stood up. The brown current was sweeping the sundered halves of the boom apart each way like gates opening. Fire doors clanged below. The engine throb gained power. With sparks from her black stack fountaining triumphantly into the twilight, *San Pablo* steamed through.

The motor sampan went straight up the river. Farren held the tiller, and Holman sat beside him with the motor popping along and making a gasoline smell in the damp night air. Lieutenant Collins, in fresh whites, his swollen ankle wrapped in tape, sat like a silent ghost in the bow. Bronson sat as near Lieutenant Collins as he could. In the waist, muttering curses, Crosley was trying to sleep. He had a painful spear slash along his ribs.

"The skipper's got a charmed life," Farren whispered. "We'll nip into China Light and grab them missionaries and get out again while the slopeheads are still down for the count."

Above Paoshan Farren slowed to half speed and eased the boat into the creek. Weeping willows overhung the banks, and he had to steer chancily by patches of star glimmer on the black water. At the China Light jetty Lieutenant Collins gave Farren his wristwatch and instructed him very sternly.

"If I am not back in two hours, return to the ship," he said. "Tell Mr. Bordelles the primary mission has failed."

"Aye-aye, sir," Farren said unhappily.

Crosley begged to go along. He insisted his rib wound was well bandaged and did not hamper him.

"Crosley's our best BAR man, sir," Bronson put in.

Lieutenant Collins climbed up on the jetty, favoring his throbbing ankle.

"Very well, Crosley," he said. "Fall in behind me, the three of you."

He led the way in silence. At every step the bandaged ankle jolted him with pain. Ahead across the fields China Light crouched squatly black, like a fortress against the starred sky. The great mission gates were closed, but dim light glowed in the gatehouse. A man came out to meet them, one of the missionaries in Chinese clothing—Gillespie.

"Lieutenant Collins? You should never have come here," Gillespie said. "It will be best for all of us if you go back."

"You must get out of here without delay," Lieutenant Collins said. "Have you heard yet what happened at Nanking?"

"Yes. But we are safe here. Only you endanger us."

Lieutenant Collins heard the disgusted murmur from the men behind him. Crisply, his voice edged with the pain of his ankle, he told Gillespie about the general evacuation order and about the boom fight. "No matter what you thought before, this changes it," he said. "They'll be wild for revenge."

Gillespie seemed unable to speak.

"Are there any armed guards here? Speak up, man!"

"All our militia went to the battle. I was hoping to see them come back here victorious instead of you," Gillespie said flatly. "None of us will go with you."

"Take me to the others."

"Listen. You've done enough harm." Gillespie gestured savagely. "Go on. Get out of here."

"If you force me, I will break down doors until I find them. It is my duty."

"It is *not* your duty! Listen!" Controlling his anger, Gillespie said they had declared themselves stateless persons, like the White Russians. They had sent their names to Geneva, requesting Nansen passports. "We mailed a copy to the consul."

Lieutenant Collins's patience broke. "Come along, men," he said over his shoulder.

Gillespie went grudgingly ahead of them, through the school quadrangle and into the Chinese section. No lights showed. A Chinese house made three sides of a courtyard, and a head-high wall made the front of it.

"Detail, halt!" Lieutenant Collins ordered. "Wait here in the courtyard."

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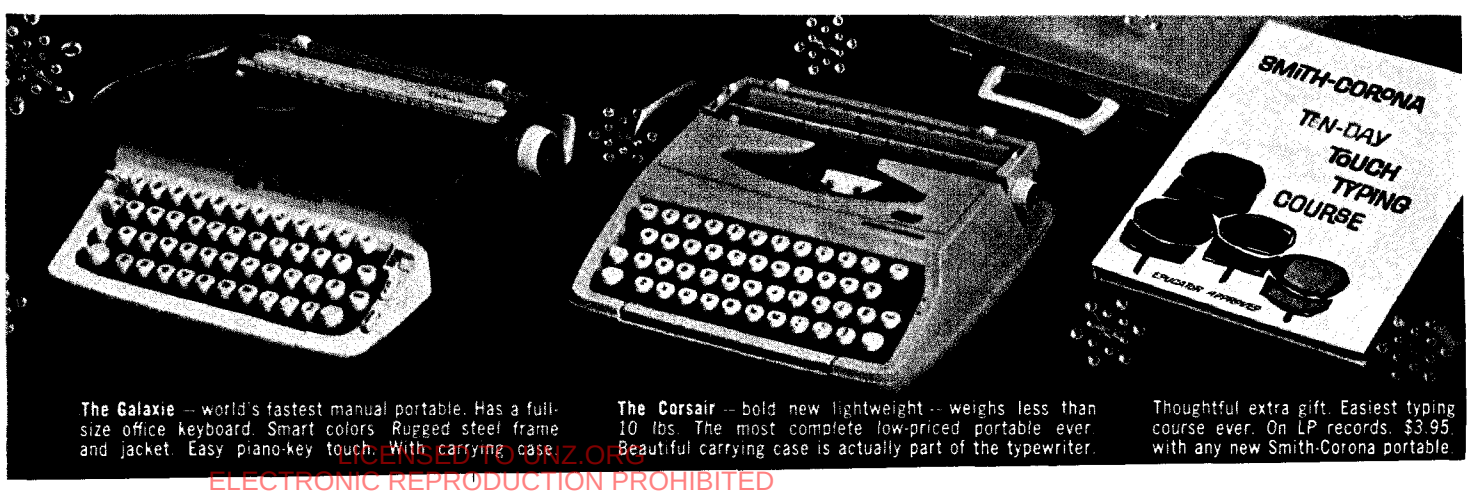

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Sand Pebbles

Lieutenant Collins followed Gillespie through a door. It was a small parlor with American furniture, dimly lighted by a wick burning in a saucer of oil. Two people in Chinese clothing stood up. One was old Craddock. The woman was young—Miss Eckert.

"Tell him you're not leaving," Gillespie said. "I'll get him a copy of our declaration." He went into the next room.

Lieutenant Collins stared grimly at the girl and the old man. "Well," he said. "Tell me."

Crosley was crouching at the half-open window. He motioned Holman and Bronson to join him and listen. They knelt, leaning on their rifles. Lieutenant Collins was talking in a hard voice.

"I know you people do not wish to be the instruments of shame to your country," he said. "If you have no care for yourselves, I appeal to your loyalty."

"We are serving a higher loyalty," Craddock said.

"There *is* no higher loyalty!"

They faced each other in there, frozen. Shirley was wearing pale-blue Chinese jacket and trousers. She looked soft and very beautiful in the dim light.

She's even prettier than I remembered, Holman thought.

"Read this paper," Gillespie said, holding it out. "By this signed declaration we have temporarily renounced nationality in itself. Can't you understand that?"

"I understand it to be impossible."

"Your uniform now gives you no authority over us," Gillespie said tightly. "Here. Are you afraid to read it?" He thrust the paper out again, and Lieutenant Collins took it. "If you like, we'll sign it again in your presence," Gillespie said. "Right now."

Holman stood slowly upright. He felt dizzy. *I can sign that paper myself*, he thought. *However it works, it will work on me too. That's how I'll stay here!*

"Hah!" Crosley breathed.

Stronger light flared at the window. Holman knelt again. Lieutenant Collins was burning the paper in the flame of the little oil lamp on the table. Gillespie's face looked savage. Shirley knew she had to intervene.

"Lieutenant Collins, will you excuse us to talk privately for a moment?"

He nodded.

"In Mr. Craddock's study, then," she said. "Come, Walter."

She took his arm. They followed Craddock into the study and closed the door. It was too dark to see one another.

"Of course we will refuse to go," Craddock said.

"Of course. If we go, we make all that the Chungs have been saying true," Gillespie said. "We would betray Cho-jen."

"We must persuade the officer to go away," Craddock said. "The boys might come back. There would be bloodshed."

Holman heard running footsteps. The man burst through the gate and thudded across the courtyard to the open door, gasping for breath. He was shiny and stinking with mud. Holman and Crosley closed in to see what it might mean. Shirley knew him first.

"Tao-min!" she said. "What happened?"

He spoke then, in breathless Chinese. Gillespie understood. The Sand Pebbles had killed Cho-jen in the battle at the river boom.

"The Chung militia is coming," said Tao-min in his shrill boy's voice. "They will execute Mr. Craddock. You must all run away!"

"Everything's lost if Cho-jen is dead," Gillespie said. "The Chungs will take over the whole valley. We have no choice but to go now, Mr. Craddock."

"The Chungs will kill all the sea devils," Tao-min said. "You must all run away."

Lieutenant Collins shook Gillespie's arm. "What's this boy saying?"

Gillespie looked at him. "You have killed Cho-jen," he said curtly. "A boy worth more to humanity than you and your crew twice over."

"Ten times over!" Shirley cried, her voice breaking.

Gillespie's arm tightened around her, holding and protecting her. The officer's lips quirked painfully.

"The boy was in arms against me."

"Well, you have won your game," Gillespie said. "You have destroyed everything, and we will have to go with you. Tao-min, how near are they?"

"They are coming like the skin on my heels," the boy said.

"Hey! Hey in the house!" a hoarse voice cried from the courtyard. "Somebody's coming! A whole mob!"

"Douse that light, Bronson!"

It was all noise and wild motion in darkness.

"Craddock! Old man, come back here!"

Two shapes plunged through the door. Many guns roared all at once in the courtyard, and there were wild shouts. A sailor was firing through the window. Gillespie threw Shirley roughly to the floor.

"Stay down!" he said, and left her.

Guns roared from the spirit screen, just inside the gate, and screeching shadows came into the courtyard. Guns answered from the house, and Crosley's automatic rifle outroared them all. Holman clubbed his rifle and went for the shadows in a confused, fighting tangle under a tree. Feet stamped and men screamed, and the darkness was all *whang . . . whang . . . spock!* with bullets.

Then the raiders streamed out again, dragging wounded and leaving behind dark shapes on the packed earth. Crosley was firing around one corner of the spirit screen.

"Man that other corner!" Lieutenant Collins shouted. "And watch the top of the wall!"

Holman knelt at the corner opposite Crosley and fired his rifle blindly out the gate. They were yelling and shooting outside, but the bullets went high because of the wall. The bullets that came through the gate splatted on the screen.

"Jake! Hold it!" Crosley shouted. "Don't waste ammunition!"

Holman put his rifle butt-down and leaned on it.

"Just loose off a round now and then to let 'em know we're still alive and kicking in here," Crosley said.

Holman's thoughts went back to how her head had gone so naturally to Gillespie's shoulder and the natural way Gillespie's arm came round and held her.

"Watch it, Jake!"

Holman turned. One of the bodies near them was trying to crawl. Crosley smashed his heavy rifle butt down on its back. Both legs kicked out wildly, and then it lay still.

Craddock was dead. Bronson reported no one else hurt. Lieutenant Collins sat on the low threshold. He had twisted his ankle again, and the pain clouded his mind. He tried to follow what Gillespie was saying.

"Stand by with the girl," he told Gillespie. "The party will leave in two minutes." Gillespie went away.

"Bronson!" Lieutenant Collins snapped.

"Right here, sir." Bronson was kneeling at his elbow.

"Help me out to the spirit screen. I can't walk."

They went lurching across the courtyard, Lieutenant Collins's arm over Bronson's shoulders. He told the men about the back door through the compound wall into the fields. The attackers were from Paoshan and did not know about it.

"They think they have us trapped," he said. "Bronson, get all hands down to the boat as fast as you can. I'll stay here and shoot and yell in English, to make them think we're all still in here."

"How about you, sir?" Crosley asked.

"Never mind about me."

Crosley swung around and fired a short burst. "How, wow, wow!" he bellowed. "Come and get it, you bastards! It's hot and waiting for you!"

"You have your orders, Bronson," Lieutenant Collins said. "Obey them!"

"Sir, I can't leave you here!" Bronson protested. "You're crippled. I couldn't face Mr. Bordelles. The pain is affecting your thinking, sir."

Holman moved between them.

"I'll stay here," he said. "I know exactly what to do."

"Sir, Holman can make a run for it," Bronson said. "You can't. Please don't make us just grab you, captain."

Lieutenant Collins gave in with bitterness in his heart. "Very well," he said. "Holman, you'll have to fire and shout from different positions, to fool them. Before they attack, they will set up a lot of shouting and firing to mask it. Be sure you escape when that starts."

"Yes, sir," Holman said. "I got it."

They were gone. Holman fired a shot over the wall. He had to yell something.

"Fire in the hole!" he yelled.

It did not matter what he yelled, because all they spoke out there was Chinese. He could not understand what the guy out there was yelling, either. It was stupid. He was just making night noises with his gun and his mouth. It was time to fire again.

Crack! and the jar to the shoulder.

"How we doing, Crosley, old shipmate?" he shouted across the courtyard.

After that when he fired he always yelled something to an imaginary Crosley. They had got onto the low roofs of the houses across the way and were firing down. It was about time for him to leave.

"Ten more laps and we'll shove off!" he yelled to the imaginary Crosley.

All he had wanted was to live among them and do the things he knew how to do best. Now they wanted to kill him. *It ain't my revolution*, he thought. *It sure never was my revolution.*

The bullets were forcing him closer to the front wall. Three bodies lay strung out in a line parallel to the screen. He pressed a new clip into the magazine. Well, he did not grudge her to Gillespie. The rate of firing increased suddenly and a bullet brushed his hair. He jumped closer to the screen.

"Hit him again, he's Irish!" he roared in fear and defiance.

Something bit him behind the left knee. His leg buckled and he went down. He rocked back up on his rump and swiveled and smashed his rifle butt against the lifted head. It was the same body Crosley had smashed, and a knife lay beside the outflung hand.

"You son of a bitch!" Holman told it. "Now you done it!"

He stood up and he could tell that he was hamstrung. He had to lean his back against the screen to stay on both legs. There was only a stinging back of his knee, but the muscles in that leg were wanting to charley-horse.

She's got a brother named Charley, he remembered. *Charley and Gillespie will take care of her.*

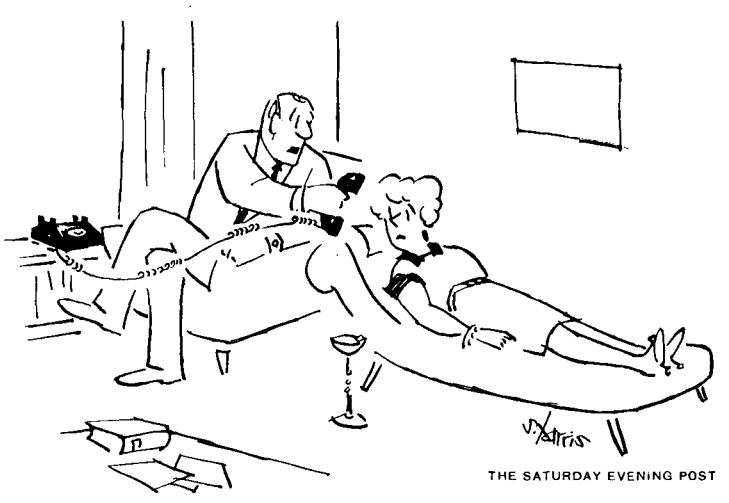
The firing was very heavy now and many voices were screaming out there in the dark. Bullets blizzarded all over the courtyard, except in the shadow of the wall. It was to mask the noises they made scaling both sides of the house.

Well, at least there won't be a long time you have to think about it, he told himself. He was having to stand very still to keep the leg from charley-horsing.

He would not think about it. Shirley and Gillespie were to the boat by now, he thought. Sure they were. It was a kind of wedding present.

The yelling and the heavy firing stopped abruptly. It was only then that the real fear began to grip him. One Chinese voice was shouting orders. He tried to shout back, *Go to hell, you bastards!* and the words would not form. His mouth was too dry. He was very frightened and trembling. He could not help it.

They were on the roofs. From both sides he could hear clanks and scramblings on the roofs. Suddenly he knew he had only seconds left. He roared wordlessly and began firing at the roof line. Shapes rose all along both ridgelines, and guns answered in a blazing roar. The flailing storm of lead crumpled and threw Jake Holman like a hand wadding waste-paper. **THE END**



"Perhaps if you hold this you'll feel a little more talkative."

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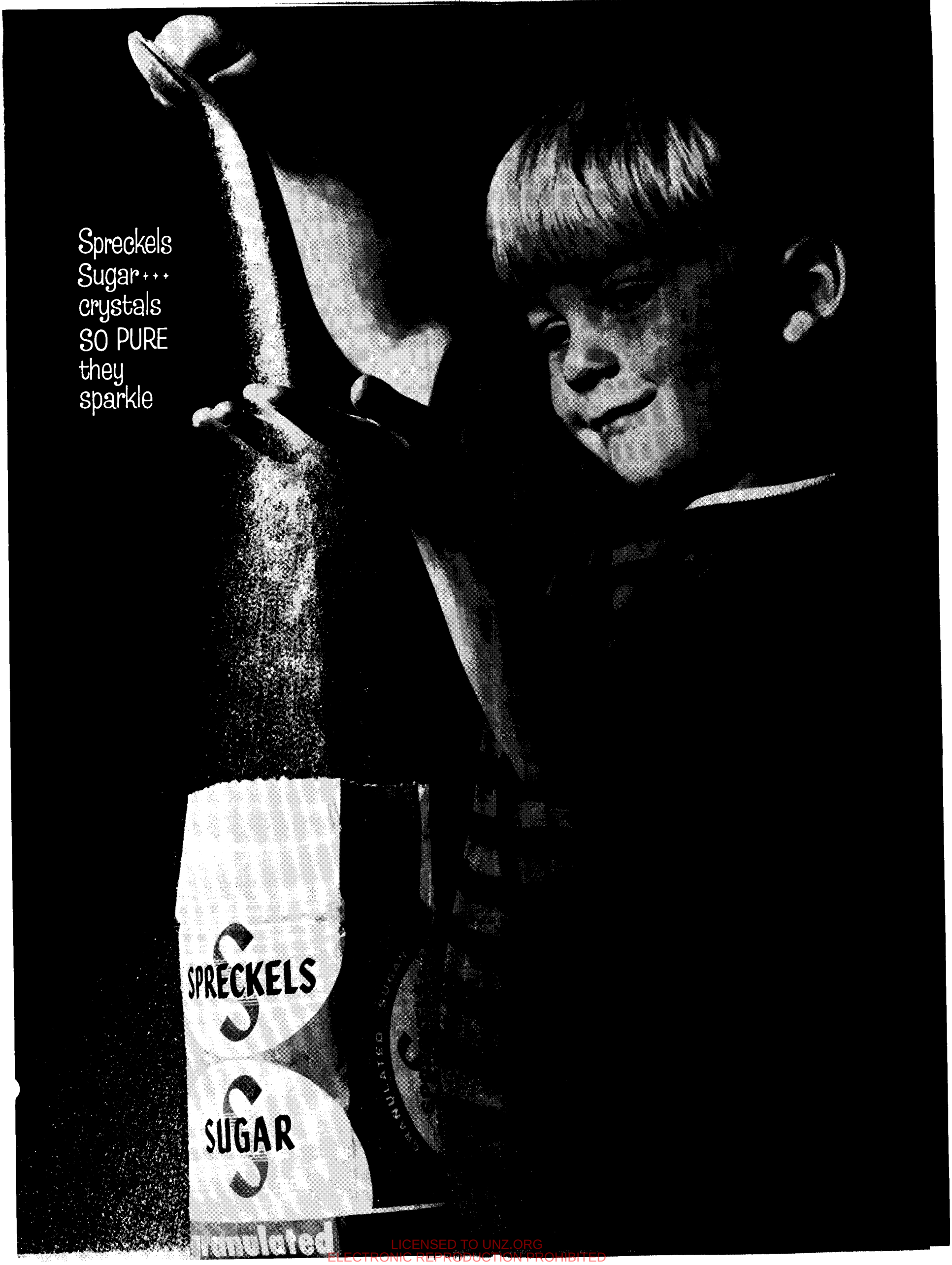

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SPEECH AFTER LONG SILENCE

I'm no hero... I'm a drunk.... A failure.....

By NORMAN GARBO

There had been heavy clouds for much of the flight, but now Tom Blake was able to look past the wing and see, far below, the twisting line of a river. "Would you care for a drink, sir?"

The hostess stood over him, young and smiling and airline-perfect. Blake shook his head. He had already allowed himself two, and he was taking no chances. Old Olympic heroes, he thought wryly, did not stagger off planes. They walked off looking exactly as Western's 1,200 apple-cheeked undergraduates expected them to look. This much, at least, he could manage.

Then the familiar doubt rose to his throat, and he knew he was being the worst kind of sentimental fool to come at all. But he had been completely carried away by the telegram. Each time he had reread it, he had felt an old and almost forgotten brightness. Blake sighed. How long ago? Eight years? It had been spring then, too, with the track alive beneath him and the certainty in him that there was no one he could not outrun, nothing he could not do. Twenty-two years old and the roar of the crowd sweet in his ears. Eight years—then suddenly the telegram had reached him. A new gymnasium for the college, it had read. A ceremony to be held . . . Western's all-time Olympic great . . . winner of three gold medals . . . honored to have him speak. The words drifted through his mind like the sound of faint, distant bugles.

His mouth was suddenly dry, and he went for some water. There was a small mirror, and he squinted critically at the dark deep-set eyes, the bony cheeks, the still-firm jaw. The things, he thought in wonder, that a man's face did not show. He returned to his seat, walking tall and carefully straight. When the plane at last circled to make its landing, he could see the campus, and the athletic field off to one side, looking green and velvet-smooth from the air. He felt a strong rush of excitement and nervously adjusted his tie and for perhaps the hundredth time smoothed his new and neatly creased trousers.

He was waiting for his bag in the terminal, when a voice rumbled behind him, "Well, at least you haven't gone to fat."

He turned and saw the old man. His weathered face seemed lined with a thousand years, but his eyes were still bright. Blake grinned and reached for the coach's hand. "It's been a long time, Casey." They stood looking at each other.

Then Blake saw the girl a few feet behind Casey. Blake saw her and knew she was there, yet his mind could not accept it. She smiled uncertainly, and color showed high on her cheeks. "How have you been, Tom?"

Blake nodded mutely, still staring. Eight years, he thought, and she did not look eight seconds older. "Kathy." He spoke her name to hear the sound of it. "When did you come back?"

"I never left," she told him. "Casey offered me a job. I thought you knew."

Blake slowly shook his head. She had been graduated two years after he had, and by then he had stopped writing. He glanced casually at her left hand. She wore no ring.

They stood awkwardly until Blake's bag appeared. Casey gripped his arm. "Come on. The president himself is waiting to welcome you."

Kathy drove, with Blake beside her and the old man in back. Blake tried not to stare at the girl. But after a while he stopped trying and just looked at the beautiful way her nose ended. Then he began to see the change, slight but clear, that his first glance had missed. It showed in the shadows beneath her eyes and the tiredness and strain edging her mouth. Twenty-seven years old, he thought—still lovely, but somehow unmarried. And once half the campus had been chasing her.

She felt his gaze but kept her eyes on the road. "Do you still work on Wall Street?" she asked a trifle too quickly.

"Yes," Blake said, grateful that merely the name of the place could relieve him of further explanations.

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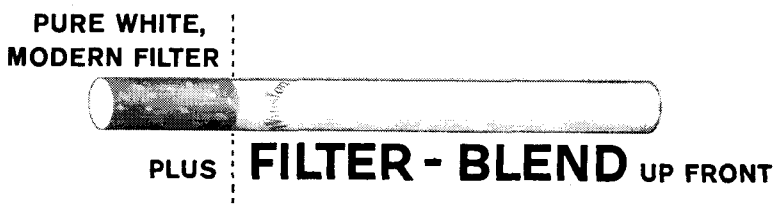

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SPEECH The old man spoke from the back seat. "How do you keep your weight down?"

"It's the clean, hard life I lead." Blake grinned. "Any big hopes for the squad this year?" he asked, anxious to turn the conversation away from himself.

The coach shrugged. "No records. After the big glamour schools drain off the cream, we get what's left." He tugged thoughtfully, regretfully at an ear. "Only one man ever brought us home any Olympic medals. And there's not much chance of our seeing another."

Blake said nothing.

They parked among ancient stone buildings and winding tree-shaded walks. At the administration building they climbed the smooth, worn steps, and students turned to stare as he was recognized. Two shining-eyed coeds stopped him for autographs.

Kathy smiled as they entered the building. "You're still the big hero at Western," she said. "How does it feel?"

"Great," he told her. "That's exactly what I came back for."

She laughed, and Blake wondered why, when you spoke the absolute truth, people usually thought you were joking.

The college president was waiting in his office. Langdon Stewart was a small, erect man with thin gray hair and a courtly, old-fashioned manner. Welcoming Blake formally, he inquired about the flight from New York and made clucking sounds at the speed and wonder of jet travel. His brittle hands fluttered as he spoke of the slightly bewildering age in which they lived. "Sometimes it makes it a little difficult to keep up," he said, looking at Blake with distant, faded eyes. "Although of course for you, keeping up has hardly been a major problem."

They all smiled politely at the reference to Blake's speed as a runner.

"I fear that I've never been much of an athletics fan, Mr. Blake," Langdon Stewart admitted gently, "but I always admired and enjoyed watching you compete. Do you know why?"

Blake, wondering, shook his head.

"Because you had great style. And this is very difficult to find these days." He glanced at the coach for confirmation. "Is that not so, Mr. Casey?"

The old man nodded without turning from the window. The college president stood up, denying his sixty-three years with each rigid line of his back, each fold of his elegantly tailored suit. "We're all looking forward to hearing you speak at tomorrow's dedication, Mr. Blake. You're a most welcome guest of honor." He smiled just a trifle ruefully. "For it appears that our university has achieved greater fame through your three Olympic medals than through three quarters of a century of devoted scholarship."

When Kathy stopped at the campus guest house, Blake gripped the handle of his bag. "I was wondering," he said cautiously, "if you two would have dinner with me tonight."

Kathy smiled. "Did you really expect us to leave you alone?"

The old man looked at them. "I'm afraid I have things to do," he said vaguely. "You go ahead without me."

Casey held firm against protests and the girl finally left to drive him home, after promising Blake to return for him in an hour.

"Where would you like to go?" Kathy had changed to a simple dark dress that set off the paleness of her skin. In the soft light of dusk her face looked smoothly young and fresh.

"Is Marty's still around?"

She hesitated for just an instant. "It's still around."

The place was crowded, but Marty recognized Blake right away and arranged for a table overlooking the lake. A few couples were dancing. Blake asked the waiter for a bourbon on the rocks for himself and a whisky sour for the girl. Just one or two before dinner, he promised himself, and that would be all.

When the drinks came, they touched glasses. "To a hundred years ago."

She drank slowly. "It almost does seem that long, doesn't it?"

"Sometimes longer." Blake stared at her. "Though you could never tell from looking at you."

She looked out at the sun on the water. "You can tell," she said.

Blake twisted his glass in slow circles. "You never married?"

"No." She was silent for a moment. "What about you?"

He shook his head. A young couple at the next table laughed loudly, and the sound was bright in the room. "Do you remember," he said, "how we'd sit here nights for hours, just talking and talking and laughing so loud people would turn and smile?"

Kathy nodded warily. "I remember."

"You laughed at everything I said. You used to make me feel like Noel Coward."

"You could be very funny."

"When I was with you," Blake said, "I could be a lot of things." He finished his drink and signaled for two more. "That was one of the things I loved most about you—the way just being with you could make me feel." She was studying her glass. "You know," he said distantly, "there are times when I think I've actually been looking for you for eight years."

Her voice was flat. "Was I really that hard to find?"

He did not seem to hear her. "For eight years," he said, "I've walked around following girls with short dark hair because they happened to look like you from the back, and girls that walked that special way you walk, and girls wearing camel's-hair coats like that one you had."

"Yes?" Kathy said coldly. "That's very touching. Is that why I haven't had so much as a post card from you in seven years? And why you never bothered to answer my last three letters? And why? . . ." Her voice faded to a sigh. "It was so long ago. Let's leave it alone."

Blake sat silently. Then he stood up. "Come on," he said. "Let's dance."

They went onto the floor, and her cheek was soft and warm against his, making him remember, confusedly, the first time they danced together. Holding the small fingers in his, he was able to remember all the fine plans that had seemed so sure but which had not turned out at all. When the music ended, it was like being wakened suddenly in the night.

After the waiter took their dinner orders and left, Kathy fumbled with her napkin. "What are you going to tell them tomorrow?" she asked. Blake looked vacantly at her. "At the gym ceremony," she said. "What are you going to say?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

She smiled, certain he was joking. "Well, whatever you say, you can be sure of a large and eager audience. The students have turned you into a living legend around here."

He was beginning to feel a little sick. "How about another drink?"

She shook her head, and he ordered for himself. When the waiter brought it, Blake tossed the drink off quickly, urgently, his eyes closed for a brief but all-revealing instant in a harshly bitter kind of rapture. When he glanced up, he saw that Kathy was watching him.

"Well, what are you looking at?" he rasped angrily, suddenly feeling himself sitting there helplessly naked. "Didn't you ever see anyone take a drink before?"

Kathy was staring. She did not say anything, but all that she had begun to understand was frozen on her face.

The waiter brought food and they went through the motions of eating. Blake felt a nervous, hysteric pulse in his temple. After a while he stopped pretending to eat and groped for a cigarette.

"It's crazy," he said abruptly, disgustedly. "I never should have come. I can't get up in front of those people."

Her eyes were dark. "Why not?"

Blake stared at his hand, which had taken to trembling in the last few months. The cigarette jerked slightly. "Because I've got nothing to tell them—nothing they'd want to hear anyway."

Kathy waited silently, frowning.

Blake was still studying his hand. "Look," he said tiredly, "I'm nothing—a fake. Everything about me is a fake. This suit of clothes, the trip down here—you don't know how I had to scrounge, what I had to do, just to pay for them."

"But your work—Wall Street. . . ." She stopped, confused.

"More fake. I haven't been near the Street in four years. Lately I haven't been able to hold any job very long."

He lifted his hand and showed it to her. "Great, isn't it? Sometimes it gets so I can't keep a pencil in my fingers."

Kathy sat there, her eyes slowly drowning. "What happened? In eight years, what happened?"

Blake wondered bleakly how you put eight years of failure and frustration into a few easy sentences. "Everything," he said. "Nothing. I was Tom Blake. I'd once run a record mile. At first it was enough. It could sell stocks and bonds." He shrugged. "Then it stopped being enough."

"But the other, the"—she stopped abruptly—"the drinking."

The dirty word, Blake thought. It was hard for her to say. He breathed deeply. "I guess it really started on my first job. They had me taking out clients. The company claimed people enjoyed drinking and being seen with a famous athlete. They said they didn't want to hide me, waste me in an office."

Blake's eyes were off somewhere. "I never learned to do much else. When it finally got so I needed it, they'd stopped needing me." He looked at her. "I'm sorry about not answering your letters. There was nothing I could say. I figured it would be easier that way."

"Easier?" she said harshly. "Easier for whom?" Blake sat watching the couples on the dance floor. The music beat on, slow and sorrowful. Kathy's voice was fierce and tight with sudden anger. "But how could you? After all you were!"

"All I was," he mocked. "That's a laugh. And what was I, besides a guy who could run? Nothing!"

"No!" She leaned angrily, accusingly across the small table. "You were never nothing. I remember what you were. You could have done anything, had anything. But you let them spoil you rotten. You wasted it. You just threw it all away."

He did not look at her. "All right," he said stiffly. "Let it be your way."

Then for a long time they sat listening to the music. But all the good was gone, and they felt strained and tense. Blake called for the check and they left.

They rode back in silence. Near the campus, Kathy said abruptly, "Do you mind if we stop at my place for a moment?" Blake looked at her. "Bobby—my nephew—is all worked up about meeting you," she said. "I promised to bring you back. It won't take long."

He was suddenly aware of how little he knew of her. "You mean you have a kid living with you?"

"For the past five years," she told him. "My sister and her husband were killed in an auto accident. I took Bobby then."

"Oh," he said faintly.

"He knows about every race you ever ran," she said, "all the records you broke, the ones you still hold."

"That's great," Blake said flatly.

"It's important to him," she said, "or I wouldn't be bothering you with it."

He sighed. "Sure, why not?"

They stopped at a small frame house, and a heavy-set woman let them in. Kathy introduced her as Mrs. Reese, her landlady. The woman smiled widely at Blake, her false teeth gleaming. "Bobby fell asleep waiting," she clacked. "For two hours he had his nose against the window, but I guess he couldn't hold out."

Blake felt a brief moment of reprieve. Then Kathy said, "I'll wake him," and left the room. He stood uncomfortably until he heard someone behind him.

"And you, Sir, what's your pleasure?"

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The boy was thin and dark-eyed. He held himself stiffly tall as he worked his way slowly toward Blake, the sound of hidden braces loud against the quiet of the room. Blake swallowed and instinctively started forward. But the boy waved him back. "Stay there," he gasped. "I want to go all the way. I want to show you."

Blake stepped back and waited. The boy managed to reach him but would have fallen if Blake had not caught his arms. He grinned triumphantly. "I did it! I did it all by myself! Did you see?"

"I saw," Blake said. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the child's perspiring face. "You did it fine."

Bobby pulled away and looked at him searchingly. "Where are they?" he said. "Didn't you bring the medals?" Blake shook his head. The boy frowned. "I thought sure you'd have them. I've never seen any real Olympic medals."

"I'm sorry," Blake said. "But it doesn't look nice to carry medals around."

"I don't care," Bobby said stubbornly. "If I ever get any I'm going to."

He tried a few more tentative, prideful steps about the room. "I can't run yet, but I will. Casey said I will. He said if I could get to walk, I could get to run."

"Casey's a good coach," Blake said. "You listen to what he says."

Bobby nodded solemnly and tapped his chest with a matchstick finger. "Casey said I have it in here. He said that's what's important. He said that's why you never got beaten—because you had it there." Blake stared silently at the dark, worshipful eyes. "Next time you come," the boy said, "will you bring the medals?"

Blake nodded. "Next time I come."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

When Kathy went to put the boy to bed, Blake said to Mrs. Reese, "What happened to him?"

"He was in the car with his parents."

"Will he ever run?"

The woman shrugged. "The doctors say no. But then they said he wouldn't walk." She looked at Blake. "For five years that girl has been at it. For five years it's been as though there were nothing else. But she put him on his feet when no doctor would say he'd ever leave a wheelchair. To me it was a miracle."

"I didn't know," Blake said blankly.

Kathy returned, and a moment later the woman said good night and went upstairs. "I appreciate your coming," the girl told Blake. "It meant a lot to Bobby."

Blake suddenly felt as though the walls were closing in on him. "Stop making it sound as if I really did something."

"But you did. Just by being here you did something. Can't you see that?"

Blake did not answer.

Kathy frowned in sudden thought. "I was just wondering ——"

He looked at her. "What?"

"There's a large sporting-goods store in town," she said slowly, "and the owner's an old fan of yours. He's been bothering Casey and me to get you over to his place for an autograph-signing party."

"So?" Blake said a trifle impatiently.

"So," Kathy went on, "I'm sure he'd jump at the chance of hiring you to sell for him. You'd be a big drawing card. I could speak to him and ——" She stopped as she saw his face. "What's wrong?"

"What are you trying to do now," he said harshly, "throw me a bone?"

Kathy flushed. "You know I didn't mean it that way. But just watching you with Bobby, I thought ——"

Blake's pride was a burning lump in his chest. "Maybe hustling nickels and dimes from kids is all I'm good for these days," he said quietly, "but you're the one person I wish I hadn't heard it from."

Kathy shook her head. "It wouldn't be like that. At least it would give you a good chance to ——" But he was already halfway through the door. "Wait!" she called after him. "I'll drive you back."

"Don't bother." It was difficult to speak, and his voice sounded hollow to him inside his head. "I need the walk."

The streets were dark. Blake walked aimlessly. He knew it was a bad time for him to be alone, but he cared little. When he saw a passing cab he stopped it. "Take me to a bar," he told the driver.

"Which one?" the man asked.

"The nearest."

Tom Blake felt himself being shaken from a thick blackness and he forced one eye open. The sun, bright and hurtful, broke through, and he saw Casey leaning over the bed and Kathy behind him, her face oddly pale and out of focus. He lay stiffly, feeling the old tightening of nerves as he tried to fill in the blank places. But he could remember nothing after the first few drinks. He knew only that he was back at the guest house and that his head ached and that he could not open his other eye.

"How the devil did I get here?" he mumbled through cracked lips. He touched his face and winced as he discovered bruised, swollen places and the long strip of tape edging his jaw.

The old man straightened. "You were carried."

"Carried?" Blake echoed numbly. He frowned at the back of his hand. The knuckles were skinned raw and covered with dried blood. "By whom?"

"Three cops."

Blake shuddered and closed his good eye. Outside, a church bell chimed four times. He tried to sit up, but the room faded and glittered, and he fell back, sweating coldly. "It—it was that bad?"

The old man's blue eyes were flat and expressionless. "They claimed you were trying to take the place apart—board by board. You can thank Kathy for finding you and talking them into bringing you here instead of to the cooler." He swore softly, disgustedly. "The answer to everything—a bottle and a brawl."

Blake lay staring upward. A drop of sweat from his face stained the pillow. "I'm sorry," he said.

The room was silent. After a while Blake heard the door open, then close. When he turned, Casey was gone. Kathy still stood across the room, watching him.

"Well?" he rasped. "What are you waiting for?"

"You." Her voice came to him from a long way off. "I'm waiting for you."

Blake laughed, but it came out only a hoarse croak. "Leave me alone. Just go away and leave me alone."

Kathy knelt beside the bed. "Please," she said. "There's not much time."

His one eye stared at her—wild, hopeless, full of guilt. "Like this? You want me to get up in front of them like this?"

"You've got to. It's important."

Blake saw her face, pale, drawn and somehow deeply concerned, and wondered what could possibly be important after so many wasted years.

"Try," she pleaded. "At least try."

His jaw muscles tightened. He reached for a bedpost and slowly pulled himself to a sitting position. Dizziness hit him again, but this time he held on until it passed. He found that except for his shoes he was fully dressed. There was a jagged tear in one trouser leg, and for a moment he sat on the edge of the bed, trying to fit the torn edges together.

Kathy was watching him tensely. "I'll sew it. It'll be fine."

Gripping the bed, he stood up and peered into a bureau mirror, seeing a swollen, discolored and oddly formless face. "They'll laugh me out of the place."

She was beside him, her hands insistent on his arm. "No one will laugh."

Blake stood swaying. "I can't!"

The words exploded in the room like a grenade, and he swung sharply from her grasp. Caught off balance, Kathy stumbled against a table, then slid to the floor. She sat there, staring helplessly up at him as tears started from her eyes and rolled down her rigid cheeks.

For a dazed instant Blake watched her carefully held-together face go to pieces. Then he was on his knees, holding her tightly, rocking back and forth on the ancient wooden floor, which squeaked and wailed in the little room.

"Don't," he begged as he felt her tears on his cheek. "I'll go. I'll do it. If it's that important to you, I'll do it."

The college president's voice echoed through the big gymnasium, but Blake heard little. Sitting stiffly on the speakers' platform, he stared out over the crowded floor, his mind protectively fogged over and remote.

". . . an outstanding athlete whose fine record . . ." Langdon Stewart's electrically amplified words broke through, then faded once more as Blake focused his good eye on Kathy. The girl stood in a far corner, her face tautly reflecting the frenzied hours she had just spent feeding him black coffee, carefully coaching him on all the proper things to say. He felt Casey stir in the chair beside him. The old man had said nothing further about the night before, and neither had anyone else. But this did not help in any way to make it easier.

Stewart's voice stopped, and there was sharp applause. Blake rose. He approached the microphone and stood there, feeling as though his hands and knees belonged to someone else. He licked parched, beaten lips and opened his mouth to speak. But suddenly all knowledge of what he was going to say flew away. All the fine-sounding phrases that Kathy had struggled to drive into him were gone. He was like an actor on opening night, with months of rehearsal behind him, suddenly struck dumb.

A deep flush surged up over his collar and stained his cheeks, his ears. He gulped air and looked blankly, despairingly at the rows of faces. They stared back, young, hopeful, unthreatening.

Perhaps, he thought abruptly, he should tell them. There were hidden pitfalls. Others might be caught. Perhaps it would help just to sound a warning. If it were heard by only one, it would still be better than nothing. For at least one, it might prove of some use.

Once more, he licked his lips. "There are things," he began hoarsely, haltingly, "that can happen to a man. . . ."

Then the words broke and he told them from the beginning, feeling each of the years go out of him, slowly at first, then in one great breathless rush as his voice filled the shining new building with the sound of irreparable sorrow.

When he finished, there was silence. It hung there, thick and heavy, as Blake left the platform and pushed through the nearest door. He hurried across the deserted campus, wanting only to pick up his things and leave as quickly as possible.

He reached the guest house and bolted up the two flights to his room. He packed quickly. But as he was closing his bag, there was a rush of heels on the stairs, and Kathy appeared in the doorway, her face flushed. She stood there, silently fighting for breath. Blake looked at the girl and mourned deep within—for her, for himself, for so much that might have been different. He picked up his bag.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I just make a mess of everything I touch."

"No." The word was barely audible. "It was beautiful. I had to tell you."

Even in this, he thought, she could be generous. "Listen," he said urgently, wanting to give something, wanting her to understand. "I love you. I've never stopped. All this time—all these years I'd think the one good thing was that at least you didn't know. At least you still thought of me the way I was."

He wanted to say more, but the remnants of his pride were wedged within his throat. He started toward the door and felt as though he were moving through a bitter dream. Eight years, and he was leaving her again. He hesitated, then turned quickly—before he could change his mind.

"Kathy?" The wedge of pride broke like tears. "That man," he said, "the one with the store?" She did not move or speak or seem to breathe. "Do you think there'd be a chance? Even now?"

Kathy nodded mutely, then stood biting her lip. "I just talked to him in the gym. That's why I wanted you there—why it was so important. I still hoped, by some miracle, it would work out."

Blake shook his head in fresh wonder. "You and your miracles," he said softly. "What are the odds on your miracles these days?"

Kathy's dark eyes overflowed. "No odds," she said. "Not on this one. It's a sure thing."

Blake reached for her, but found that he was still holding his bag. He dropped it with a clatter. Then for a long moment there was no sound at all.

A sudden movement at the door drew Blake's attention. The old man was looking at them. "That speech of yours," he said, "was about the only one I ever heard that really said anything." His glance touched Kathy, then returned to Blake. "Going to stay around for a while?"

Blake nodded and Kathy told Casey of her plan. "Good," he grunted. "And maybe with a few pointers from you, my kids'll be able to finish first occasionally."

Blake stared at the weathered face. "You'd want pointers from me?"

"Why not? I don't know anyone else who was ever good enough to walk off with three Olympic medals. Besides, I don't expect to be here forever."

Blake's weary, ragged mind struggled silently with it. The air seemed rich with hope. "Look," he said when he could trust his voice. "Do you think I could swing a small loan, or an advance?"

Casey frowned. "What for?"

"For my medals."

They looked at him blankly. "What about them?" the old man asked.

"Nothing. Except that they suddenly seem kind of important." Blake grinned, although there was no part of his face that did not ache. "I had to hock all three of them to get here." **THE END**

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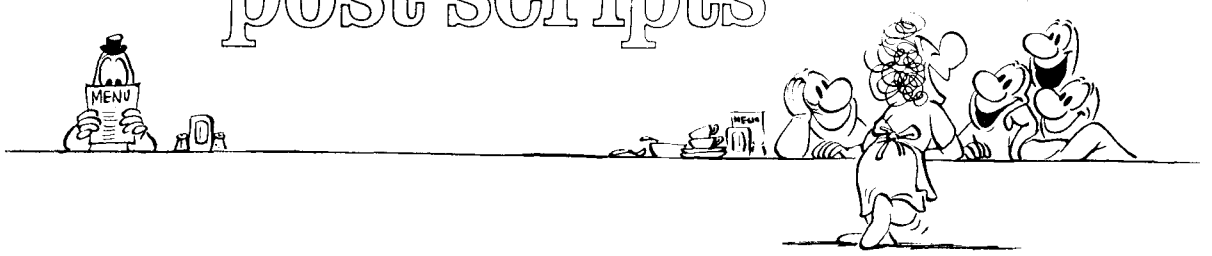
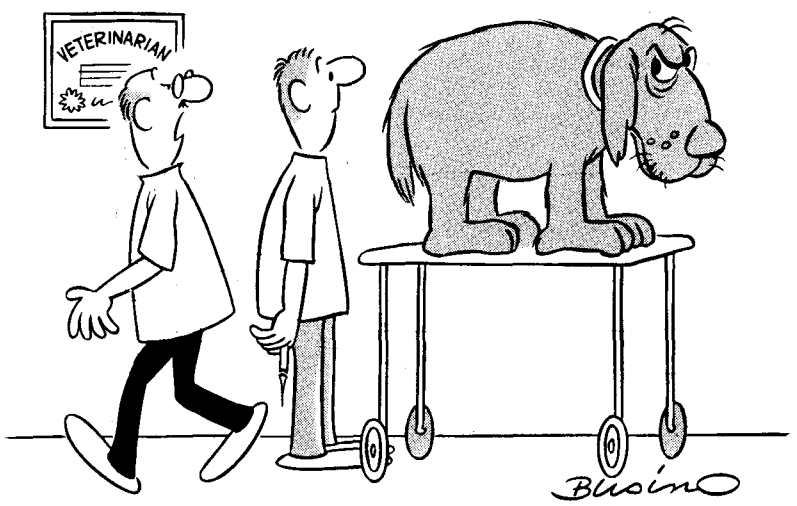
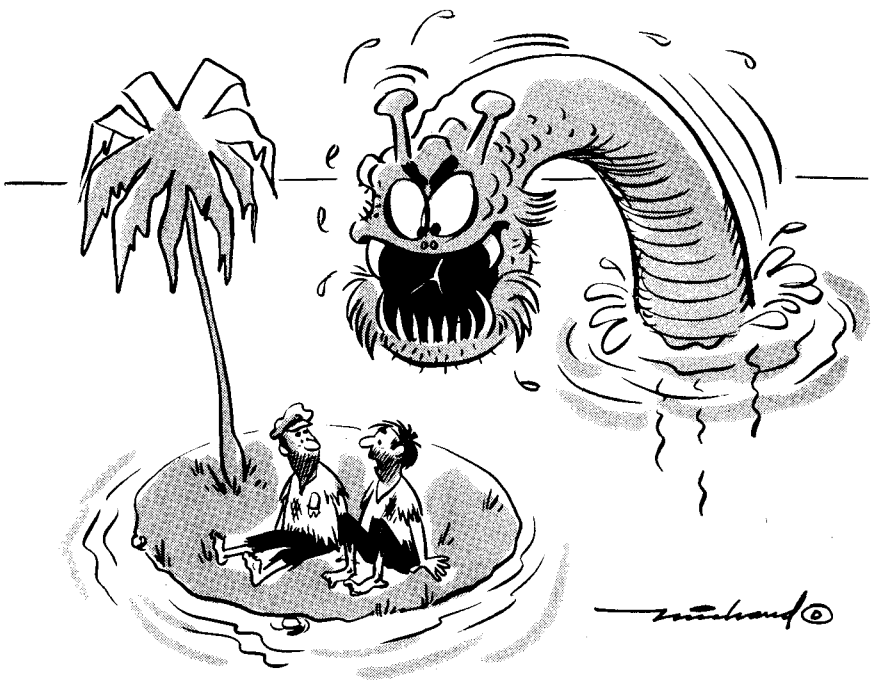
post scripts



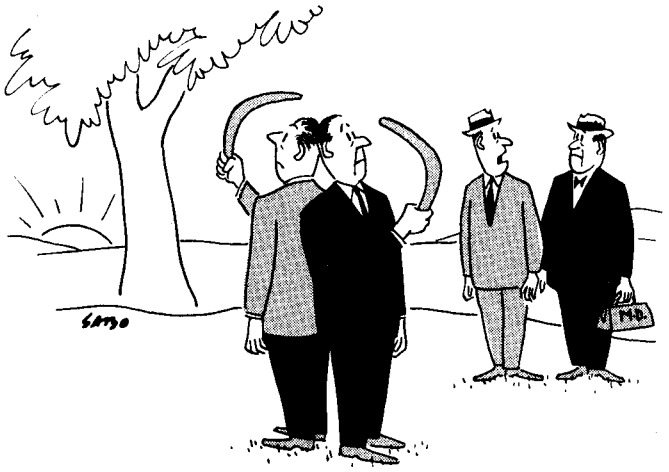


"Give him his shot, Kranston. I'll be waiting for you on top of the medicine cabinet."



"One consolation—things couldn't be any worse."

"Frankly, Mr. Filgate, I wish you would have come to me sooner."



"Not sure, but I think it's over a girl in Melbourne."

"Tonight, Hobart, I'll drive the baby-sitter home."

Heard at the University . . . (And Translated for the Student)

"Today I would like to consider the conceptual framework within which optimal functioning can be effected." (Class, I am not prepared and have decided to deliver this lecture in double-talk.)

"That is an interesting question, but I know of no research to substantiate your point of view." (Don't bother me with new ideas.)

"Well, I submit to you that the answer to that depends on a number of continuously mutable variables." (I don't understand your question.)

"As far as grades are concerned, I shall take the raw scores on the final exam, calculate the mean and standard deviation, and then convert to z-scores." (You will pass the course if you pass the final.)

RICK BREITENFELD

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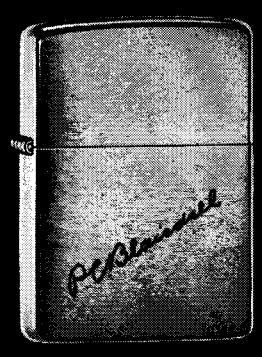
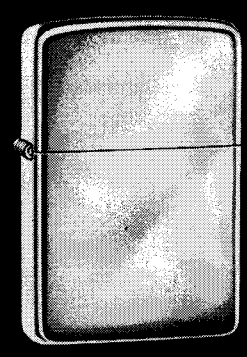
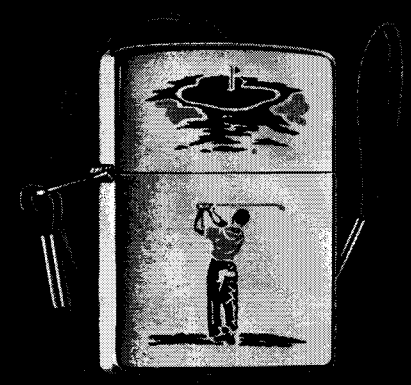


$3.50
Brush-Finish Zippo



$4.75
High-Polish Zippo
(available engine turned, $5.75)



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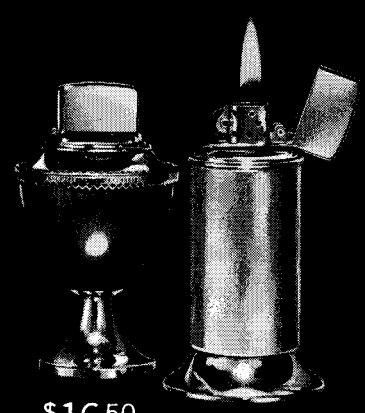
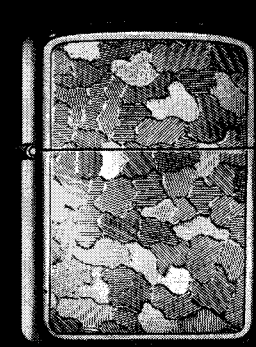


$16.50 $12.50
Zippo Table Lighters
(choice of finishes)

$20.00*
Gold-Filled Slim Zippo
(available stars, rope, scroll, or plain design)



$25.00*
Gold-Filled Zippo
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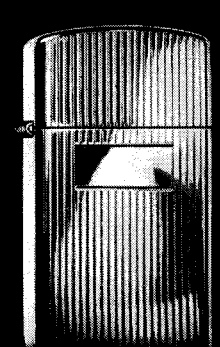

$17.00*
Sterling Silver Slim Zippo
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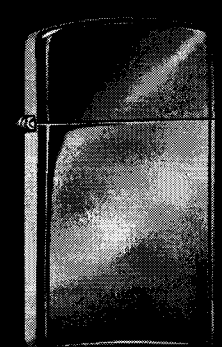
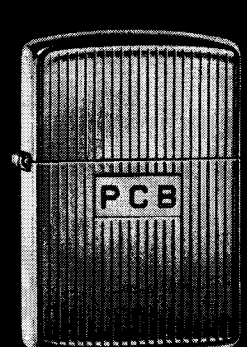
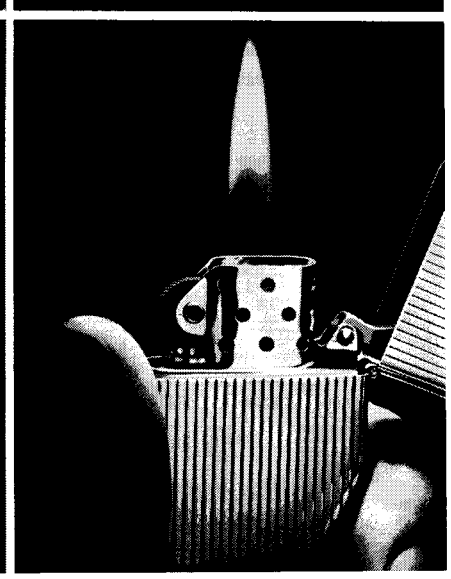


$140.00*
Solid Gold Slim Zippo
(available engine turned, $150*)



$175.00*
Solid Gold Zippo
(available plain, $165*)



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Personally colorful, Army's Dietzel still favors unspectacular play.

Coaches On a Collision Course

By Murray Olderman and Harry T. Paxton

The annual clash between Army and Navy is always the greatest drama in college football, but for this Saturday's encounter, the leading actors have been chosen with particular skill. Heading up the cast from the Naval Academy is a plain, unspectacular, little-known character named Wayne Hardin. This name may call to mind a Western gunslinger, or possibly one of Hollywood's new male stars, but even during Army-Navy week the average fan would be hard put to identify him as the Navy coach.

On the other side of the stage we have Army's Paul Dietzel, a self-confident, breezy gentleman who has been likened to a happy blend of Billy Graham, a high-powered ad executive and Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy.

And, to thicken the plot even further, it is plain old Wayne Hardin who is more likely to go in for the flashy razzle-dazzle type of play, while Dietzel is usually content with a more conventional game. Earlier this season, for example, Hardin's boys pulled a trick play against Pittsburgh which made headlines.

While the rest of the team trotted into the huddle for the next down, Navy halfback Jim Stewart began limping toward the sideline, grimacing with pain. With everyone assuming Stewart was about to be loaded into an ambulance, Navy suddenly lined up, snapped the ball, and quarterback Roger Staubach fired a pass downfield. Waiting to receive it, as miraculously recovered as if he'd just finished an hour with Ben Casey, was Jim Stewart. Pitt howled in protest, but the play was perfectly legal. Hardin had, in fact, cleared it with the officials in advance.

This was the sort of thing you'd expect from the flashy, imaginative Dietzel, who impresses you immediately as a man with a lot on the ball. Hardin, on the other hand, makes no real first impression at all; the only characteristic that comes through is his earnestness. Dietzel is still youthfully attractive at 38, with a handsome head of blond hair. The pleasant-faced Hardin, whose light-red hair is fast receding, seems much less dashing at 35.

Paul Dietzel's first year on the job at West Point has been in the nature of a triumphal tour. "There has been a great reawakening of enthusiasm here," says longtime athletic aide Col. Red Reeder.

Dietzel electrified the corps straight off by announcing that every football candidate would start out even, and 140 cadets subsequently reported for spring practice. Normally a new coach studies last year's game movies exhaustively to get a line on returning personnel, but Dietzel said he wouldn't even look at the films.

"Goofy of me, wasn't it?" he remarked lightly several weeks ago. "But suppose the previous regime had pampered a boy, and the boy blossomed out for that reason? Well, I'm not going to pamper him, so he might not do as well for me. Or suppose another boy spent the season on the bench? Should I assume he can't play without ever seeing for myself?"

The biggest outlet for the new West Point enthusiasm has been the three-platoon system Dietzel developed in winning the national championship at L.S.U. in 1958. Some outsiders thought he wouldn't be deep enough in material to maintain the system at Army, but this was missing the point. Dietzel had originally come up with the three-platoon gimmick as a means of stretching out a limited talent supply.

He says that his L.S.U. starting teams were generally as strong as any in the

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With high stakes riding on the outcome, Army's Paul Dietzel and Navy's Wayne Hardin drive their teams toward a showdown in Saturday's gridiron classic

Southeastern Conference, but some of the tougher opponents wore his boys down by alternating entire teams of almost equal strength. Dietzel felt he didn't have enough good all-around players for more than one effective two-way team. So he organized the best of what was left into a Go unit that played offense only, and—catchiest of all—the Chinese Bandits, who specialized in defense.

At Army he has retained both these labels, but the two-way unit is now called the Regulars. The term goes back to a War of 1812 engagement in which British Gen. Phineas Real hailed the disciplined gallantry of an American unit by exclaiming, "Those are Regulars, by God!"

All this has moved the Army cheerleaders to rechristen themselves "the rabble rousers" and to dream up imaginative new stunts. Some of them have been appalling to West Point traditionalists, such as the furnishing of red coolie hats for the cadets in the stands to put on whenever the Chinese Bandits take the field, but they *have* stirred up the troops.

Meanwhile, it so happens that Hardin has been using the three-platoon system this year too. But, where Dietzel strives to keep each unit intact all season long for morale purposes, Wayne doesn't hesitate to switch men back and forth between units, even during a game. Hardin doesn't go for Dietzel's breezy labels either; his three units are prosaically referred to as the two-way team, the offensive team and the defensive team.

Hardin follows much the same approach as his predecessor, the pro-football-oriented Eddie Erdelatz, making extensive use of flankers and spread ends. While Dietzel's Cadets slog mostly along the ground, Hardin's Middies gain most of their territory via the air.

But if you dig down beneath their contrasting personalities and on-field tactics, you'll find that Wayne Hardin has some bedrock qualities in common with his Army counterpart. Both are utterly wrapped up in the business of football, and both have complete confidence in their own abilities.

People who got to know him when he first came to Annapolis as an obscure assistant in 1955 soon learned that, despite his unassuming manner, young Hardin took no humble view of himself. He felt ready even then to offer himself as a candidate for any major head-coaching vacancy that might open up.

Hardin's faith in himself crystallized in 1959, when he was unexpectedly placed in charge of a Navy squad that had gone through spring practice under Eddie Erdelatz.

Under Hardin the Middies won their first two games against soft opposition, then were slaughtered by Southern Methodist and Syracuse. Their next test came on a humid Friday night against the University of Miami in Florida. They wilted in the heat and lost again, 23–8.

Immediately after the game Hardin secluded himself in his beachfront hotel room. He didn't emerge until Sunday night, when the team flew home to Annapolis.

"I decided poor coaching was holding us back," he recalls. "We had a real good club—maybe the best since I've been at Navy. But I was trying to do things like Erdelatz. And I'm not Erdelatz.

"The team was on a loose rein. The kids laughed in the locker room and on road trips. It had been that way for years. But it wasn't my way. I find life more grim. I knew I had to take charge as Wayne Hardin. When that plane took off, for the

Despite his serious manner, Navy's Hardin plays more wide-open game.

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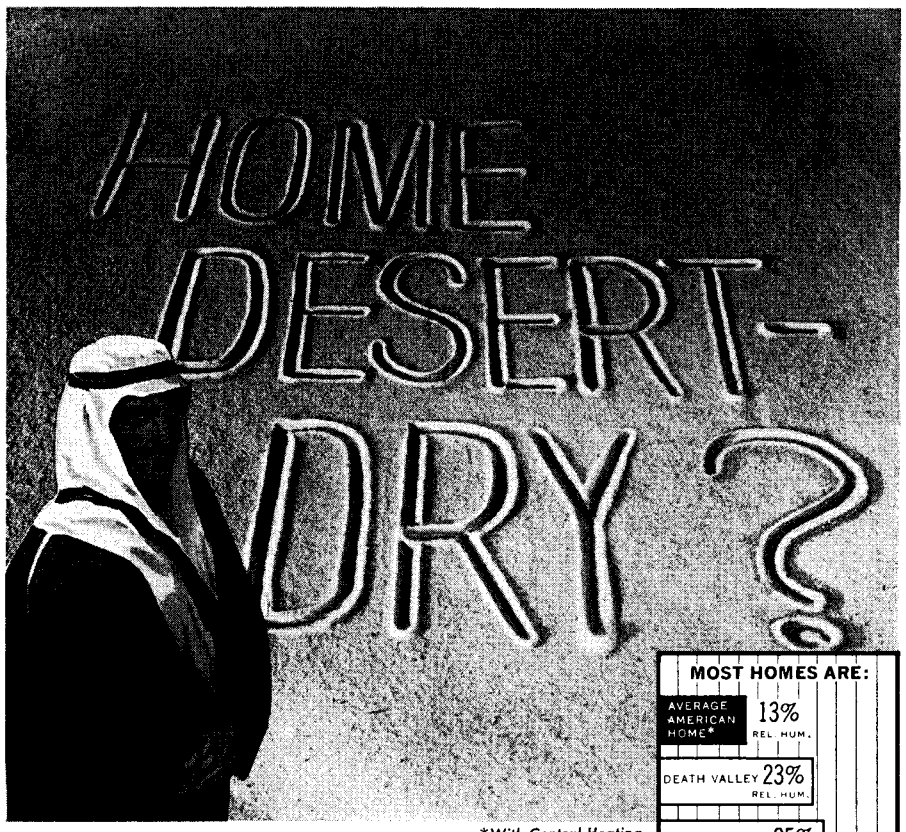

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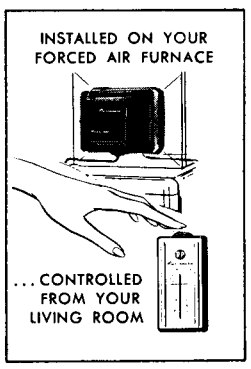

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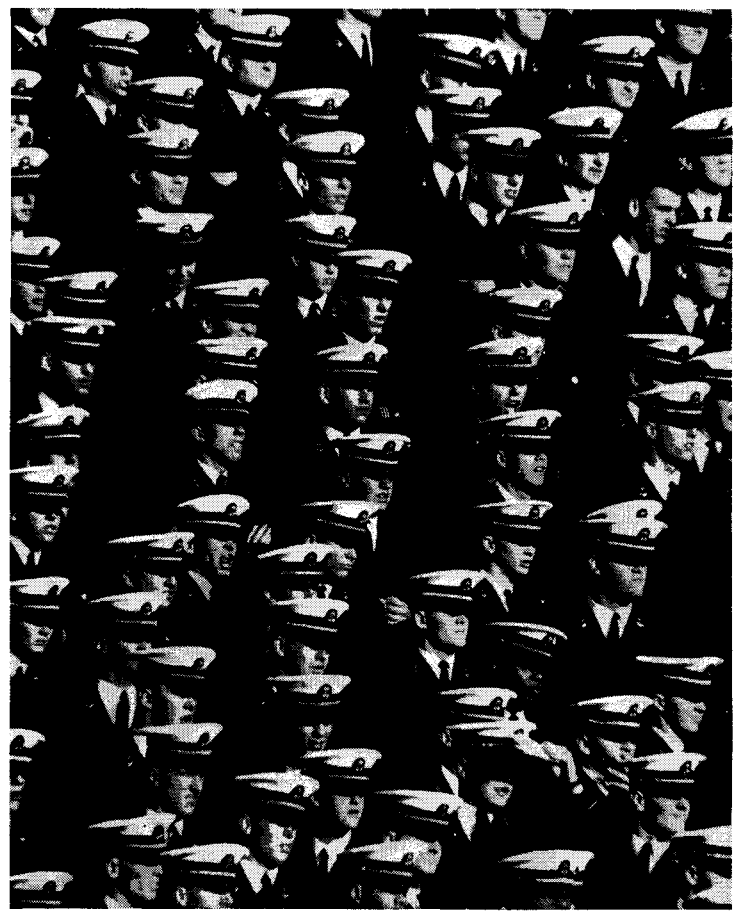
Hardin: "The kids used to laugh. I find life more grim."



Middies have watched three successive Navy teams whip Army.

Coaches first time I was head coach of the Naval Academy." Holding court from the rear of the plane, Hardin told his players individually and collectively that they weren't putting out enough. He laid it on the line and spared no one. "They cried," he says. "Real tears. But we lost only one other game that season."

Most football career men come out of less-than-luxurious environments, and neither Wayne Hardin nor Paul Dietzel is any exception. Both Dietzel, who grew up in Mansfield, Ohio, and the Arkansas-born Hardin, whose family settled in Stockton, California, when he was 10, had to earn money from boyhood on.

Coaching was the only real ambition Wayne Hardin ever had, and he was happy to stay on as a football assistant after his 1948 graduation from College of the Pacific.

Dietzel, who finished up that same year at Miami of Ohio, had persuaded himself that he should go to medical school, but when a chance came for him to coach the plebe linemen at Army, he jumped at it.

He quickly was stamped as a bright young man. He moved to Cincinnati with Sid Gillman, to Kentucky with Bear Bryant and back to Army with Earl Blaik, after which he landed the top job at Louisiana State in 1955. During this same period Hardin was shuttling around such obscure California outposts as Ceres High School and Porterville Junior College. He got to Annapolis in 1955 when Erdelatz lieutenant Ernie Jorge—under whom Hardin had served a year at College of the Pacific—recommended Wayne as a defensive backfield coach.

When Paul Dietzel switched from L.S.U. to Army last January, he arrived in a swirl of headlines and recriminations. Some L.S.U. boosters were outraged because Paul still had four years to go on a long-term contract, and they considered this an act of treason second only to the defection of Benedict Arnold.

Asked recently to comment on his abrupt departure from L.S.U., Dietzel said he preferred not to discuss it—then went ahead and discussed it anyway. "It's a funny thing what a great guy those people thought I was when I was down there and what a bad guy I became when I decided to leave. Well, I didn't do it lightly. It was something I prayed on for a long time. I wanted to do what was best for my family and for my own future.

"I left them a solid setup at L.S.U. They have a fine head coach in my old assistant, Charlie McClendon. And the way things are going, they'll soon forget all about me."

The atmosphere in which Wayne Hardin became head coach at Annapolis in April 1959 was totally different. The prevailing reaction was one of bewilderment. Few people could understand why Eddie Erdelatz, the Navy coach for nine seasons had abruptly resigned soon after spring practice, or why the inconspicuous, colorless Hardin should be the man to replace him.

Actually Erdelatz was forced out. Eddie had been chafing for a long time because he had no voice in the administration of Navy's football program. One

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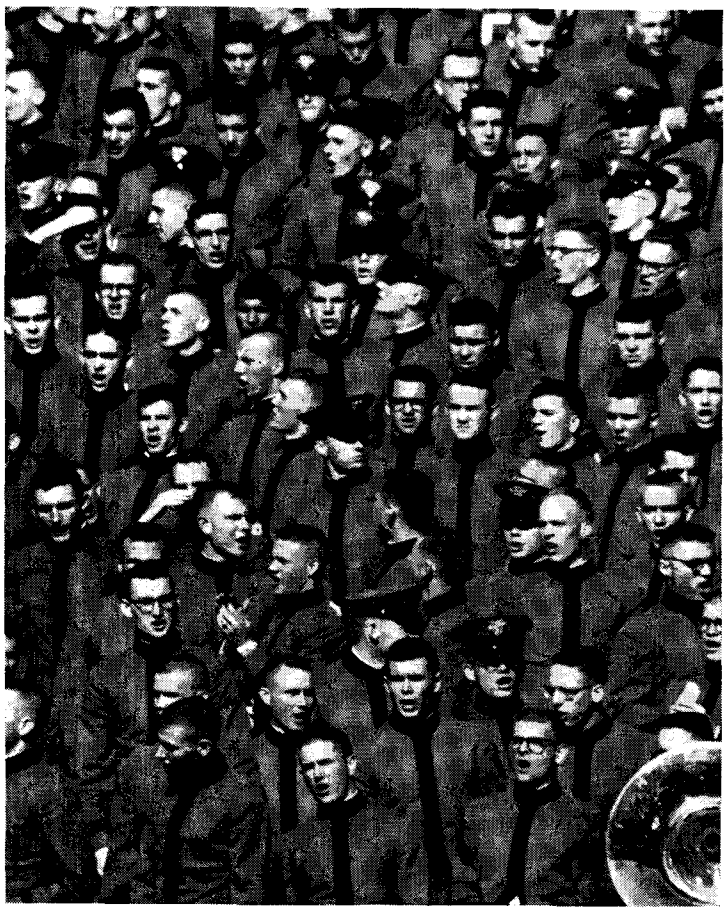
Dietzel: "You play half your season in this Navy game."



Spirited cadets respond to Dietzel's bid for crowd support.

day he went too far in a name-calling harangue with the officer in charge of athletics, Capt. Slade Cutter.

Partly because it would be awkward for an outsider to try to take over the 1959 team in midstream, Navy decided to replace Eddie Erdelatz from within the ranks. Hardin, however, leapfrogged over two men with greater seniority—his old benefactor Ernie Jorge, who was stigmatized as "Eddie's boy," and Dick Duden, an ex-Navy star who had lost favor with some of the Annapolis brass when he resigned his regular Navy commission. Significantly, both Jorge and Duden have stayed on under Hardin.

It would be unfair to imply that Hardin got the post solely by default. Captain Cutter, for one, not only thought well of Wayne as a football man but also liked his general outlook on things. Hardin was much more Cutter's type of guy than the fun-loving Erdelatz had been.

Says Wayne, "I think like Navy thinks, and I thought that way before I got here. I'm more rah-rah than most people. And I'm a flag-waver. When we step on the field, we're not just another football team. We represent the United States."

While Hardin feels particularly intense about Navy, he got his first crop of ulcers way back when he was coaching at Porterville Junior College. "Before one game they were so bad I couldn't walk. They brought me to the field in an ambulance and propped me up on the bench. The kids scored twenty-one points in the first quarter so I could go home early."

The ulcers still kick up from time to time, particularly during the football season. Among other things, Hardin can't forget that the year Navy gave him the shot at being head coach, Army took the same gamble on a young man named Dale Hall.

Actually, the now-departed Hall didn't do too badly. If you exclude the Army-Navy game, Hall and Hardin had almost identical records over a three-year-period, with each losing only eight regular-season games.

But you most definitely cannot exclude the Army-Navy game. In a trophy case near Wayne Hardin's desk at Annapolis are three footballs, each inscribed with a date and a score: 1959—NAVY 43, ARMY 12; 1960—NAVY 17, ARMY 12; 1961—NAVY 13, ARMY 6. Gesturing at this display, Wayne admits softly, "That's the difference between me and Dale Hall."

This indeed is why Hall is gone and Hardin has stayed on. Now Wayne must try to keep his streak going against the formidable Mr. Dietzel. In the early stages of the current season, when Navy was routed by Penn State and Minnesota, the cause seemed forlorn. Army was beating almost everybody it played—including Penn State. But then the Middies began to roll on their own, and any thoughts of a pushover—which is patently impossible in an Army-Navy clash anyway—vanished for good.

But, as has been the case in 62 previous encounters, comparative records need not be considered when the two squads run out on the field. As Paul Dietzel puts it, "Up here you play half your season in the first nine games. Then you play the other half in the tenth." **THE END**

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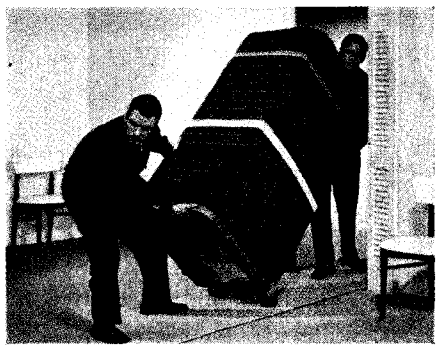

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Why I Quit Hunting

A hunter tells how the slaying of an antelope struck him with so deep a sorrow that he put away his guns forever.

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

When the newly risen sun warmed the Wyoming plain, the fragrance of sagebrush blew redoubled on a westerly wind. Up from the valley of the Sweetwater, where the Oregon Trail once crossed, there had been flowing all night an aroma much like that of pond lilies. There were no lilies; the water itself gave the wind a mild bouquet. The blending of such fragrances and the sunlight dappling the sage thickets made a perfect day for our antelope hunt.

A band of antelope—bucks and does and fawns—ran along a ridge half a mile away from the hill (called a "knob" there), where we waited. Through the binoculars we watched the band advance, the fawns rollicking, the does pacing leisurely, the bucks' pronghorns glittering above the sagebrush.

There were thirty or forty antelope in the band. When they leaped in play, their brown capes and haunches gave off gleams of coppery light, and the bars of their throats shone white. At times an older buck swung around and displayed his white rump, where the hair is brighter than in other places. It is a peculiar quality of the antelope that certain muscles can agitate that array in accurate, significant motions.

Abruptly the antelope halted. They had seen our truck and the touring car in which the referee of our hunt sat.

I had come to that hill as a member of a team of New York riflemen shooting in competition with teams from Wyoming, Colorado and California. The hunt was called "The Lander One-Shot Antelope Hunt." Lander is a pleasant town near the Shoshone Indian reservation. The sporting objective of the hunt is to induce hunters to become skilled marksmen and thus avoid the wounding of antelope that might run miles and die unseen. Each hunter may fire only one bullet. Each has the right to claim a buck; that is, to point it out to the referee and declare his intention of killing it.

All my life I had heard the yarn that antelope were inquisitive, that their curiosity lured them into danger. In our schoolbooks, there had been pictures of Indians tricking antelope to shooting distance simply by holding up a rag tied to a stick. I don't think this is true, yet thousands of hunters have maintained the fable. Even in the deer shoot of the Catskill Mountains, where I have lived and hunted for many years, the Wyoming fable is at times applied to the white-tailed buck. I know there is a powerful emotion excited in the antelope by unusual objects. But the emotion isn't curiosity.

I have said that the band of antelope halted. They did not all look toward us. They ceased to play and gave up browsing. The fawns drew closer to the does, and the does kept their heads well up. It became clear that they had passed under a strict control. I judged that one buck had the duty of guiding the others.

He now stepped out of the company at a deliberate pace, his ears cast forward. I found his eyes and horns through my field glasses. He seemed to be of the common size—120 pounds perhaps. I chose him because I wished to be sure that I should score for my team. I had already heard that one member had been lost and that another had missed his shot.

"I claim that buck."

As if my pointing arm had a distinct meaning to the buck antelope, he came nearer a pace or two. At once he worked his rump. The entire company fled northward. At a break in the sagebrush they turned downhill and vanished. The solitary buck took another step nearer.

Stalking the Solicitous Buck

I had heard so much about the fatal inquisitiveness of the antelope that I said, "Rather odd, isn't it? He seems to be the only one held by that famous curiosity." I already knew the emotion that held him there, watchful against our two monsters—our cars—their rumps smoking, eyes glittering. As for me, slouched between the cars with my rifle, I soon found reason to believe that he held me in high esteem or, more likely, a fellow creature worthy of his solicitude.

I instructed my guide to drive the truck down the hill, always in the antelope's sight. I pointed to a draw that descended in a curve from the antelope's stand down to a trail between the ridge and the knob. "You'll drive the truck by that draw," I said to the guide, "change gears just as you reach it to make a racket, and I'll jump off and climb the draw."

Somebody said: "Count off the paces after you kill him. That's important—the distance of the shot." He meant that the man who kills at the longest distance is considered the best hunter.

"To hell with that," I said. "The stalk is the thing in this hunt. The nearer you are when you fire, the better man you are. That's the way to make sure your buck dies at once."

This thought ruffled the referee, who had been talking of a famous rifleman who had once killed a pronghorn at 275 paces. Something like that. I explained that the cape of the antelope grows so thick that even a well-placed bullet might lose some force, thus making a wound that might be fatal and yet allow the buck to run two miles before he toppled. "I'll kill him at ten paces if I can."

The others agreed to keep their glasses on the stalk and to hold a handkerchief aloft as long as the buck stood his ground. At this point, the antelope decided that the mysterious danger had become greater. He jumped sideways just a little distance. I saw his rump working briskly, sending a message to the main band to take refuge in a better quarter. The antelope came trooping out of the brush and ran leisurely beyond him and vanished again.

The sentry buck never glanced at them. He knew his orders would be obeyed. He lowered his head and made a lunging gesture with his shapely horns.

The truck carried me down to the draw, halted, and rolled noisily onward. I began the stalk by entering the draw. Halfway up I began to crawl, the rifle strapped over my back. At the three-quarters mark I took off the rifle, pushed in the cartridge and lay down. I looked across to the knob. The referee, very pretty in his fringed buckskins, held the handkerchief up. All was well except for one thing: I began to tremble violently.

At last I crept on until I came to the mark where the sagebrush started again. There I stood up. The antelope had not stirred. When I appeared, head clear of the sage, he turned his eyes toward me ever so briefly, a glance unmarred by fear or hatred. This is not to say that he accepted my presence casually; indeed, he probably had sensed my approach. It is, no doubt, going too far to say it, but I shall say it, just the same: that he believed me to be a strange kind of animal, yet one to be trusted; more exactly, that I stood in need of help. Did he believe I had escaped from the monster that had held me over there? Well, it's just my fancy, nothing more. With his eyes on me for that instant, he worked his signal rump violently. I suppose another antelope might have read, *Clear out! I'll take care of this enemy.* He turned his gaze once more toward the other creatures near the monsters on the knob.

I didn't know what to do. I had declared that I'd shoot him at ten paces, and there he stood, no more than that distance away, and yet I couldn't

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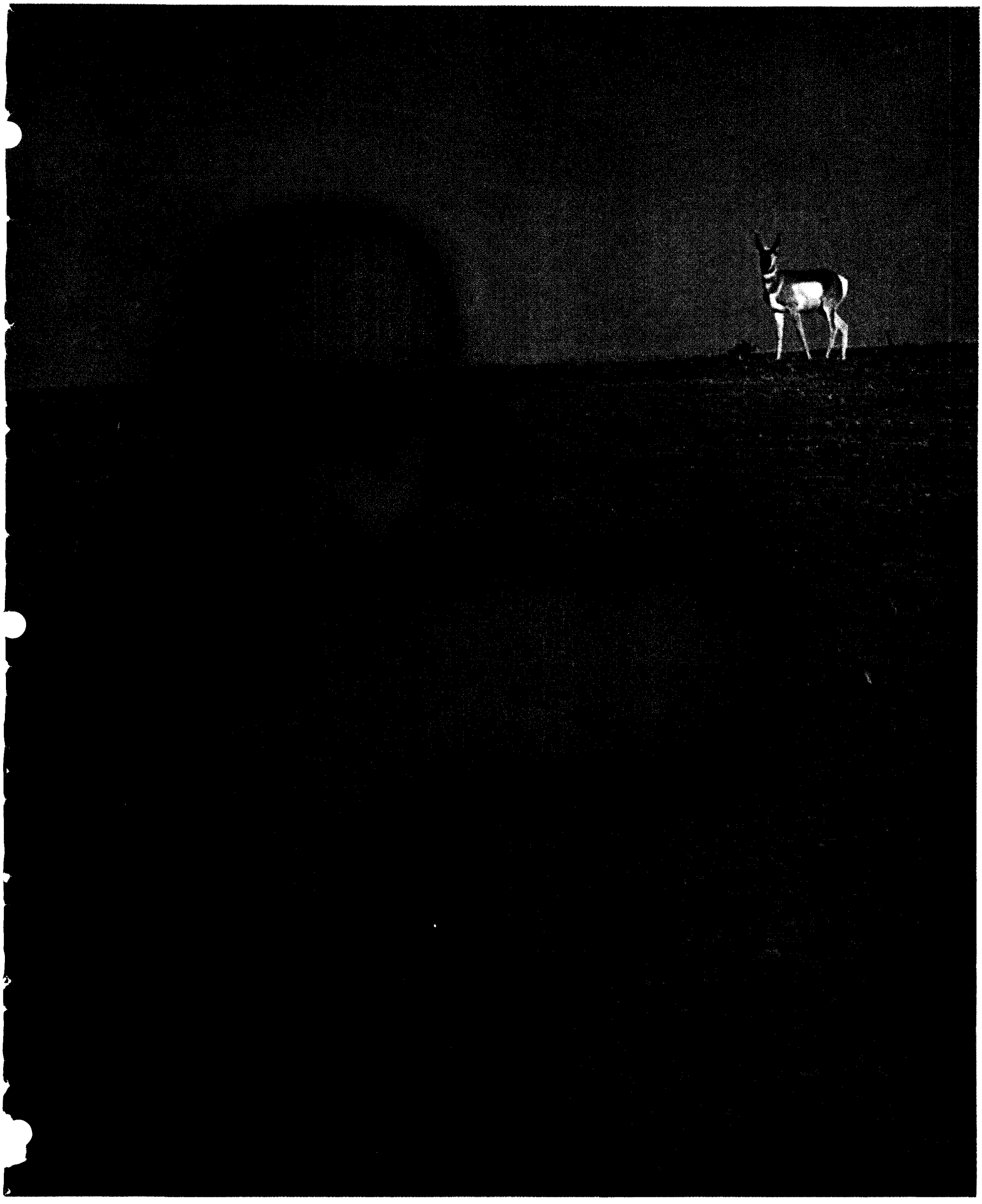

"When a man raises a rifle against a buck, he acts under the delusion: If I miss, I shall not eat. My people will starve."

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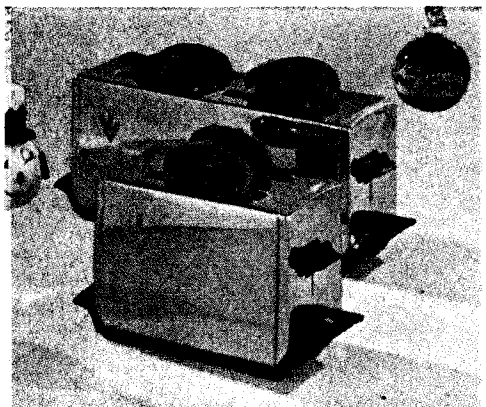

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The hunter: "I thought I had missed—and I was glad of it."

Hunting possibly shoot him. I've often believed that if I'd kept my eyes fixed on his beauty, his stanchness, I'd have been all right. No such luck. I had to look where he looked. I saw the men gazing at us through their field glasses. This reminded me that I was on a team. And I wished mine to win.

The antelope took one pace forward. No doubt, the wind had long since carried to his eager nostrils the reek of burning gasoline; and the disappearance of one of the monsters had certainly been noticed. This time he revealed anger or excitement by stamping his forefoot.

Somehow or other it seemed to me that I could kill him if only he were not so near. I can't figure out that one at all. What was the difference in 70 paces or just eight? Anyway, I couldn't resist the impulse to drive him off a distance.

I picked up a handful of sand and threw it at him. For an instant, he stood surprised at this declaration of war. Then he leaped away. At 70 paces, he stopped and looked at me. He had not been persuaded that any evil lay in me.

A rifle fired to the southward.

I raised my gun and laid it on him. Now to fire at such a distance at a small mark—his forehead—is not proper. The target is much too small for certainty.

There came strongly into my mind this instruction: *Don't shoot at all. You've not the excuse of needed venison. You know what he's doing there. It's his courage, not curiosity.*

Ready to Call It a Day

Nevertheless, I kept the sights on him and said: *I'll count to ten and if he doesn't turn to give me a shot, I'll call it a day.* So: *One, two, three* . . . and, my voice loudening, I reached eight before he swung his haunches around and his right shoulder came into view.

I pressed the trigger. Even that fearful shot of flame and heat failed to stir him. His right forefoot raised in a graceful manner. *Well, I missed and I'm glad of it.*

At that moment, I didn't care a rap for all the rifle teams in the world and all the trophies on all the shelves.

The antelope began to shudder. His hindquarters gave way. He toppled sideways. In the quiet, I heard a sighing sound.

According to our Catskill hunting rule, I waited lest my approach stir him to a bound before he lost his strength. I walked up to him slowly. He had been hit in the heart. I took out my knife to cut his throat and put an end to his suffering. When I bent down, his darkening eyes were set on me. Now I don't think animals can shed tears. Of course not. Yet drops that looked like tears flowed out of his eyes. There is in the eye an ocular fluid that is discharged because of shock. It is mechanical; therefore, it cannot be said that the buck wept.

The others came running. "How many paces? How many, eh?"

I made no answer. I kept staring at the beauty I had destroyed.

At the feast that night, the referee, after describing my stalk, said of me: "And there were tears of happiness in his eyes. His first pronghorn!"

Hunter's Lust to Live

The human heart, symbol of the unreportable phenomena that excite us, doesn't take easily to instruction. It is subject to every wind that blows. The reason is that the heart is more ancient than the mind. The heart has, by far, the longer memory. It will wonder in melancholy over the cry of wild geese aloft beneath a harvest moon. The mind knows that the birds are simply flying south to winter in open waters. But the heart knows that ages ago, before men had minds, the flight of geese foretold winter's bitterness, hunger, death—particularly death at sea.

The heart is responsible for the desire of hunters. Their desire is called "lust to kill." This is not true. It is a lust to live. When a man raises a rifle against a buck, he acts under the delusion: *If I miss, I shall not eat. My people will starve.* He yields to his artifice, despite his mind's knowledge that there is plenty of beef in the shops.

I have mentioned that when I climbed the hill toward the antelope's stand, I lay down and became violently agitated. I couldn't even hold my rifle. They call this extraordinary state "buck fever" and let it go at that. Its outward manifestations are a trembling that seizes the entire body, an accelerated heartbeat, harsh breathing and that weakness of the knees found in all accounts of battle since Homer's time. The eyes glare, the hands clench and, as the condition grows, there is an actual feverishness. The hunter, in fact, is mindless. His heart is dominant.

What is the heart trying to accomplish this time? It is clear that it is ruthlessly enslaving the mind, for the

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Buck fever: "Eyes glare, hands clench, the hunter is mindless."

mind counsels the armed hunter that there is nothing to be dreaded. Nevertheless, he shudders, may even kneel and may strongly wish to lie down. I can only suggest that his primitiveness has taken charge. He is carried back very far, beyond rifles, arrows, spears and clubs, to the dark age of humanity. I believe his heart is contemplating the hand-to-hand conflict when the only weapons were his hands, his teeth and possibly a stone.

The delusion passes but it accomplishes the required effect; that is, the desire to kill becomes fiercer. The "fever" wanes, the hands cease to tremble. The rifle may then be aimed and the hunt carried to its conclusion.

These conjectures offer evidence that the human heart is brutal in certain manifestations. Romance describes the heart as the seat of tender emotions. It is also called wise. There are many axioms and proverbs to that effect. One is: "The heart has its wisdom." This is a dangerous notion since it declares against the mind. There is much to be said for the belief that the heart has no wisdom, that it should never be trusted at all. The true history of man is a history of the mind's slow conquest of the heart. The future of mankind lies in the success of that conquest—and not only in the hunt. The mind perceives beauty, it alone appreciates virtue. It counsels the unruly heart which drives men to the destruction of beauty and of virtue.

This is the reason why, after my heart had destroyed the antelope on that Wyoming hill, I looked down at the dead beauty and vaguely regretted his destruction. This sadness proved to be only an advance, a meager one, toward a resolution. Even that small progress against murder seemed lost to me that evening when the teams forgathered at a ranch for the rituals prescribed by the hunt: congratulations, drinking and feasting, and the admiring glances of women.

The Honor of "Blooding"

And more. What I have said about the antiquity of the hunter's emotion is borne out by a ritual performed by certain European gentlemen at the cooking fires. Called "blooding," it is done by the dipping of a leaf in the blood of prey and a touch of the leaf to the forehead of the successful hunter. I declined the honor, and later I declined the venison.

A change in attitude had begun. The struggle of the mind is intense, subtle. The decision happened in the winter following the antelope hunt.

In our homestead in the Catskill Mountains, over the fireplace in the central room, I kept a deer rifle and a shotgun. On the walls there are several paintings. One is a winter landscape by Joseph Pollet. It portrays lumbermen and a team of dapple grays at the close of a woodland day. A mild afterglow fills the western sky, so skillfully painted that, when the sun sets beyond my house and darkness begins to fall, the painted sunset begins to glow.

I had been away for many days. During the greetings I became aware that my wife and children were keeping a happy secret. They had done something to please me. After a time, I entered the middle room, intending to sit a while by the fire and enjoy the painting. I didn't look around. I stood there, my back to the fire, and watched the painting come to its evening life. It was then that I perceived a change.

Decision Amid Shadows

I turned toward the fireplace. Above the guns, I saw the head of my Wyoming antelope, mounted on an oval of gold-colored wood. Between the two sunsets, the one through the western windows and the painted one, the buck's pronghorns glittered. His neck and throat were exquisite in coloring and texture. His eyes—these, of course, were made of luminous glass—well matched the eyes I had once seen gazing at me in such a friendly way. The head had been mounted in such a manner that his eyes seemed to be gazing longingly into the snowy vista of the painting.

The shock of regret struck me then harder than ever before. A series of images pressed upon me; aspects of him falling and dying, and so many images were new that I understood how much more I had observed and had kept secret in my consciousness. I stood there so long that the darkness entered the room. A shadow passed over the head. The eyes became somber, and yet they stayed fixed on the landscape.

The decision: First I said to myself: *Had I not been there that day, he would be standing now in the Wyoming snow, drifted down the sage, his does and fawns around him.* Second: *I will never again interfere in the lives of my fellow creatures.*

I then took the guns down from the wall and put them into a closet, where they will always remain. **THE END**

Detail from Concert Champêtre by Jean Baptiste Joseph Pater

The Metropolitan Museum of Art Purchase, 1937, Joseph Pulitzer Bequest

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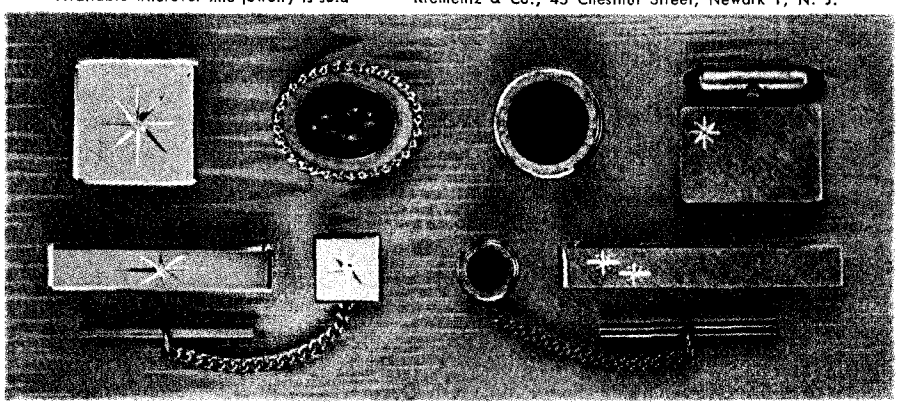

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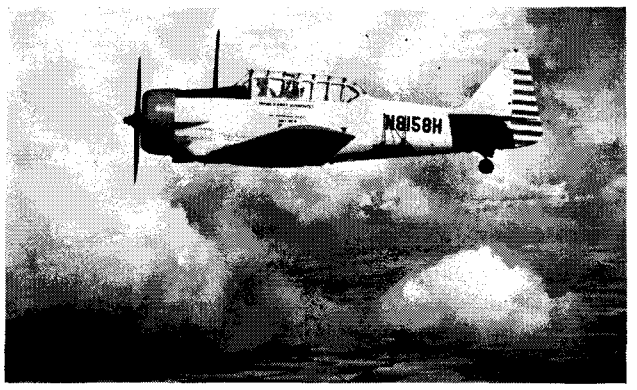
Stormy Sage of Weather Control



Krick not only predicts rain, he makes it for his clients by seeding rain clouds from planes.

By JOHN KOBLER

In the vaults of a Denver bank lies a prophetic book worth a mint to the man who assembled it. He is Dr. Irving Parkhurst Krick, weather forecaster and weathermaker nonpareil, and the target of violent professional hostility. Based on a theory the majority of his colleagues scorn, the book charts the future course of barometric pressures. From its pages, Krick claims, he can predict, with 85 percent accuracy, any day's weather almost anywhere over the northern hemisphere years in advance.

A brash, brilliant scientific maverick, aged 56, Krick has achieved the most spectacular career out of the weather since Noah. The three Denver corporations he founded—Irving P. Krick Associates to forecast the weather, Water Resources Development to modify it, and the American Institute of Aerological Research to study it—together gross about $1,000,000 a year.

Krick's clientele ranges from racehorse owners with good mudders wanting to know which tracks will be muddy, to fuel-oil distributors who gear their sales campaigns to Krick's winter-temperature predictions. Portland's Pacific Power and Light Company paid Krick $150,000 for a five-year forecast of streamflow in the rivers supplying its hydroelectric plants.

Krick also markets a short-range report, issued daily to subscribers from Denver. It is not demonstrably superior to the forecasts the U. S. Weather Bureau dispenses gratis. But such is Krickian glamour that 20 TV and radio stations are happy to pay up to 30 dollars a day for it.

As a lieutenant colonel assigned to the Weather Central Division of the U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, Krick influenced a crucial decision of World War II. The time was May, 1944; the place, London. Allied plans to invade Normandy had been under way since fall. The Supreme Command had to be able to bank on certain weather conditions lasting at least four days. For example, no continuing heavy swells in the English Channel, no Channel winds stronger than 18 miles an hour.

In line with the school of meteorology then dominant—and still so—few weathermen believed that five-day forecasts were dependable. U. S. Weather Bureau officials, who privately referred to Krick as a faker, had protested his appointment. But Krick insisted that even longer forecasts were entirely possible.

The same weather cycles, Krick holds, keep recurring. A chain of phenomena which produced a distinct weather pattern in the past will, when repeated, produce it again. Thus by analyzing a current developing chain and searching historical records for an analogous chain, future weather can be deduced.

The Anglo-American D-day forecast team agreed that June offered the best odds. But what part? In late winter the commanders in chief picked June first. In May they switched tentatively to the fifth. The next likeliest period appeared to begin June 19.

As Krick tells it, conflict persisted between him and his British opposite numbers up to the last moment. The latter, using standard short-range techniques, stuck to a nonoperational forecast for the first week in June. Krick maintained that the confused picture then prevailing over the Atlantic defied conventional treatment, and by his reckoning arrived at June sixth.

Krick says he and his associates at USSTAF finally brought the British around to his view, and on June fourth the cochairmen of the team recommended June sixth to Eisenhower. "OK," said the general, "we'll go."

Meteorologists who reject Krick's theory—which is to say, practically everybody else in the profession—discount his version of his contribution to D day. However, the citation for the Bronze Star Medal he received attests: ". . . the superb combined efforts of Lieutenant Colonel Krick and his associates permitted the selection of the only date available which allowed the successful landing. . . ."

Changing the Weather

Roughly half Krick's gross profits derive from contracts to modify weather. The basic tool was developed in 1946 at the General Electric Research Laboratories by Irving Langmuir and Vincent Schaefer, with whom Krick worked. It consists of wafting silver iodide to storm clouds from ground generators or airplanes. In natural precipitation dust particles floating through the atmosphere attract moisture by a process termed nucleation. At temperatures above freezing, droplets form around the particles, or nuclei, and at temperatures below freezing, ice crystals form. Growing and coalescing, the droplets or crystals fall to earth as rain, snow, sleet or hail, depending on various factors. Silver iodide, vaporized and dispersed to clouds on the verge of discharging, is intended to produce additional nuclei and so increase the fall.

In the neat, two-story, red-brick building occupied by Krick a gigantic map of North America masks one entire wall. Colored tags delineate the areas, a dozen all told, over which his field units regularly seed clouds. The price runs from three to 15 cents per acre per growing season—the bigger the area the cheaper. The kind of precipitation desired varies widely. On a 100,000-acre grain ranch, at Horse Heaven Hills in Washington state, for example, it's heavier rainfall. Here Krick operates the world's longest continuing weather-control project, having started it in 1950. "Before then," he reports, "drought caused two crop failures every seven years. There's been none since."

Hampering Hailstones

On the slopes of the Rockies he strives to increase snowpack to supply better irrigation to fruit orchards when the spring thaws come. Last year in central Alberta, Canada, where hailstones as big as golf balls frequently destroy crops, 1000 farmers voted to tax themselves to pay Krick for suppressing hailstorms. Silver iodide, he explains, spread through rising air-currents that carry moisture to the hailstorms, turns the supercooled water in the clouds to ice crystals before it can solidify into hailstones. In the areas seeded since 1956 he estimates the reduction of damage at more than 50 percent.

One of the latest coups to spread Krick's renown involved President Kennedy's inauguration. In mid-December, 1960, as the capital lay benumbed under eight inches of wet snow, the inaugural-parade committee began nervously wondering what sort of weather they would have to cope with on the momentous day—January 20. Since the U.S. Weather Bureau attempts no categorical long-range predictions, the committee decided to consult the audacious Denver oracle. Shrewdly assessing the publicity value, Krick, though he had voted for Nixon, was delighted to advise the resurgent Democrats free of charge.

Snow, he notified them on December 16, might accompany a storm shortly before January 20; the 20th, however, would be fair, cold and dry.

A blizzard smote Washington on the 19th, but it ended during the night. The 20th dawned cloudy and then cleared, and at midday, when the President-elect took the inaugural oath, the sun was shining.

The fanfare attending Krick's exploits consistently fails to impress the standard-bearers of classic meteorology. The Weather Bureau considers such long-range prophecy no better than crystal gazing. Krick's fame they ascribe to a combination of lucky hits, showmanship and the wishful thinking of his customers. A close scrutiny of his complete record, they say, would show him to have been wrong more times than right, but the errors he does not trumpet.

According to the American Meteorological Society, representing 6,500 members, the majority of them Government employees, no scientific grounds exist to justify detailed, day-by-day forecasts beyond 72 hours or forecasts of general conditions beyond a month. "Real quackery is involved," declared an A.M.S. officer. Once an A.M.S. member himself, Krick resigned after a run-in with its Committee on Professional Ethics and Standards.

Nor does the opposition rate Krick high as a weathermaker. What proof, they ask, that the clouds he seeds wouldn't yield as much rainfall normally? His method, Krick retorts, indicates what the normal rainfall would be without seeding. Francis W. Reichelderfer, Chief of the Weather Bureau, states: "Cloud seeding has in no case given evidence which supports the claim of having artificially increased precipitation."

Dismisses His Detractors

Nevertheless, Krick can exhibit a good many testimonials from happy customers. The president of the Eagle Ranch Company, in Oregon, wrote to him: "The fact that we are taking your service for the twelfth consecutive year is more evidence of our satisfaction than words. We farm around 12,500 acres of dryland wheat. While the land was good, rainfall-wise it was very marginal and, in fact, too dry to produce wheat. . . . We have never had a crop failure, nor shown a dollar loss."

Krick, who holds impeccable academic credentials and headed Caltech's Department of Meteorology for 10 years, dismisses his detractors as mossbacks, bereft of imagination. "Government forecasting," he scoffs, "hasn't progressed much since the nineteenth century."

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Orthodox weathermen scoff at the techniques of daring prophet Irving Krick, but clients pay him $1,000,000 a year.

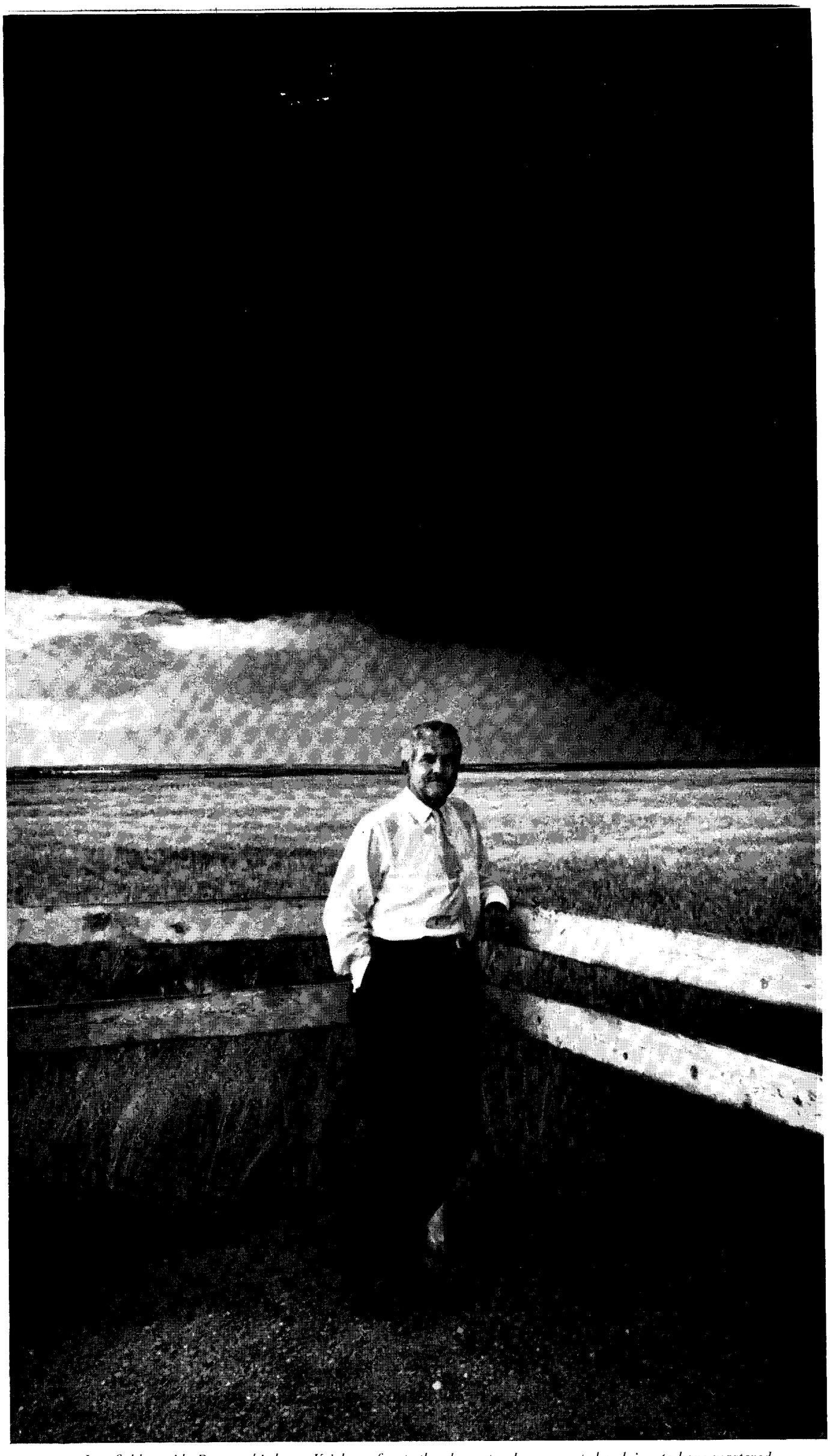
Krick's theory stems from a deterministic view of the atmosphere as opposed to the orthodox probabilistic view. He conceives the atmosphere to be, like everything else in nature, ordered and systematic. "You might say," he observes, "I've staked my career on a logical Supreme Being." As he pictures it, the atmosphere is a fluid, gaseous envelope around the earth, subject to continual pulsation by cosmic forces, such as solar and lunar tides, gravity, and the sun's differential heating. Each of these forces propels pressure waves through the envelope, and new waves constantly form on the old, creating intricate patterns of interference. High barometric readings, heralding good weather, reflect the crests of the waves; low readings and bad weather, the troughs. Haphazard though the pressure patterns seem, Krick insists that they have a subtle periodicity and follow ever-recurrent systems.

Forecast by Centuries

Therefore, given enough historical data and the means to discern the patterns, forecasts years or even centuries in advance become feasible. "Matter of fact," Krick contends, "if we had precise information back to the Ice Age, we could pinpoint the weather at, say, 3:10 P.M. on March 11, 3004, in Tokyo."

With two fellow professors of meteorology at Caltech, Paul E. Ruch and Newton E. Stone (now vice presidents of the Denver corporations), Krick began seeking a key to the mysteries of atmosphere during the early '30's. Studying barometric pressures on historical weather maps, they came to recognize certain sequences suggesting recurrence in the behavior of broad weather systems. Cataloging these sequences, they found they could match some of them with like sequences on current maps and by analogue predict the weather a few days ahead.

What limited their forecasts were the unforeseeable shifts from one weather system to another caused by new pressure waves. To develop a technique for anticipating them required a far longer series of maps. Accordingly, in a formidably tedious procedure, tracking down hundreds of thousands of old ships' logs and reports of land observation stations, they mapped every day's weather throughout the Northern Hemisphere back to January 1, 1899, the earliest year for which reliable information was obtainable.



In a field outside Denver, his base, Krick confronts the elements whose secrets he claims to have mastered.

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"If we had precise information back to the Ice Age, we could pinpoint the weather at 3:10 P.M. on March 11, 3004, in Tokyo."

Weather Prophet

The task, lasting two years, led them to believe that the system could be expressed mathematically. The formulas they evolved they have never revealed, a policy the enemy camp deplores as false to the true scientific spirit. Krick admits commercial motives for his secrecy, but he also reasons, "The Russians read every scientific paper published. Why should we lend their meteorologists a helping hand?"

With their weather maps completed, they started identifying in numerical form all the pressure configurations on them. There are some 400 different types, each identifiable by such features as shape, size, intensity. The investigators determined the recurrent patterns of each type—that is, whether it appeared, say, every 652, 1,002 or 1,289 days. By 1956 they had covered the years back to 1935. They then programmed a UNIVAC computer in accordance with their mathematical formulas to project the patterns into the future.

So far the machine has kicked out projections through 1985, showing what pressure systems will combine each day. It is these projections, converted to daily weather maps through 1966, that fill the book in the Denver bank vaults. To pinpoint the weather on a future day, Krick refers to the effects produced by the same combination in the past.

Argument Against Krick

Nothing could be at greater variance with the line adhered to by the A.M.S.-Weather Bureau axis. They confine their point of departure to immediately observable hemispheric weather. Guided by certain mathematical and physical models, they come up with equations which they submit to computers and get approximate solutions for the next three days—but no further. According to Jerome Namias, who runs the Weather Bureau's Extended Forecast Branch, because of manifold incalculable elements, accuracy begins to deteriorate within six hours.

Namias allows: "There may well be a determinism regulating the atmosphere. But if so, it would involve highly complicated physical processes whose interactions have not yet been explained. Furthermore, even a complete understanding of the physics would not suffice to make detailed long-range predictions without far better atmospheric observations than those now possible.

"We do use historical data plus machine computations drawn from them and a wealth of experience to estimate a month ahead how much temperature, precipitation, and so on, will deviate from normal. But we call that an outlook, not a specific forecast."

The Denver heretic looks more like the concert pianist his mother wanted him to be than a scientist-businessman. Of medium stature, he has a shock of wavy, silver-gray hair that would enhance any virtuoso's stage presence, a thin, trim moustache, light-blue eyes and a dazzling smile. When Krick was ten his father, a San Francisco bank cashier, died poor. To provide for her son and daughter, Mrs. Krick, a gifted pianist, taught music. The son proved to be her aptest pupil, and by his thirteenth year was performing publicly. The handsome suburban house he now shares with his British-born wife and their eleven-year-old son contains a pipe organ at which he beguiles his infrequent leisure hours. He has a weakness for Strauss waltzes.

But Krick's heart was never in a musical career. Science, he felt, was his true bent, and entering the University of California at seventeen, he majored in physics. The depression that hit the nation the year he was graduated obliged him to return to professional music. Then in 1930 he resumed his scientific training at Caltech. At that time Caltech offered no regular courses in meteorology. But with the encouragement of its executive chairman, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Krick plunged into experimental work and learned by doing.

The struggling young airlines stood in the direst need of improved weather forecasts. Storms nobody anticipated were taking a fearful toll of pilots and planes. While still a student, Krick landed a job as forecaster for Western Air Lines. Not long afterward, a company press agent proclaimed the novice's score to be 30 percent higher than that of the Weather Bureau, thereby arousing resentment among Bureau personnel, which has steadily deepened since.

On April 3, 1933, Krick read a Weather Bureau bulletin describing a peculiar convergence of fronts off the New Jersey coast. A similar formation in the same region years before, he recalled from his study of analogues, had bred a hellish storm, and he predicted a repetition. A few hours later the Navy dirigible *Akron*, cruising above the Atlantic near New Jersey, was forced down by a thunderstorm with a loss of 73 lives.

In 1933 Caltech appointed Krick to organize its first Department of Meteorology. The group received meager appropriations and so was permitted to accept commercial assignments. The movies provided some of Krick's earliest customers. Production units shooting outdoor scenes kept in hourly touch with his laboratories by Teletype. When could they expect a luscious sunset as a background for the lovers' final clinch? Before staging the Atlanta fire for *Gone With the Wind*, David Selznick asked Krick to fix a windless evening lest the flames imperil Culver City.

On the eve of World War II Gen. Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commanding the U.S. Army Air Forces, visited Caltech to explore the possibilities of long-range weather forecasting in military operations. He was so impressed by Krick, then a Navy reserve lieutenant, that he later obtained his transfer to the 8th Bomber Command, based in England, as its senior meteorologist. Weather Bureau chief Reichelderfer, among other meteorological authorities, objected. It was gambling on an unproved theory, said he. "War," replied Arnold, "is a gamble."

In 1943, when Krick reported to the 8th Bomber commander, Maj. Gen. Frederick L. Anderson Jr., Operation Argument had been mapped. Its object: to hurl the full might of the Strategic Air Force in daylight precision raids against German aircraft plants and cripple them beyond hope of recovery by D day. But weeks passed without propitious weather signs. On February 18th, Krick finally forecast a three- to four-day period, beginning the 20th, of open skies over central and southern Germany. At dawn of the 20th the first contingent took off. Though the weather did not quite meet Krick's expectations the third and fourth days, most of that week it was clear enough for the raiders to reduce severely the enemy's aircraft production. Three months later, over the Normandy beachheads, Allied air supremacy was absolute.

Krick moved into Europe with the forward echelon of SHAEF. At the Rhine in March, 1945, the Supreme Command acted on what he considers the most important forecast he ever issued. Because the Rhine is likely to flood any time between late winter and May first, which could have cut the supply lines from France, Krick's fellow forecasters had cautioned against crossing it during these months. He, however, had interpreted the barometric pressure waves as boding a dry spring that year. The first troops crossed fifty-four days ahead of schedule. "If we'd waited till May first," says Krick, "the Russians would control all of Germany today."

After the war Krick left Caltech and incorporated Krick Associates. As he ventured ever-bolder predictions, his relations with the A.M.S. grew increasingly turbulent and in 1958 blew up. Among the immediate *casus belli* was his public announcement that "dependable, long-range weather forecasting has become an established fact." The A.M.S. suggested he recant or prove it. Krick demanded that a special committee be formed to verify the results of his work. Otherwise he would resign. The A.M.S. declined, said he was guilty of violating its code of ethics and accepted his resignation.

The battle rages on. Krick blames A.M.S. influence for America's lag in a field he deems as vital as spacemanship. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee on a bill to support further weather modification research, he said: "The nation that first acquires control of the weather shall be the leading power in the world. We do not want this important work pushed back into the laboratories for ten years to rehash all that has been done—just for the mere satisfaction of scientists with negative attitudes."

Salvos Over Space Flights

The numerous military applications Krick envisages include artificial precipitation over strategic targets to increase nuclear fallout, and chemical dispersion to lessen fallout on our own territory; ruining the enemy's agriculture by producing both droughts and floods.

The postponements of Colonel Glenn's flight, due partly to weather, touched off one of Krick's heaviest salvos against official meteorology. "The time has come," he wrote his Congressman, Peter Dominick, early last February, "to build a fire under as many people as possible to get this matter out in the open." The next date scheduled for an attempt, two weeks hence, he correctly predicted, would also fall within a period of adverse weather. "The Weather Bureau and segments of our profession who disclaim that forecasting is possible, and push for millions of dollars in research money to find a method of doing the job, are not only dishonest, but do a distinct disservice to our country by deterring agencies like NASA from seeking help outside of government."

And he concluded in characteristically cocky Krickian vein: "I don't know how long it is going to take to get this across to people, but until they understand that we are the only group in the world that has a scientific method of weather forecasting, it cannot be appreciated and no action will be taken." **THE END**

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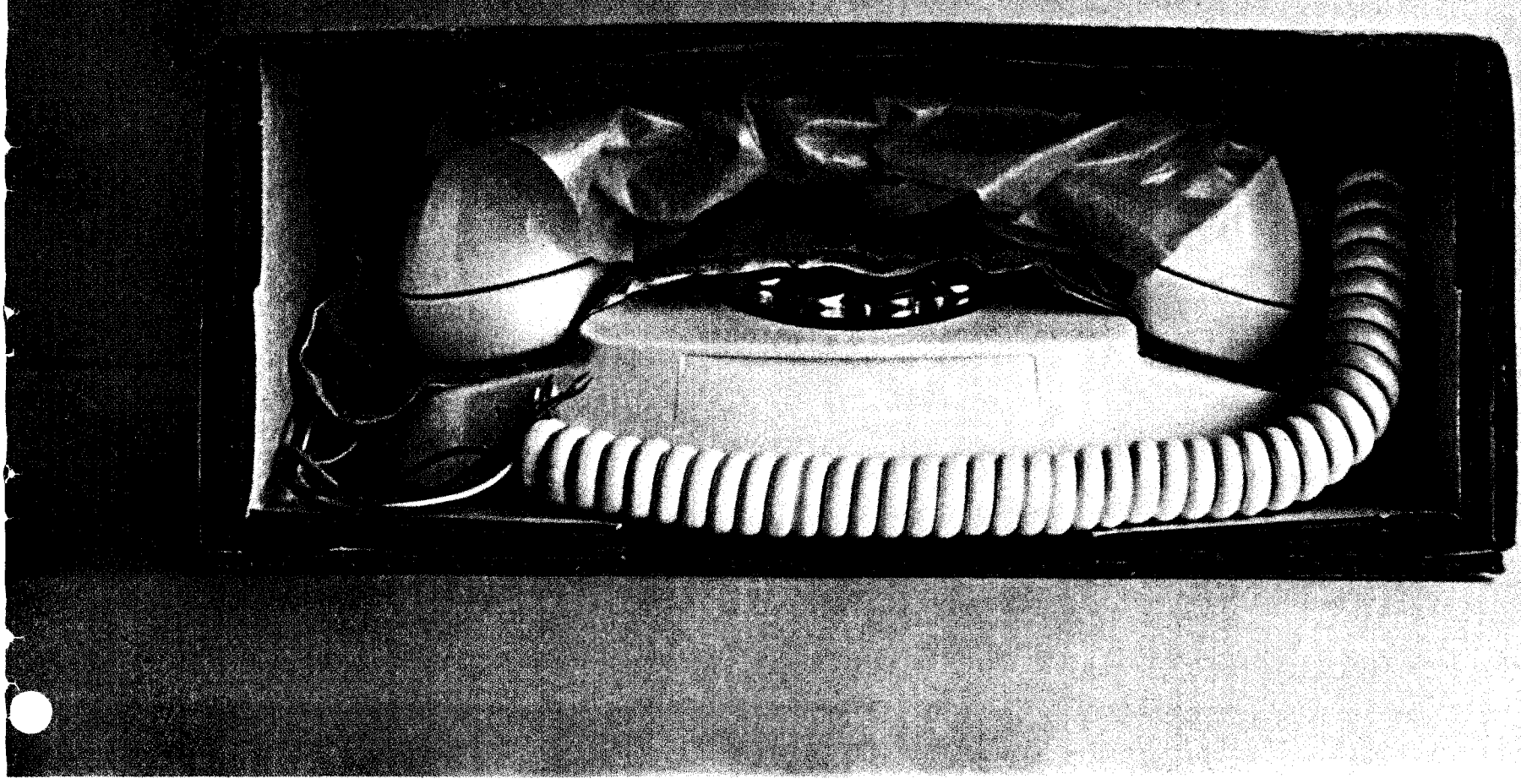

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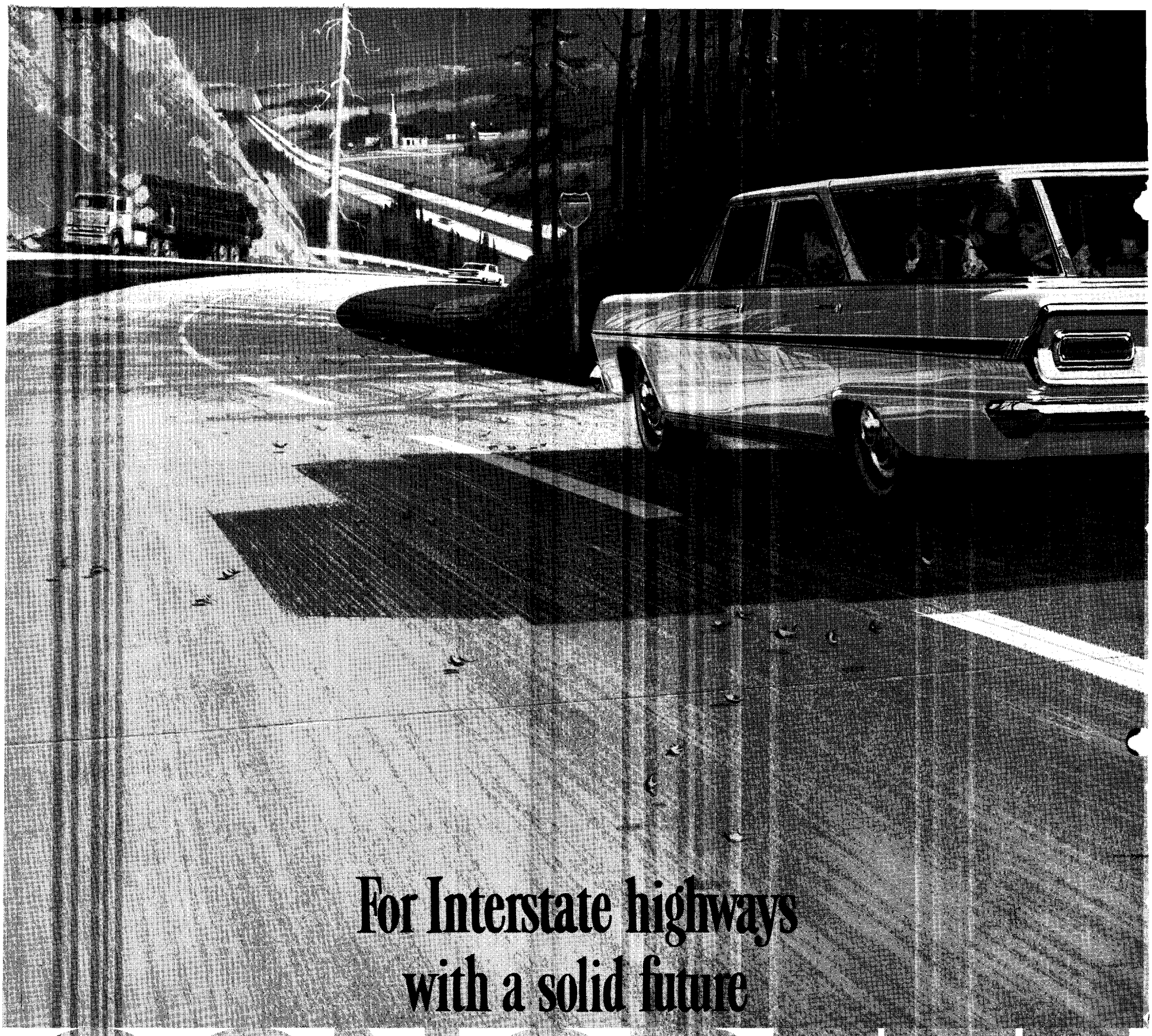

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Hollywood's New Breed of Soft Young Men

The movies' frantic search for young stars with snap, crackle and pop may be ushering in a new era of slop, cackle and pap.

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

Gable, Cooper and Bogart are gone. So is the well-oiled studio system that produced them, a system which gave them adequate time and guidance to mature as actors. Nowadays callow, smooth-faced youths are catapulted to stardom overnight and asked to display the magnetism and skills of their carefully groomed predecessors. Foremost among this new male breed are Richard Beymer, Troy Donahue, George Hamilton, George Chakiris and Mickey Callan. They have managed to snag plum roles and emerge as the hot male five in America's dream factory, Hollywood. Who are they, and what makes them tick? Do they have the staying power to become the Gables, Coopers and Bogarts of tomorrow?

Richard Beymer

When I finally saw West Side Story I climbed under my seat. I had to walk out of the theater. I just hated it. I looked like the biggest fruit that ever walked onto film. They had my character, Tony, so weak you'd never believe he could head up a gang. He's supposed to be the tough guy; he comes on the screen and you say, "Yiiik." Instead of playing it gutsy I was just like a ballerina flitting around the stage singing Maria. *I do my first big starring picture, and it's the biggest smash since* Gone With the Wind, *and there I am in Todd-A-O walking around on my tiptoes.*
RICHARD BEYMER

Still on tiptoes, George Richard Beymer Jr. slipped out of Hollywood this fall, leaving the imprints of stillborn film stardom behind him. Quietly, without any of the ballyhoo that punctuated the previous 28 months of his life, he enrolled at Manhattan's Actors Studio, seeking refuge from the barrage of brickbats lobbed his way by disbelieving critics, disappointed moviegoers and disheartened colleagues. As it happens in the storybooks, he had been whisked out of obscurity to star in five major film productions, all juicy opportunities dozens of qualified actors had openly envied. "It was handed to him on a silver tray," says his former press agent, "and he didn't eat heartily of it. He went in, as he always does, with trepidation and gingerliness. And he blew it."

Now 23, capped teeth shining through thick lips and his acne cleared, Beymer has learned enough to focus on his own shortcomings and recognize the vagaries of show business. "If someone else starts out in another profession, and he's young, you don't expect him to be great the first minute he tries something," he says. "Here, you're 18 years old, you do something, and if you're not as good as someone 65 they bomb you. I don't care about being an overnight sensation. I'm studying acting now because I need a chance to fall on my face."

In the new Hollywood, the rise and fall of Richard Beymer is symbolic of what ails the industry. By their unequivocal endorsement of the green actor, motion-picture executives are actively encouraging the twin sores of ineptitude and insipidity. Most of the actors they seek scarcely possess the knowledge or the substance to become box-office attractions. Yet even if that elusive star quality did exist in the young actor, the studios' crass impatience for instant success defeats their own purpose.

"It's a thing that happens periodically out here," says one acute Hollywood observer, producer Bill Perlberg. "Somebody comes along, and the talk starts, and the agents and studios keep talking and talking. Like an avalanche the talk gathers speed. Ultimately the somebody turns out to be nothing, a big name in Hollywood only." Beymer is clearly the prime example of the manufactured star.

In each of his pictures Beymer has been cast as the agonizingly abulic hero. As he puts it himself, "You keep playing the same thing all over again. You start crying, and maybe you twitch here and there, you fall in love with someone and she dies on you, or you fall apart. But I don't really like the sensitive young man, damn it. I'm through with it. That's what the studios think the public wants."

The public, to a large extent, means teen-agers, the restless juveniles who pay their way into drive-in movies while the older folks sit with the television set. There is a strong suspicion that kids want to identify with immature, misunderstood

Unhappy about the brickbats flung at him by critics, Richard Beymer fled Hollywood to relearn his trade at Actors Studio.

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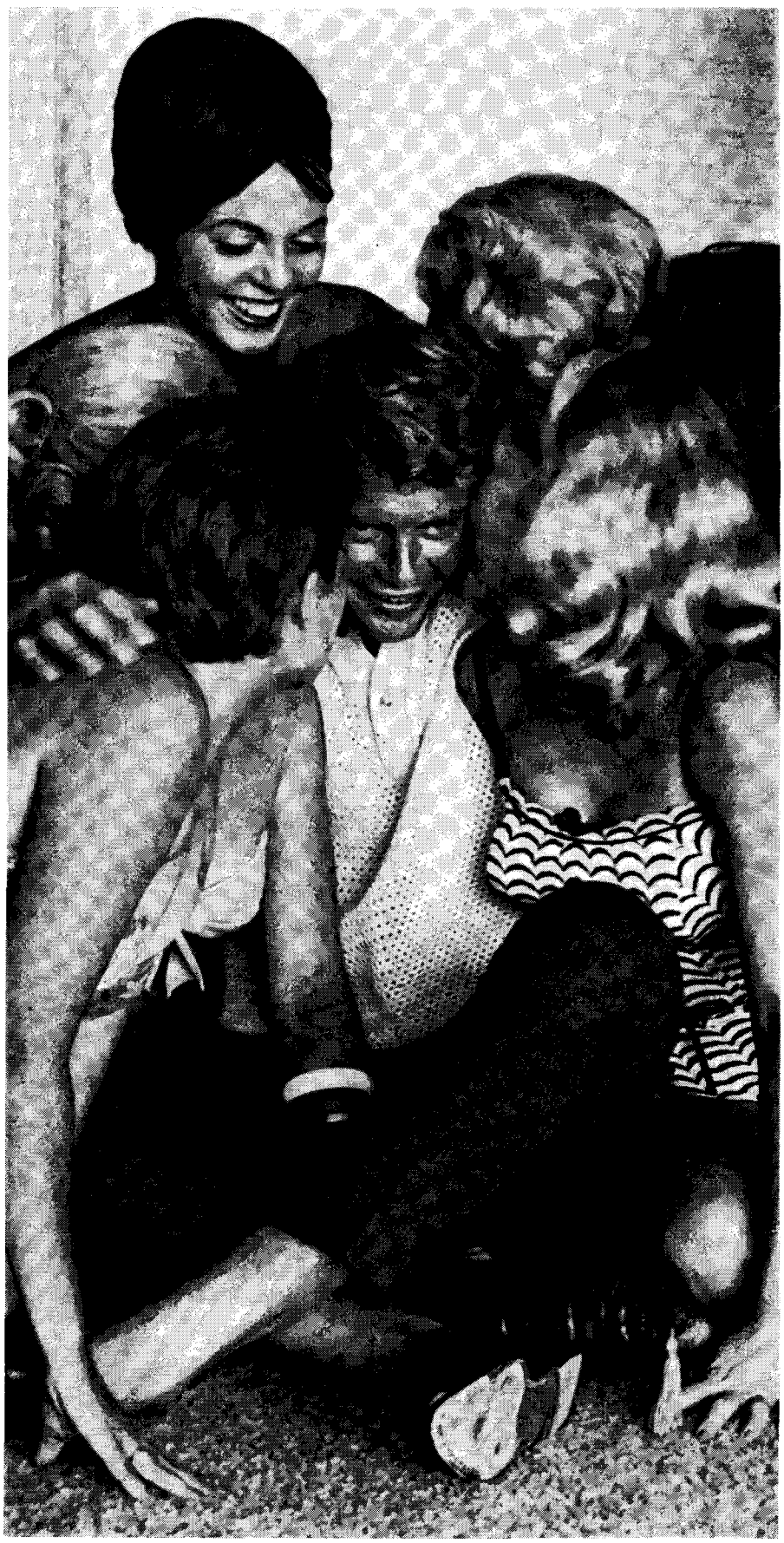
Donahue: "The important thing is that a person is natural, that he looks like what other people look like. That is, close to human."



Encamped at a Miami beach house, actor Troy Donahue flashes his little-boy smile for an admiring gaggle of giggling girls.

people like themselves. Their normal insecurities have been multiplied by the national concern over nuclear war, a lingering nightmare which has also subconsciously influenced scriptwriters and idea men. In such uncertain times prosper the weak-kneed young men. "There's very little character in their faces," says George Roy Hill, director of *Period of Adjustment* and *Toys in the Attic*. "They lack any real inner excitement. They're not the rugged American man."

When blue-eyed Dick Beymer snared the lead in *West Side Story* he was scarcely more than a former child actor just over a voice change. Born of an Avoca, Iowa, linotype operator who trailer-camped in California in 1949, Beymer got his baptism at age 10 on a weekly moppet television show called Fantastic Studios Inc. His starting salary: $10 a week. Four years later, David Selznick lured him from the Hollywood High School campus to make his film debut as Jennifer Jones's nephew in *Indiscretion of an American Wife*. He went on to play in *So Big* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Twentieth Century-Fox executives subsequently flung him into *West Side*. The picture was not one of their own properties, but it was felt that Beymer, tied to the studio under a seven-year contract, would come out of the musical a fresh, salable name. By the time *West Side Story* was released, Beymer had three new movies in the can or under way: *Five Finger Exercise*, opposite Rosalind Russell; Hemingway's *Adventures of a Young Man*, with Susan Strasberg as costar, and *Bachelor Flat*, a vehicle for Beymer and Tuesday Weld. That he was "a young man with all the acting ability of a charlotte russe," as one writer phrased it, failed to influence the studio's thinking. Besides, his contract-frozen salary of $750 a week seemed a bargain after his heavy *West Side Story* promotion.

"*West Side Story* has no fond memories for me," Beymer admits, "except for the fact that, in spite of everything, it boosted me into a category. I haven't stopped working since the picture." Indeed, it is one of the ironies of the business that, despite Beymer's scant opportunity to develop as an actor, he is still in a healthy position. One film, William Inge's *Woman in July*, will be released shortly, with Beymer buoyed by Oscar winner Joanne Woodward. And there is talk of starring him with Ingrid Bergman in Romain Gary's *Promise at Dawn*. His Fox contract has four and a half more years to run, and his January option is sure to be picked up. If all goes well, Las Vegas nightclub patrons will witness him dance and sing (his singing voice was dubbed in *West Side Story*) within a year.

To be fair to Beymer the man, a certain emasculation does occur whenever he steps in front of a camera, obscuring a friendly, fairly introspective personality punctuated by periods of moodiness. "The basic problem with Beymer is that he never had a clear-cut masculine image to draw from," says a close associate. "Consequently he doesn't know what it takes to be a man." Offscreen he indulges in such manly pursuits as lifting weights (he added 35 pounds to his lanky frame), reading *Wealth of Nations*, and befriending a covey of willing young females.

Evidences of virility among many of the youthful actors are fascinating to observe. George Hamilton, for example, plays sports-car bumper tag on shadowy highways and likes to wear silk ascots around his slender neck. Weight lifting is de rigueur among the young Hollywood bucks, as is judo and the new kick, karate. These are mannerisms of masculinity, but, as actor Nick Adams (*The Interns*) puts it, "You want to throw up when you see some of them. In a real gutsy part they don't get anything out of it, except they flutter their eyelashes a few times."

One of their favorite fetishes is a pampering of their physical selves. "For years they've been criticizing us girls for spending so much time in the beauty parlors," says Hedda Hopper. "Now they're discovering it pays off." Hair stylist Jay Sebring charges from $15 to $25 for a turn in the barber chair, works long into the night razor-shaving the heads of an all-male clientele that has included Beymer, Callan and Chakiris. A sticky jet of Spray Net caps a Sebring sitting.

Says director Hill, "These actors are terribly preoccupied. They think they're a success because of their good looks, their sex appeal, any number of things except their acting. That's bound to make them kind of narcissistic.

"I don't know how any kid out here who gets into movies can maintain much perspective," adds Hill. "The whole life they lead, the amount of adulation and publicity they receive—it would take a terribly level-headed guy not to believe it. They live in an ersatz society where their importance is vastly overrated, where they're constantly concerned with things that nobody else is—the fan magazines, their public image, the date that'll get into the columns. They see thick headlines saying, 'Mervyn LeRoy Collapses at Party,' and then they read down near the bottom and find there's a moon-shot or something has happened in the world. You can't live in a town like that for long without thinking Mervyn LeRoy is more important than the President of the United States. He gets more space."

Troy Donahue

Many years ago I gave Francis Timothy McGowan the choice of two names, Rory Calhoun or Rory Donahue. He took Rory Calhoun, so Donahue was left in my mind. Later I met a 17-year-old singer, Jimmy Ercolani, and named him Troy Darren. He went back to New York, and the next thing I knew he was called James Darren. So I took Troy and Donahue and gave them to Merle Johnson. I try to do what a store would do—wrapping up a package, putting it in the window and dressing it up. You do the same thing with a personality. Any product has to have a label.

Agent HENRY WILLSON

West Coast comedians are trying to market a Troy Donahue doll. You wind it up and it shows its new house to a fan magazine. The gag may get laughs, but it misses the most marketable components of the Troy Donahue package: a modest physique, two baby-blue eyes and the unruliest mop of natural blond hair since the days of Sonny Tufts. Thousands of American teen-agers have copied this carefree hairstyle without ever realizing that Donahue sported bangs until he was 14 in an incongruous beginning for the now-famous hangdog look. Even today he confesses, "I really don't know how to comb my hair too well. I haven't done enough of it. I am making efforts to comb it more and more. As you grow older you want to do some of the things you didn't do when you were younger. The important thing is that a

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person is natural, that he looks like what people look like, close to human."

Such is the philosophy of the 26-year-old actor Hollywood scribes have dubbed "the Anglo-Saxon Rudolph Valentino."

Once a New York messenger, waiter, laborer, camp counselor and dance-band singer, Donahue reached Hollywood in 956 after a military-academy football injury ruined an anticipated scholarship at West Point. He blew his first screen test when an automobile accident forced him to shave his shock of sun-bleached hair. Tresses restored, he signed with Universal, flashing his way through 17 bit parts in two years. His first major role came in *A Summer Place* after a torrid screen-test love scene with eternal nymphet Tuesday Weld convinced film nabobs he could be believed as the energizing inamorato for blond Sandra Dee.

To his close friends Donahue is known as "the Blonde Goddess." His iconoclastic girl friend, Suzanne Pleshette, simply calls him "Irving." Says Troy: "I think that I started the clean-looking man over again, the soft-spoken Gary Cooper type, or maybe even Bill Holden. I resemble Cooper, being tall, fair complexion, blue eyes; also somewhat in the way I talk. Possibly I sound more like Holden, and my work as an actor is more like Holden. I'm probably the boy right in the home, rather than the boy next door."

According to Delmer Daves, his director in *A Summer Place*, *Parrish*, *Susan Slade* and *Rome Adventure*, "he's the teen-age dream of what a young man ought to look and act like. He has a certain elegance about him. There's a sweetness to the kid that has to do with his image, the young-knight look. Good looks are paramount."

The inimitable Donahue quality, says his *Parrish* and *Susan Slade* costar, Connie Stevens, is his appeal to "young girls. It's not women; it's very young girls. He represents to the 8-, 10- and 11-year-olds the first attraction of sex appeal. They don't know what it is."

Donahue has different ideas about his adherents. "They're probably mostly between the ages of 14 and 20," he says, "but I have women fans in all ages. I know because they have thrown shoes, wallets, panties and bras at me on personal appearances." Whatever their ages, Donahue has not had much luck loosening wild-eyed superlatives from the sizable audience past puberty. Critics have described him as a "featherweight personality." But his detractors barely faze him. "My main interest," he says, "is that a picture is received publicly. Sure I'm working for critical acclaim, but what is more important is public understanding."

All four schoolgirl-oriented Warner Brothers motion pictures which offered Technicolor glimpses of Troy's Aryan kisser were sob stories, portraying the young knight dueling a succession of man-hungry young ladies, usually in a series of clichés as improbable as Donahue's christening. Articulate Del Daves, more likely to be remembered for his excellent black-and-white, small-screen Western, *3:10 to Yuma*, not only directed Donahue in this queasy quartet of money-makers, but also wrote the shallowly sensational screenplays. He thinks this kind of picture satisfies the kids. "I don't think it ever encourages them in delinquency," he says. "Apparently they want expressions of their own lives. Youth wants to have *their* particular problems looked into; whether the adult world likes it or not, these films have those problems in them."

To his credit, Donahue yearns for sounder scripts. "I have been put in parts," he says, "where the most important things are my physical attributes. Perhaps if I didn't have them I would have had a chance to do something with more of an opportunity in acting. This is something that will come in time." That time may not arrive until 1968, when his contract expires. Meanwhile, his employers shackled him with two dreary TV series: *Surfside Six* mercifully has been scuttled, but *Hawaiian Eye* shimmies on.

Artistically speaking, the television camera represents a roadblock to Donahue's progress. Says Daves: "He cannot learn enough in the rush and pell-mell of TV. He needs more of the pace of feature films, where he can get a second, third, or ninth chance on a scene. And he will have to adjust himself to the next stage in his life and find roles that will help him mature past the callow-youth stage or the youth-problem stage into the young-man stage."

The youth-problem stage has, to Donahue's chagrin, penetrated a meaningful portion of his personal life. His after-hours penchant for disbursing souvenir black eyes to young starlets has resulted in a dossier of press clippings he would rather forget about. Last year actress Lili Kardell sued him for $65,000, charging that the Donahue fists had dimpled her supple structure. Donahue denies such non-Donahue-image treatment, contends there were no cops, no hospital records, no evidence of Miss Kardell's alleged beating. "It was planned," he theorizes. "It was a whole scheme; I'm convinced of that. I learned a great deal from it. I took a closer look at myself." Donahue settled out of court for $3,500.

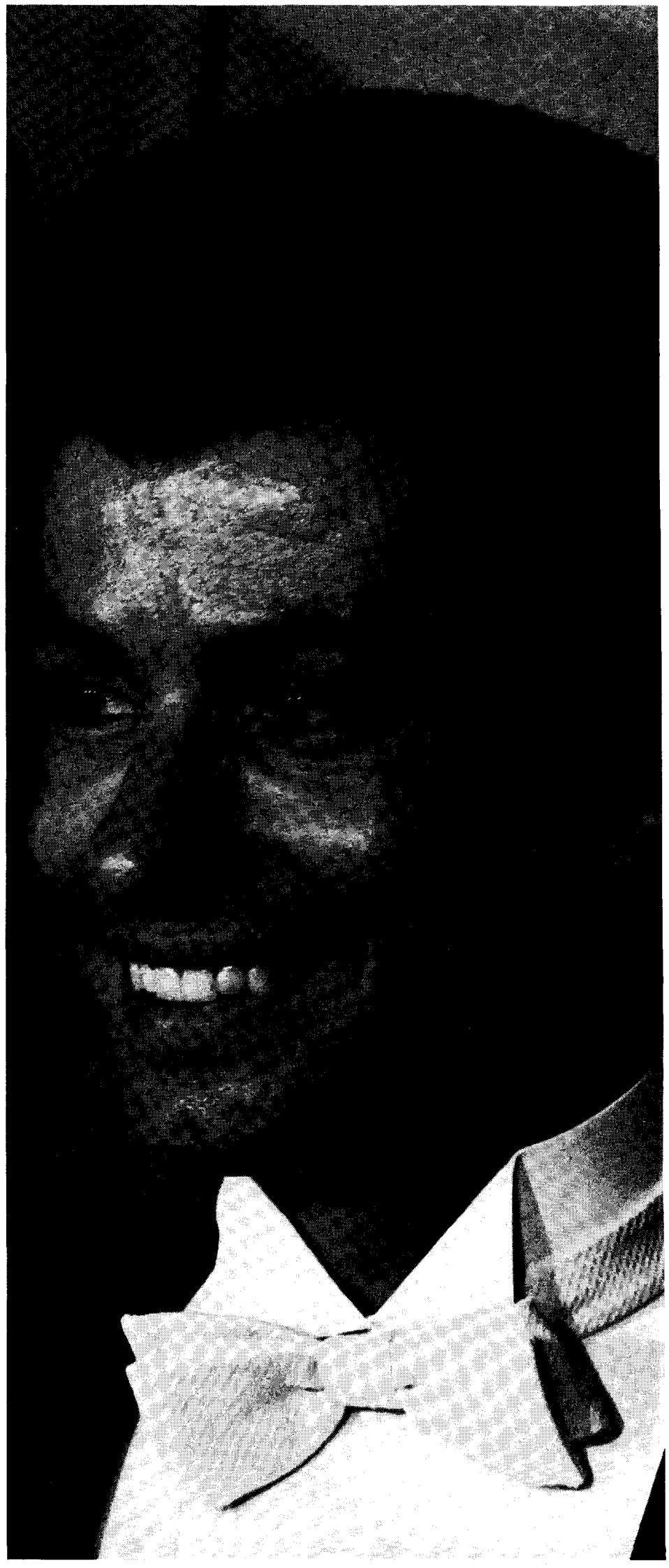
George Hamilton

I was perishing to snip off a lock of his hair, but only because he needs a haircut.

JEAN YOTHERS, Reporter,
Orlando (Fla.) *Evening Star*

George Stevens Hamilton's hair is slick, jet-black, thick and straight (parted alternately on the left and the right), and the hairline comes perilously close to his eyebrows. There are other young-leading-man requirements that Hamilton fills perfectly. He is skinny enough (6′1″, 155 pounds), he never had an acting lesson, his turned-up nose and fluttery eyes look good in profile, and he possesses the fearsome ability to fire a double-barreled little-boy grin which is capable of activating a teen-age girl's genes. Even the noticeable gap between his top two front teeth is forgotten when he calls on this faithful, unfailing weapon.

His screen performances (10 pictures in three years) have been one big smile too. A year after he arrived in Hollywood with two friends, $90 and a secondhand car, he was seen as Robert Mitchum's puerile teen-age son in *Home From the Hill*, mouthing memorable lines like, "I can't swallow my own spit when I'm around a girl," and "Why don't they live their own lives? Why don't they leave us alone?" Fulfilling his citation as the best high-school actor in the state of Florida (1957), Hamilton later appeared as the greenhorn cavalry lieutenant in *Thunder of Drums*, the rakish scion in *Where the Boys Are* (his feeling about *Boys:* "They could have gotten along without me"), and



A fiery performer on screen, George Chakiris is so shy in real life that his advisers try to shield him from public outings.

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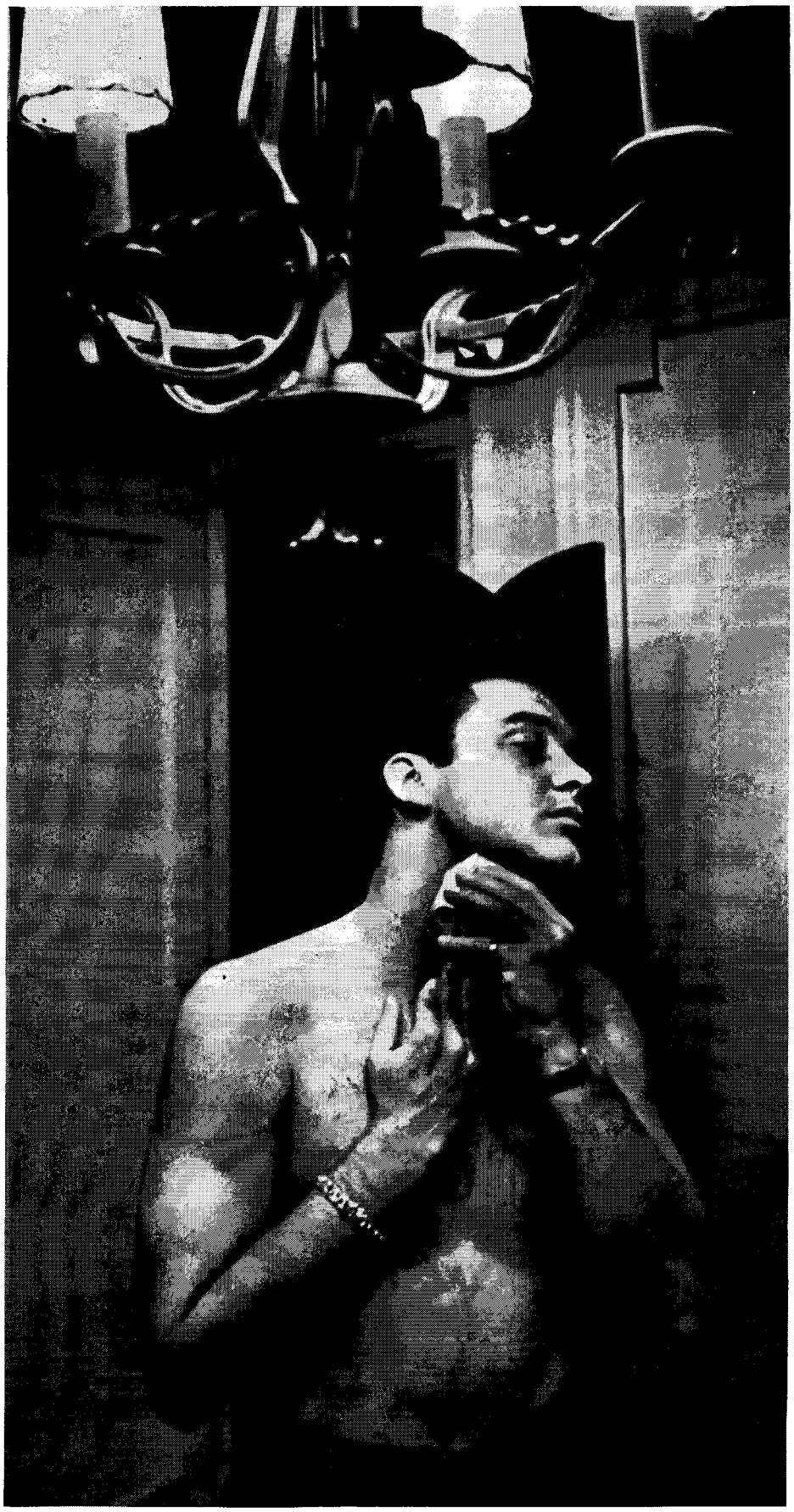
Callan: "There was a time when I was getting maybe 40 fan letters a month. I was embarrassed to ask for a count. Now I get 4,000."



Facing a night on the town with Rita Hayworth, 26-year-old Mickey Callan runs once over lightly in a friend's New York apartment.

other assorted drivel like *All the Fine Young Cannibals* and *By Love Possessed.*

Hamilton at 23 has fashioned himself into the very model of the Playboy of the Far Western World, and he is not averse to permitting all the world to savor his improbable escapades (after first calling Louella, of course). Faced with the quandary of storage space for his estimated 75 Italian-tailored suits, 50 English sports jackets, 10 dozen silk shirts, 150 pairs of slacks, 500 ties and 75 pairs of custom-made shoes, Hamilton acquired the third oldest home in Beverly Hills, an ornate 39-room structure built by Douglas Fairbanks Sr. in 1919. The $140,000, one-and-three-quarter-acre spread lacks only Erich von Stroheim to answer the chimes. It includes nine fireplaces, frescoed ceilings (hand-carved), a gun room, a vacant organ loft, a rock-garden waterfall, a full-sized motion-picture projection booth, basement catacombs, a 250-gallon hot-water heater and a wine cellar with a tricky combination committed to memory by a full-time, uniformed valet. The 60-by-48-foot ballroom, capped with matching antique chandeliers, is being done over in red-and-gold velvet by George's brother, an interior decorator. He is using 200 yards of tasseled red velvet to curtain the three front windows of the newly-named Grayhall.

In front of this mahal stands a chauffeur-driven Bentley, the palanquin Hamilton favors when he is not drag-racing on California highways. Nestled in one of five garage stalls Hamilton keeps a 1939 Rolls-Royce town car, a shimmering extravagance that gets two miles to the gallon yet more than pays its own way. Hamilton rents it out to television studios at $100 a day. A television pilot film is being proposed for the talented automobile, which once belonged to the king and queen of England. When the car is not working at the studio (nobody has offered it a long-term contract), its owner takes churlish pleasure in driving to gas stations and saying, "Fill her up." The gas tank holds 50 gallons.

The son of a society bandleader and a four-times-married Palm Beach society figure, Hamilton possesses a knowledge of five languages, wide travel experience (he moved around so much he attended 25 schools in Palm Beach, Tarrytown, Boston, and California, earning almost enough credits for a high-school diploma) and impeccable manners. On location in London he adapted to his surroundings by donning the customary bowler and morning suit and making a habit of carrying a slim black brolly.

"He's nothing," says a producer on his home lot, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Does he stand out, jump out from the screen and grab you? Does he do things to you?" Hamilton's answer to this rhetorical question is predictable; his own forte, he feels, is his originality. "Hollywood has had two top idols, and the new star must lie somewhere in between them," he says. "Rudolph Valentino and Jimmy Dean both had an animal magnetism, and yet they were different types of actors and had different ways of life. They were original, and that's what the new star must be."

Recently Hamilton appeared in *Two Weeks in Another Town* as a neurotic young actor in rebellion against his own fate, a role that offered some rather obvious parallels. His next picture is *The Victors.* Shorn of the flowing mane that bedazzled the camera lens in *Light in the Piazza,* the crew-cut Hamilton is out to prove he is something more than a Tinseltown Samson in livery.

George Chakiris

A writer friend of mine described George best in West Side Story. *She said he had a kind of old-world quality. She said he was almost like a 15th-century matador. Where all the others in the movie were doing the classic kind of young, urgent problem New York people, he emerged romantic.*

Personal Manager RUTH AARONS

The George Chakiris the public sees is the fiery Bernardo, embittered Puerto Rican gang leader in *West Side Story.* The George Chakiris they don't see fits right into Young Actor's Groove No. 1—he is so uncommonly sensitive and polite that his advisers prefer to restrain him from probing interviewers and excessive public outings. That Chakiris, 28, has been able to overcome his shy, soft-spoken self with an imposing strength on celluloid would indicate the signs of an acting ability some of his more publicized colleagues lack. The persistent Chakiris riddle, however, is whether the actor's Oscar was a fortuitous flash in the pan or the first flash of a panchromatic personality. "It's difficult to say how versatile he is after just one shot," says agent Billy Belasco. "We'll have to wait and see if he is an important talent or strictly a character actor."

Six years ago George's career nestled in an obscure corner. His resumé noted a screen credit with Rosemary Clooney in *White Christmas* (he was one of four toothy chorus boys backing the singer) and a bit part in another musical, *Meet Me in Las Vegas.* He also was one of quartet of sailor-suited attendants to Jayne Mansfield while the buxom actress flounced through navel maneuvers at Las Vegas' Tropicana Hotel. By 1958, following a stop-gap clerkship at the May Company department store, he had surfaced as Riff in the London stage company of *West Side Story.* Then, in a complete about face, directors Jerome Robbins and Robert Wise realized his dusky, brooding good looks were far more suitable for the film role of Bernardo. This propitious casting instantly elevated Chakiris into a sex symbol of great potency, a cleft-chinned apparition for thousands of panting women. "I couldn't take my eyes off him," says a young starlet. "He had a softness in his face. When he danced, he danced like an animal. That surprised me, because in person George doesn't have that kind of magnetism." An actress who was beguiled enough to ask her agent for an introduction to Chakiris was disillusioned quickly: "I saw him the day after he got his Oscar. I was walking through the William Morris Agency, and he saw my dog and came over and dug the dog. I was so disappointed."

Shooting *Flight From Ashiya* in Japan last summer, Chakiris was continually mobbed by gift-giving fans. A Japanese rock-'n'-roll singer copied his bushy haircut, wore a gangland leather band around his wrist and dressed himself in the popular "Bernardo Shirt," a sellout item in l cal theater lobbies and department store

Back in the U.S. the slender (5'11", 155 pounds) actor found that his first LP album for Capitol Records had sold 50,000 copies in three months, prompting Capitol to hustle him into the recording studio for more of the same. "He's got a good sexy voice," says Capitol president Alan W. Livingston. "He's a vocal lady-killer."

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The next lady Chakiris may turn the charm on is Brigitte Bardot. Negotiations are proceeding to star the two in a film directed by Bardot's former spouse, Roger Vadim. The Mirisch Brothers, hottest Hollywood producers, have his signature on a five-year contract and use only the choicest adjectives to describe his potential. More important in a community where the put-down is as integral a part of the landscape as smog and sports cars, he has charmed those who could one day be competing with him. "He is offbeat-looking, but that's good," says Troy Donahue, whose former girl friend now shares column items with Chakiris. Says Chakiris, "I have just touched the surface."

Mickey Callan

He looks like one of the boys I grew up with; like he came off the street with me; like I've known him all my life.

ACTRESS CONNIE STEVENS

Shortly after Martin Harris Calinoff came off the streets of Philadelphia and signed a seven-year pact with Columbia Pictures, he picked up a newspaper and saw the new name the studio had selected for him—Mickey Callan. Taking the "off" off had been his idea, and people had always called him Mickey. But why did they spell it "Callan"? "I really don't know," says Callan. "Maybe they thought Mickey was kind of juvenile and they wanted to give me a little prestige."

Seeking further testimony to his prestige, Callan took off for the conquest of Hollywood, stars in his dewy blue eyes and a costarring role with Gary Cooper and Rita Hayworth in *They Came to Cordura* in the offing. "There was a lot of ballyhoo," Callan recalls. "Louella Parsons ran the banner for me. I went to parties and openings, and the photographers were around taking pictures. After the picture came out, the photographers weren't around as much. The fan-magazine interviews stopped. I wondered whether my options would be picked up. I felt a little insecure. I found there's more to acting than just getting in front of a camera and saying lines."

Callan's background for this premature plunge into films included chorus-boy jobs in Philadelphia nightclubs, several bits off-Broadway, and the dancing and singing part of Riff in the Broadway run of *West Side Story*. (His failure to nail the same part in the screen version was a setback.) On the strength of his performance in the Bernstein musical, the 26-year-old actor was enrolled by Columbia for such pictures as *The Flying Fontaines*, *Because They're Young* and *Mysterious Island*. After these early outings his ability in front of the camera improved, it is thought, because his last four pictures have made money. "That's what they measure your success by out here," he says. "That's what keeps you getting parts." The most recent money-maker, *The Interns*, is the sleeper of the year at Columbia, with contemplated grosses estimated at nearly $10 million for the $1.4 million production. Utilizing a deft and determined advertising campaign ("the dest party ever filmed"), an illogical olio of leer, double entendre and medicine was rendered into the most successful exploitation picture in recent memory. Utilizing his long, feathery eyelashes, wet lips, crooked smile and moonshaped face, the stocky Callan created the fatuous role of a wisecracking hospital hopeful devoting most of his time to an older but vulnerable nurse, some of it to a younger but vulnerable heiress and little to his intended and just as vulnerable profession.

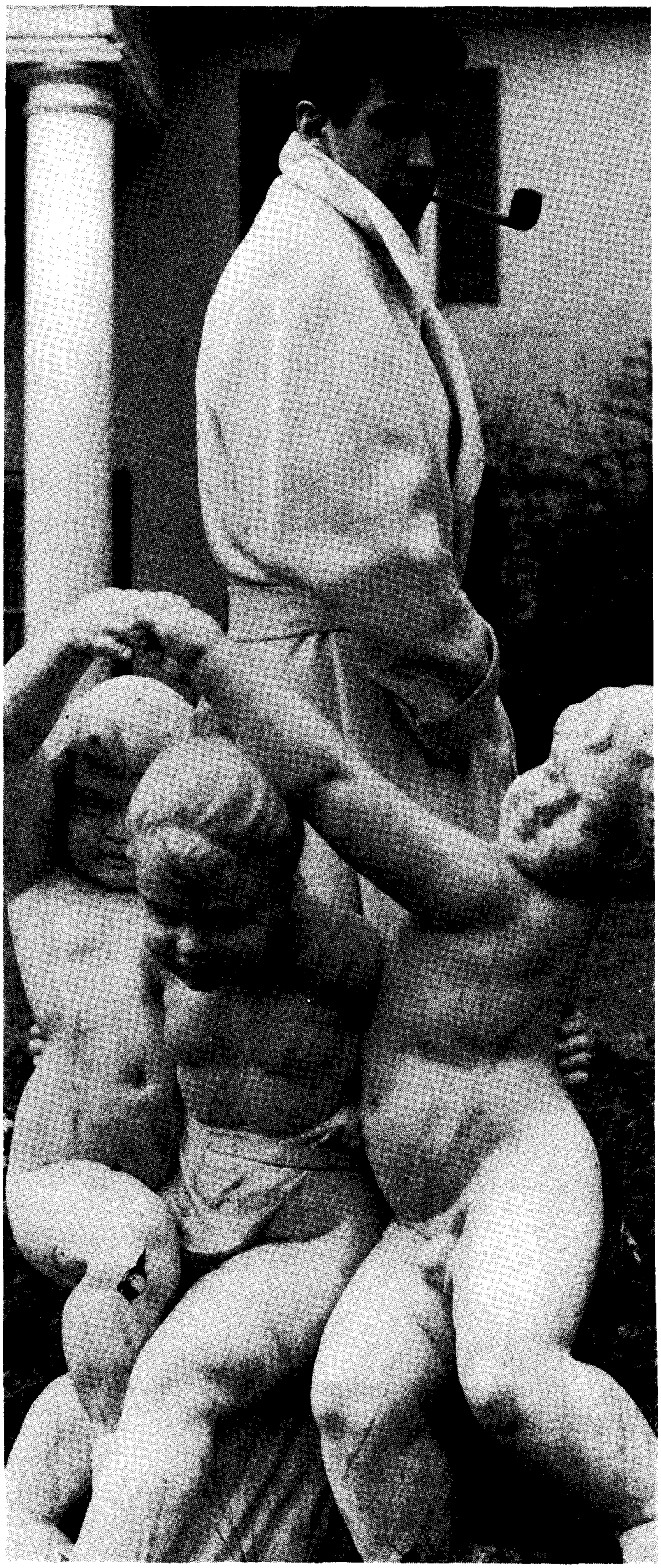
"I can't believe Mickey Callan for a minute," says one actress he squired while separated from his ex-chorus-dancer wife. "Even when he kisses you, you have a feeling he's rehearsing for a scene. When he says, 'I think I could go for you,' it's 1941 musical time."

Young starlets' impressions aside, Callan believes "the one important thing I try to relate is an honesty, or an honest quality. I can always tell whether I'm play-acting or really involved and being honest." Symptoms of one or the other are apparent in films like *Gidget Goes Hawaiian* and *Bon Voyage*, a pair of glorified situation comedies which hooked the vital younger audience. "We never had really made contact with the kids," Callan says. "I felt it was important to become known to them. I hadn't come to the point where I could turn down a picture because the script wasn't great. I didn't have anything to lose. There was a time I was getting 40 fan letters a month. I was embarrassed to walk in the mail room and ask for a count. Now I get 4,000 letters a month."

Fan-mail pull is a deceptive statistic, and many veteran film figures regard it with skepticism. But Callan's home studio now is paging Mickey for a sequel to *The Interns*, something tentatively and decorously titled *The Interns Meet the Nurses*. Callan warily eyes this and any other treatments tossed his way. "People expect something from me now," he says. "I have to deliver or I'll be out of the business in a couple of years. I'm working at finding a niche for myself. I don't know what I'd be doing if I weren't acting. Whatever happens, I'll always remember something Tommy Sands told me. 'There's always room at the top,' he said. 'It's the bottom that's crowded.'"

Somewhere between the top and the bottom resides Hollywood's robust new wave, more likely to score where Beymer, Donahue, Hamilton, Chakiris and Callan may fumble. They could come from the ranks of the pre-sold singers like Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Bobby Rydell, Tommy Sands, Ricky Nelson and Jimmy Darren. More appropriately, they could come from the intelligently prepared, refreshingly alert second-generation show-business talents like Peter Fonda, Robert Walker Jr. and James MacArthur. They could come from television, the fickle midwife which nurtures fresh personalities like Richard Chamberlain, Nick Adams, Vince Edwards and George Maharis but too often deserts them before they are grown.

The new wave is well aware of the inverse ratio between overnight successes and overnight has-beens. They can take heed from the precipitate buildup of Beymer, Donahue, Hamilton, Chakiris and Callan. They can note the dozens of others who enjoyed the wildest adulation, the loudest applause, the biggest parts, and who now labor as journeymen in Italian battle epics, in television panel shows, or, if things really get grim, as smoothtalking Los Angeles real-estate salesmen. As one of the most voluble new-wave spokesmen, Nick Adams, phrases it, "It happened to all those guys, like Guy Madison. They don't know how to act. They made a few pictures, they got all this fantastic fan mail and they figured what the hell, they don't have to work. How many of them lasted? I'm *glad* that I'm really not a good-looking guy." **THE END**



Molding himself into the "Playboy of the Far Western World," George Hamilton strolls among the statuary of his 39-room bachelor "pad."

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The Curtis Commitment

In recent months the new president of our company, Matthew J. Culligan, has been shuttling back and forth across the country, covering 3,500 miles a week, meeting with old and new friends of the Curtis magazines to acquaint them with the purposes and objectives of the new Curtis management. Mr. Culligan's travels have taken him into every corner of the U.S. and have given him an opportunity to meet with Americans from all walks of life. The message that he has carried with him is a restatement of the principles of the Curtis Publishing Company. In brief, this is what he has said:

"The Curtis Publishing Company is committed to the goal of becoming the voice and conscience of the competitive-enterprise system, which is the foundation of a progressive economy and a democratic way of life. The editorial weight of the Curtis magazines will be applied to this undertaking, and through text and photographic treatment we will present the voice and opinions of leaders of this country, this hemisphere, and the entire Western World in speaking out on this subject.

"It is our conviction that the competitive-enterprise system represents one of modern man's greatest achievements, and that it provides the framework not only for our economic well-being but also for the preservation of individual rights and the protection of minorities.

"The pages of our magazines will provide a forum for all of the voices of the marketplace, including those of labor, business, politics, government and education, as well as those which speak for social forces and for the family group."

The Saturday Evening Post's roots lie deep in our country's origins. The devotion of *The Post* to traditional American principles needs no amplification. As the voice and conscience of competitive enterprise *The Post* will focus attention on the achievements and shortcomings of our economic system. Speaking as a voice of that system *The Post* in recent weeks has offered its readers such articles as CHOOSING A BUSINESS CAREER (October 20th) by Henry Ford II; FACING UP TO AUTOMATION (September 22nd) in which John Diebold, a member of the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on Automation and Manpower, warned that our economic survival depends upon a wiser use of the new technology, and HIS CAR IS NAMED DESIRE (November 3rd), which told how Studebaker Corporation's new president, Sherwood Egbert, has rejuvenated his company.

Acting as a conscience of competitive enterprise, *The Post* in recent weeks has published such articles as PATIENTS FOR PROFIT (September 29th), a study of high-powered fast-buck proprietary hospitals, and MOVIES ARE TOO DIRTY (November 10th), in which John Crosby deplored the smutty standards of one of our most influential industries. In CONFLICT OF INTEREST (November 17th), Ben H. Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer exposed many questionable practices indulged by members of Congress. Their story posed urgent ethical considerations not only for the congressmen who were involved, but for the clients and businessmen who pressured them to exert influence in their behalf.

As the oldest magazine of mass circulation in the U.S. *The Post* has enjoyed a long and intimate relationship with the people of this country. We are primarily concerned with their well-being. Our commitment to competitive enterprise stems in a large measure from the way that system has served the people. It has distributed this nation's bounty broadly and effectively.

The efficacy of competitive enterprise has been demonstrated at home and abroad. The Communists have trumpeted the "end of the class struggle" and the achievement of a "workers' paradise" on earth. In actual experience they are unable to provide their people with enough to eat. Communist China has been compelled to cut back her grandiose industrialization program, and the Russians are sheepishly talking about introducing incentives into their economy. Castro has made a shambles of Cuba's economic life. Living standards have dropped precipitously. Consumer goods have shriveled, and food consumption has declined by more than 15 percent. In the meantime Japan and the free nations of Western Europe are enjoying an unprecedented prosperity.

While we are by conviction believers in the competitive-enterprise system, by the nature of our work we are concerned with events and the compelling necessity for moving with the times. Reasonable regulation of business is a imperative of our society. No one could seriously question the need for the FCC—if for no other reason than to protect the public interest in the licensing of TV and radio stations—and such other regulatory agencies as the SEC and the Food and Drug Administration. America and the American system are not the private preserves of any political party. As we have often said, we are concerned that the great public problems of this country be solved. The most affluent nation on earth cannot settle for inadequate educational facilities, improper medical care for the aged or unequal opportunities for minorities. We have supported, and we shall continue to support, realistic solutions to these problems and whatever other problems confront our many millions of readers.

On Britain's Uppers

An English journalist named Quentin Crewe has published an anthropological study of the ruling class in Britain that strikes us as a major contribution of sorts. Writing in a tony British magazine called *The Queen* Mr. Crewe says that anthropologists have now "exhausted the remoter possibilities of finding out how people live. . . . There does not seem to be much point in slogging off to Ecuador and discovering precisely the same facts about another minor group of Auca Indians and running the risk of being eaten for one's pains." Accordingly, he and his fellow anthropologists are now "staying at home and digging up far more eerie facts about our own more complex civilizations."

The British upper class is a happy choice. Mr. Crewe says they "have probably the most highly developed system of customs, fetishes and taboos of any human group so far studied sociologically." Among them: 1. "They seem to know only two adjectives, 'amusing' and 'boring'." 2. They "have large numbers of children, particularly daughters. . . . The children despise their parents until the age of forty, when they suddenly become just like them—thus preserving the system." 3. "Membership in the group entitles the member to about five thousand friends. . . . There is no need to like a friend, but the duties owed to him are clear. He will be recommended, employed, entertained or cared for in return for the knowledge that he and his friends will do the same." 4. "Marriage: Undertaken with great ritual, solemn vows and much expense. It is abandoned easily."

We hope that Mr. Crewe will not remain at home indefinitely. There are a number of strange tribes of bluebloods and Brahmins in this country that are worthy of his attention.

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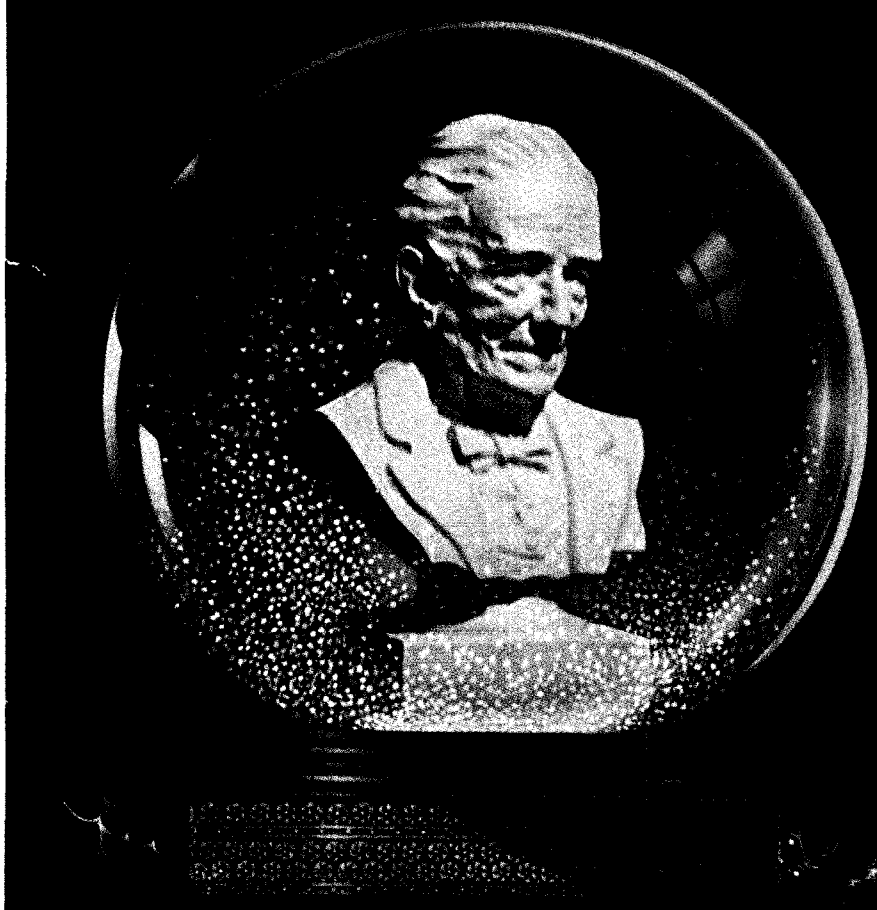
The Most Perfect Gift in Glass



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